Liberty

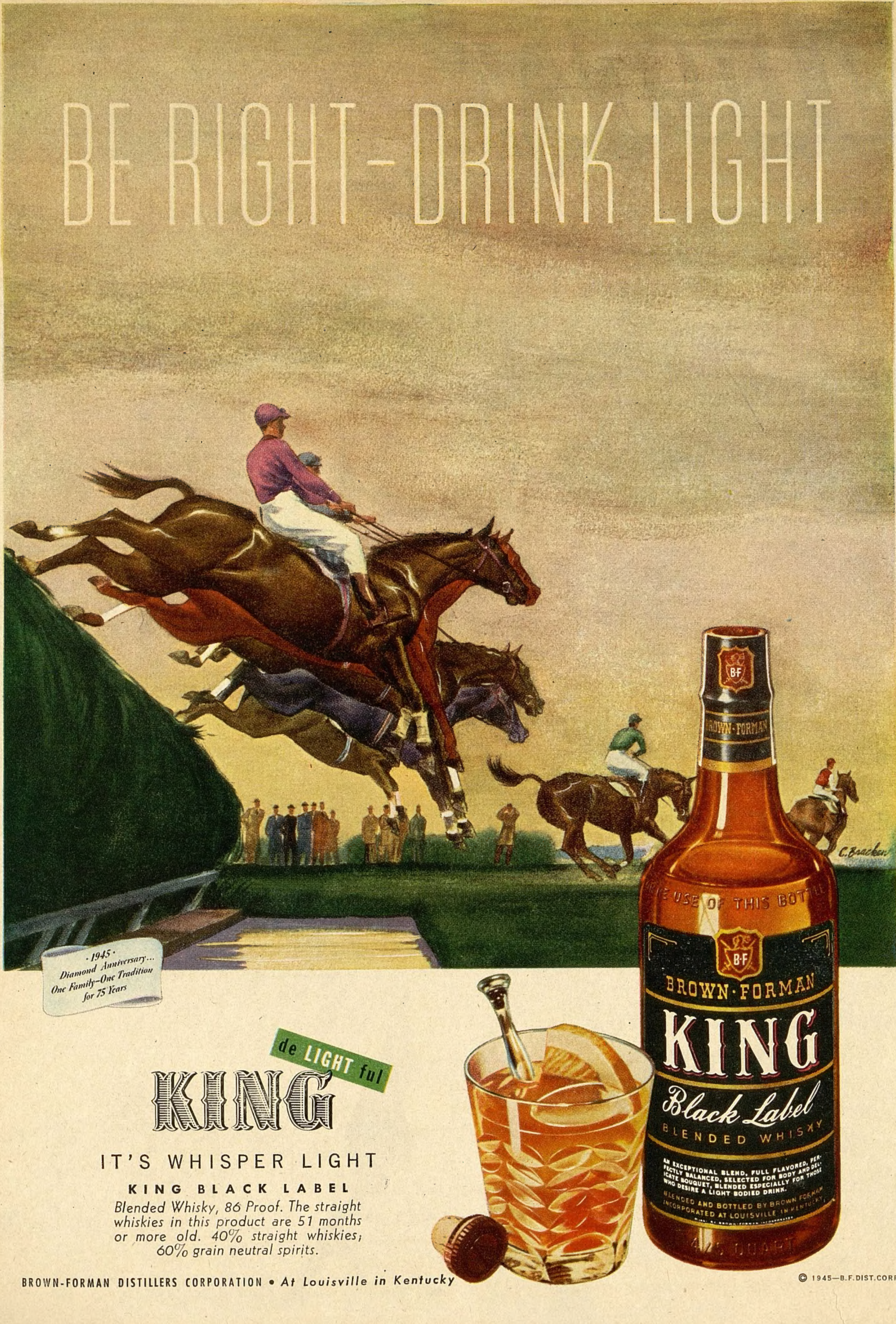
JUNE 23, 1945
10c

Book: SHAPE OF DANGER

Love and Adventure
in Gallant Norway

HOW WE ARE PLANNING FOR LOTS OF JOBS

SWIM SUITS OF 1945 —A PREVIEW


BE RIGHT-DRINK LIGHT
C. Bracken
· 1945 ·
Diamond Anniversary...
One Family—One Tradition
for 75 Years
B·F
BROWN-FORMAN
USE OF THIS BOTT
B·F
BROWN·FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN FORMAN INCORPORATED AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
4/5 QUART

de LIGHT ful

KING

IT'S WHISPER LIGHT

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • *At Louisville in Kentucky*

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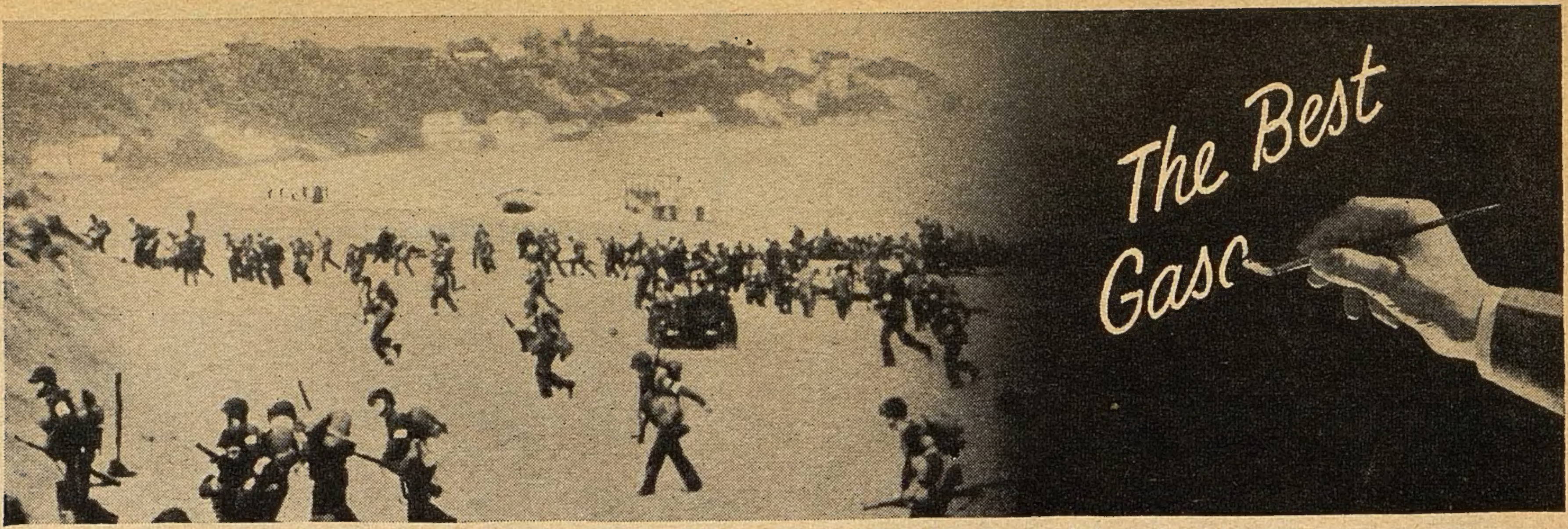
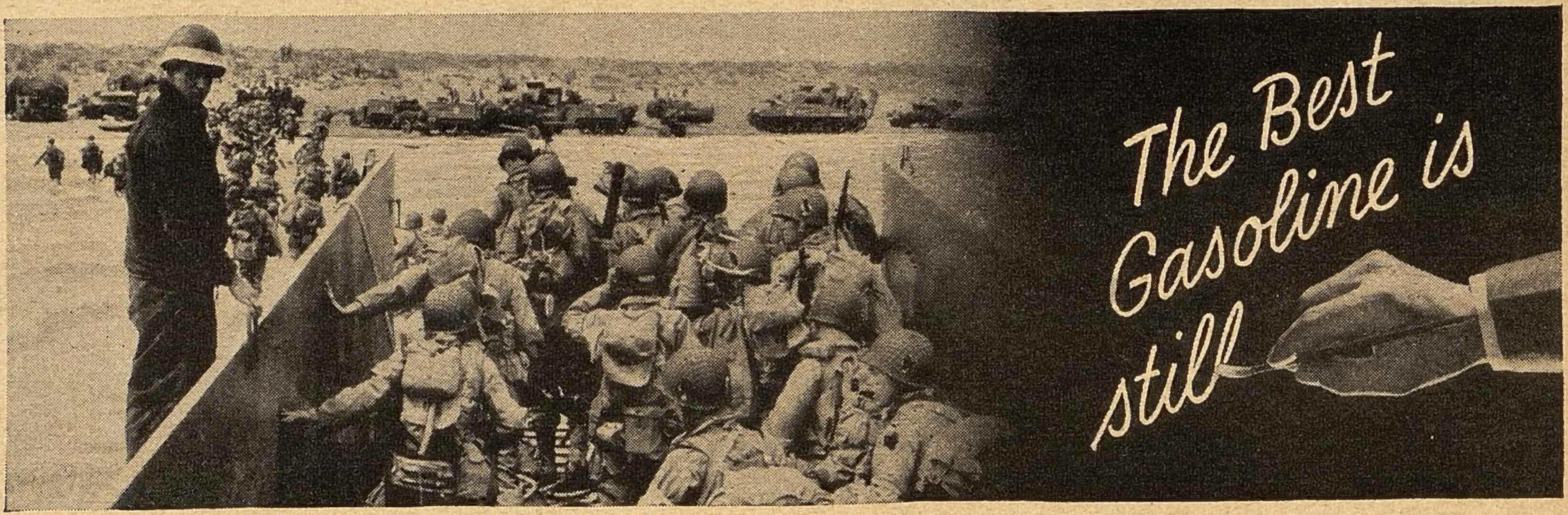
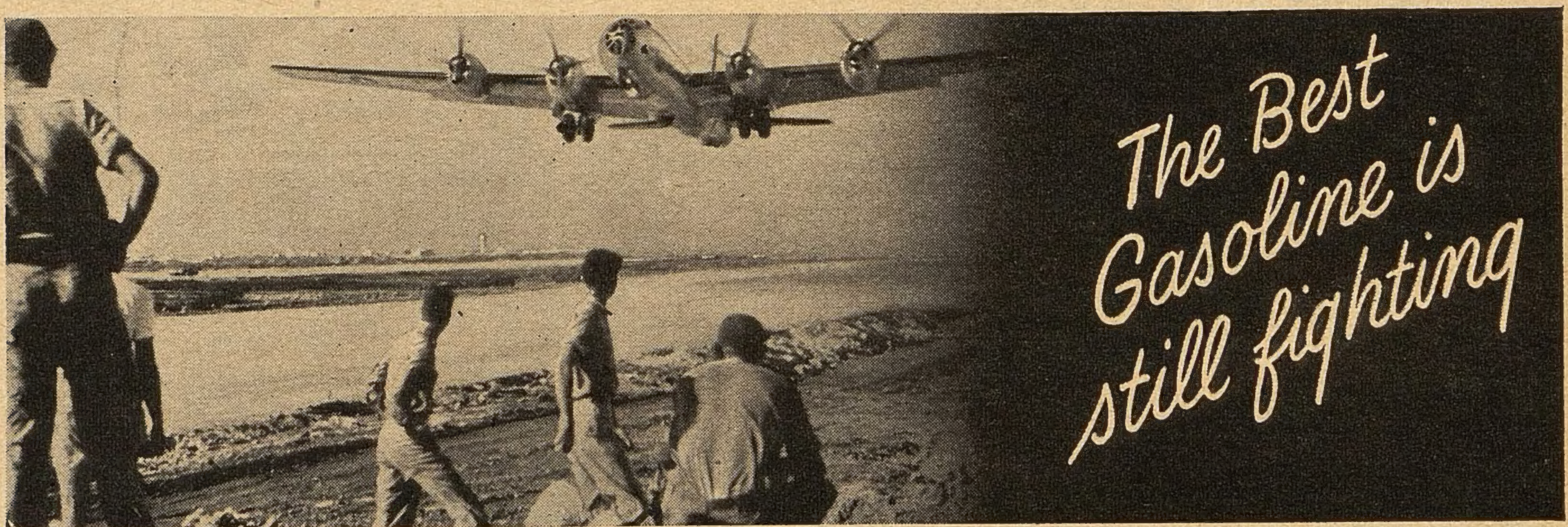


1943—*Africa hears the rumble of American guns. Here is one of first landings of American troops.*



1944—*The Battle of France. The first wave of Yanks goes ashore on "D" day.*



1945—*B-29's keep the home fires burning—in Japan. This Superfortress is taking off from Saipan.*

The most important battle of any war is the last one. And high on the list of munitions our fighting men need to win that final battle in this war is high-octane gasoline—millions of gallons of it to power planes, tanks, jeeps, artillery, half-tracks, trucks and other fighting machines.

Not until our Army and Navy say it's safe to cut down on military production should car-owners at home expect more gasoline, or gasoline of higher quality. Only then can we promise you the Ethyl gasoline you want—the Ethyl that will bring out the best performance of any car you may own.

Ethyl is a trade mark name.

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ETHYL CORPORATION

Chrysler Building, New York, N.Y.

Protect your Eyes

AND YOU PROTECT YOUR LOOKS

KEEP THEM IN

"The Safety Zone"

WITH

AO COOL-RAY

SUN GLASSES

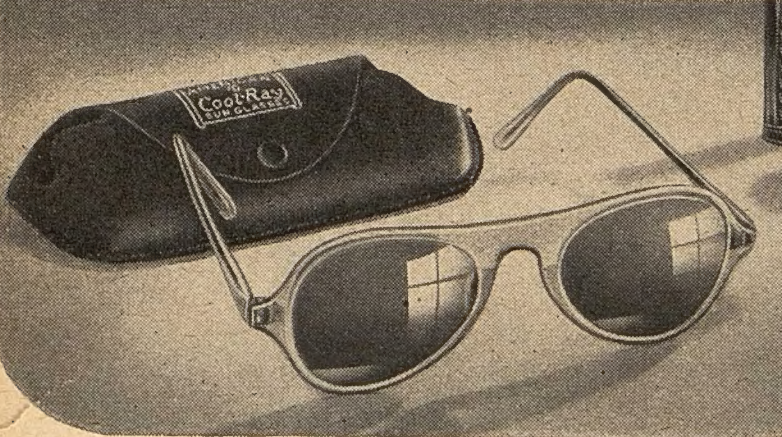
Inferior sun glasses let annoying and harmful ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays strike the eyes.

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses by absorbing ultra-violet and infra-red rays, provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone."

SAFETY ZONE

- Cool-Ray Sun Glasses admit plenty of "seeing light," and keep eyes cool and comfortable.

Civilian supply limited—but your dealer may be able to supply you. Style shown, $3.50, others $1.95 up.



American AO Optical
COMPANY
World's largest makers of ophthalmic materials

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

In This Week's Liberty

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Cover: Sun-Kissed
Natural color photo by Jack Albin
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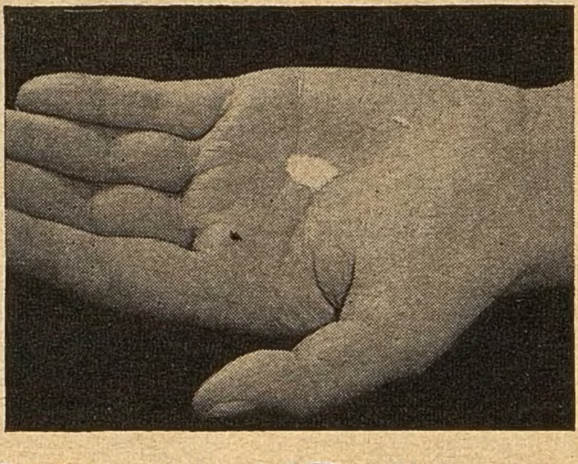
These scientists are working for you

Worst weather in the world is found atop Mt. Washington, N.H., where ice feathers like these sometimes grow three feet in a single night, and where G-E scientists are conducting cold weather research for the Air Forces. General Electric devices are helping the Signal Corps, the Weather Bureau, and the Air Forces predict the weather all over the world. Accurate weather prediction aids troop movements, saves crops, protects you.

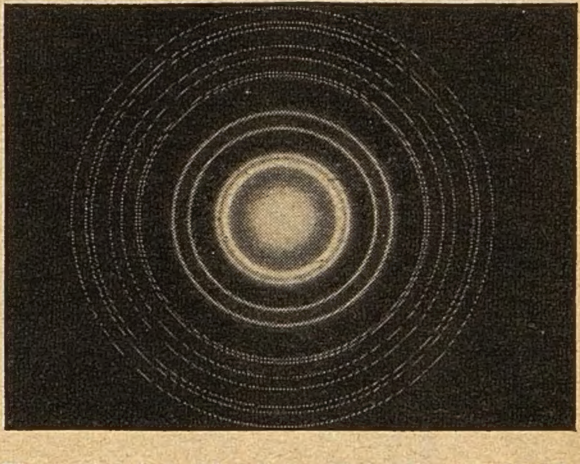
A G-E SCIENTIST, winner of the Nobel prize, studies oil films in a pan of water. And out of this research comes a clue to make glass invisible, to make metals stronger, to create a fog by machine.

Engineers working with certain kinds of radio waves run a temperature. A G-E fever machine utilizes this principle, so doctors can treat patients with artificially created fevers.

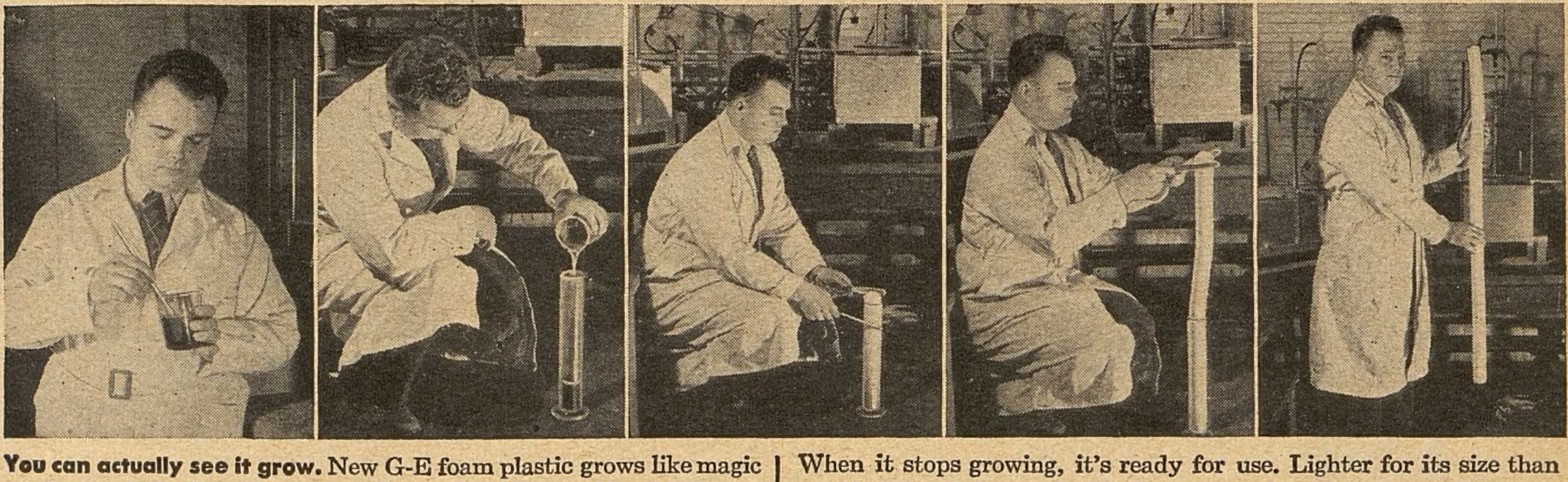
This page of pictures isn't one-hundredth part of what is going on at General Electric. But you will see a few ways in which life can be made easier, healthier, and happier. And that's what we are trying to do. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*



Ever see pure vitamins? These three pinches of vitamin crystals in the hand of a G-E scientist are enough carotene, vitamin C, and thiamin to supply the average man for one day. Research at G-E Consumers Institute helps improve diet, make food taste better.



Electrons took this photo. This picture of gold, made by shooting electrons through a gold sheet less than *one-millionth* of an inch thick, was made in the G-E Research Laboratory, where scientists are studying metals to make new stronger combinations.



You can actually see it grow. New G-E foam plastic grows like magic at the rate of an inch a second from a liquid resembling molasses. | When it stops growing, it's ready for use. Lighter for its size than a loaf of bread, it promises to have many uses after the war.

★

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today* news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p. m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

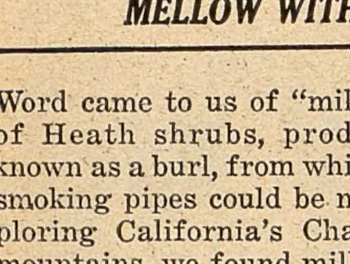
One of Nature's Rarest Varieties of Wood, Found in California, Produces these Sweet-Smoking **MONTEREY PIPES**

Giant Mission Briar Burls
MONTEREY
Specimen Grain
$5
(also Select Grain $3.50)

MISSION BRIAR

RARE GROWTHS THAT GROW JUST ABOVE-GROUND—MELLOW WITH AGE

Word came to us of "millions" of acres of Heath shrubs, producing a knob known as a burl, from which sturdy, cool-smoking pipes could be made. After exploring California's Chaparral-covered mountains, we found millions of shrubs, but only a small percentage of burls. The grain is interwoven in texture—yields a cool, sweet-smoking quality not found in ordinary pipes. Look for MONTEREY PIPES, made of MISSION BRIAR, at your dealer's—Select Grain, $3.50; Specimen Grain, $5.



Operation No. 3, Seasoning the Briar Burls by burying them in the earth where they gradually "cure." Next advertisement will show how the pipes are cut.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

THEY PRACTICE WHAT THEY PREACH

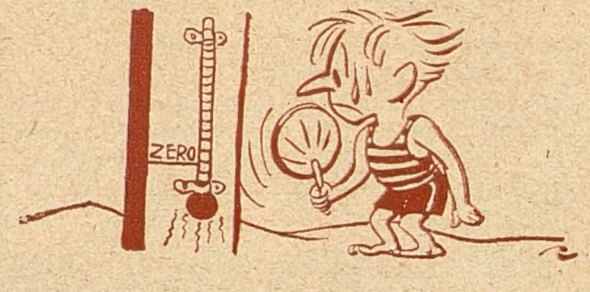
READING, PA.—I noted a letter in Vox Pop (May 12) from Harry A. Wheeldon about conscientious objectors who, he says, treated the patients at his hospital so badly that he stopped working there. Leaving a position because of a bad situation certainly does not help to correct it. Why didn't he have the cause corrected and stay at the hospital where help is needed so badly?

I am employed in a state mental hospital. We have three C. O. groups, about seventy-five men. Many of them are married and their wives are employed as attendants.

They certainly demonstrate that they have been taught to hate violence. Many of them are homesick and many miles away from home, but they are some of the best workers that we have at the hospital and are more than kind to the patients. They are deeply interested in doing the very best they can, even to having group sessions of study, which are not required. All of this is done for a few dollars a month—not even enough to buy their own clothing. —*Miss C. M. K.*

THE WEATHERBIRDS OF GANDER

c/o POSTMASTER, N. Y.—In the past we have noticed a number of articles about our beloved Gander air base in Newfoundland. Usually these tales are greatly overemphasized. Gander is rough, but not so rough as the stories make it.



We, the weatherbirds of Gander, take exception to the short paragraph at the end of the On the Beam article by Wayne Parrish (April 7). He says that temperatures at our bases "often go down to thirty degrees below zero."

A check of the official weather records, the ones that we have kept since the Gander weather station was established, shows that the minimum temperature recorded at this station since 1939 was minus nine degrees Fahrenheit.—*Sgt. Edward L. Chaset, Sgt. Donald H. Golden.*

MORE POWER TO COMMENTATORS

BLOOMINGTON, TEXAS—Please allow me space to advise John K. DeLoach that, contrary to his opinion regarding commentators (May 12 Vox Pop), most loyal Americans are proud of American commentators who are educating the American people in actual world conditions about which a large percentage was woefully uninformed before this outrageous conflict. Let me further advise him that, contrary to his opinion, American people are not tired of having firsthand facts on the atrocities practiced on American and other Allied prisoners of war and children and old men and women of the overrun European countries.

As for the enemy's stupidity and racial inferiority, there has never been a doubt. But many Americans are just now waking up to how brutal the German race has become. And their anxiety to surrender to the so-called decadent Americans rather than to the Red Army, in an effort to escape a just retribution for their crimes, showed them up for the yellow cowards they are.

Indeed, Americans know better than ever before the contemptible breed of infidels they have to deal with, and the more Americans know about these atrocities, the more determined they will be to see that the Germans are kept under strict control in the future.

More power to our commentators. May they keep up the good work of enlightening American people.—*Roxie Willingham.*

BONUSES—SO WHAT?

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I am a maritime officer's wife, and I have an answer for Cpl. R. who writes in the May 5 Vox Pop that bonuses should be enough for the merchant marines. Their pay, with bonuses considered, is higher than the Army, Navy, and branches of the armed forces. But a maritime serviceman receives no vacation pay, no pay while ill ashore, no government allotment for dependents, even though he may have several children. There is no free medical service for his family, no commissary and no rental allowance.

The merchant marines are right there in front in the invasions, carrying men and supplies. They ride ships loaded with ammunition to all war fronts.

As Cpl. R. says, they aren't forced to do this; they aren't drafted. They are doing their job without all the fanfare and without gratitude.

I think they should have American Legion privileges and the honor of being considered veterans.

Their families have the same fears as servicemen's families, with the added worry of financial distress, should anything happen to them. After all, there is no grateful Uncle Sam to send the monthly pension check to the family—no $10,000 insurance to be paid regardless of how the merchant seaman is killed.

(*Continued on page 8*)

"Will my nightmare never end?"

"Even now, months after the accident, I wake in terror! Cold sweat clings to my forehead. My nightmare is not of the horror that *was*. Rather, it is the troubled thoughts of struggles and hardships my family must endure now and for years, all because of my one moment of neglect.

"That was the day I let my auto insurance lapse. I'd carried protection for years . . . never had an accident. Then it happened—a midnight smashup! Brakes went bad! The damage was staggering. The court judgment took our home, wiped out our life's savings. It is a terrible price to pay—and just because I'd neglected such a trifle as my auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all auto insurance is NOT alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest auto insurance company in the world, with more than 1,100,000 policyholders and over 6,000 agents at your service.

Dangerous Dollars!

Dollars running wild sow the seeds of inflation. Here are 3 ways to keep them in check: (1) Put your money in War Bonds, savings, insurance; (2) Buy only what you need; (3) Pay no more than ceiling prices.

IMPORTANT NOW! You can save 3 ways when you buy your next car! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank-financing rates; (3) save on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan, also shows you how to compare life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance before you buy. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today*.

See Your Local Banker Before You Finance Your Next Car

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office: Berkeley, Calif.

Canadian Office: Toronto, Canada

Rosa la Rose caught a cold
So one of her fans suggested KOOLS
(And she tried a pack)
They ap-peeled to her so much then, even with a cold . . .
UNION MADE
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
That she couldn't ever bare to be without 'em
Pinup this idea:
Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

(*Continued from page 6*)

And when the merchant ships are attacked, the merchantmen do not go below to safety; they have their battle stations, too.—*Mrs. G. H.*

OUT OF FASHION

McGill, Nev.—In the short short, The Proud Sisters, by Allen Rankin (April 28), Mr. Rankin strays somewhat afield when he dresses the sisters in hobble skirts in 1897. The hobble skirt was fashionable about 1909, and the type drawn by the artist, Pat Holbrooke, was worn in 1910.

The tight lower part was called a sheath skirt and the flaring upper section was a tunic. See the book, This Is Fashion, by Elizabeth Burris-Meyer, Harper, 1943, or ask any woman born before 1900. A few of us admit it.—*Mrs. A. Robertson.*

IN A SO-CALLED CIVILIZED WORLD

Germany—I hope you will publish this letter. It will give some of your readers an idea of the terrible crimes committed in the name of Nazism.

Our armored column was advancing along a road somewhere in Germany recently. I saw one of the most terrible sights I have ever seen in my life. Our outfit had just released hundreds of Russian slave laborers, and they were walking down the road. Each and every one of them looked like skeletons. I gave them some crackers out of our K rations, and I wish you could have seen the look of gratitude on their pinched, emaciated faces. As the column advanced, I saw many of these men, shouting and milling around a couple of German vehicles which we had knocked out. In these trucks were quantities of flour and black treacle (molasses). I saw these men dig into the flour and treacle with their bare hands and, after they had kneaded it into a semblance of dough, they ate that ravenously. I was terribly shocked at seeing that, but I had a worse shock coming. Our column kept going, and after a while I saw a lot of these men cutting up a horse which had been killed by our artillery fire. I thought they were going to try and cook it. But they just took it in their bare hands and ate it raw.

This is just a very isolated case of what the Nazis have done.

One can hardly credit that anything so gruesome could happen in this so-called civilized and enlightened twentieth century of ours.—*T/S Wm. G. Kelly.*

PORTER'S PAPA ENTERTAINS

Kankakee, Ill.—I've just finished reading the book condensation, Papa Was a Preacher, by Alyene Porter (April 28). Hot darn! Enjoyed every minute of it. I love her style of writing—pick 'em up and lay 'em down fast. If a present-day papa and mama undertook an assignment like that, the state institutions would be puzzling their learned heads over them long before they could hatch their eight chicks. —*Elsie Marty Schmidt.*

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

A THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS

Harem Houris! Lovely Slave Girls!

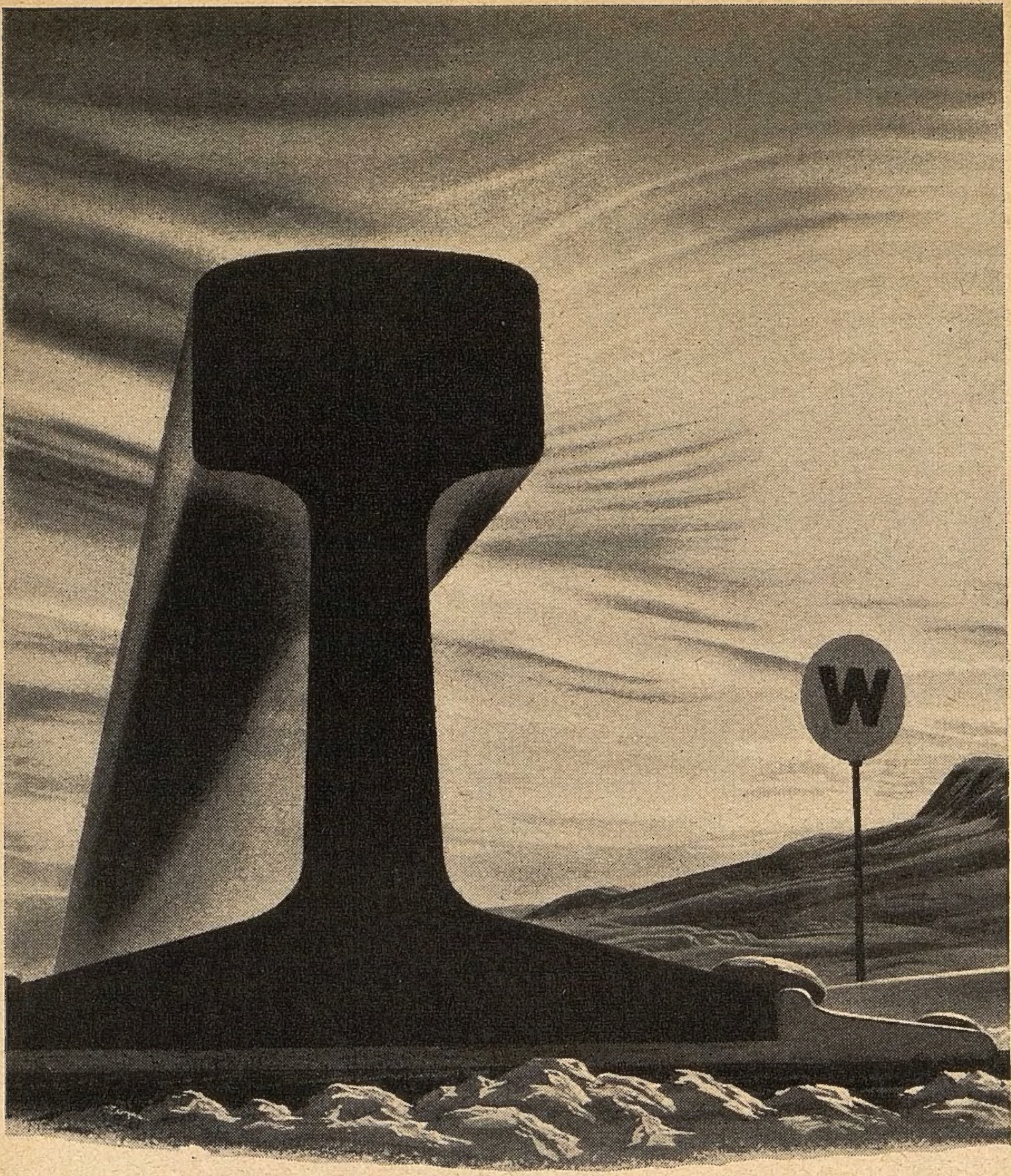
Luscious Dancing Beauties!

Romance In Old Bagdad!

All In TECHNICOLOR!

with
EVELYN KEYES · PHIL SILVERS · ADELE JERGENS
and CORNEL WILDE

Screen Play by Wilfrid H. Pettitt, Richard English, Jack Henley
Produced by SAMUEL BISCHOFF
Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN



"HIGH IRON"

"High Iron" is one of America's not-so-secret weapons. It is a railroadman's term for the 230,000 miles of mainline track — built, paid for and kept up by the railroads — which knit America together. • Over these strong highways of steel moves America's might — three quarters of all intercity transportation, 90% of all war freight. • In this mass movement of freight — a movement that far exceeds anything moved before by any means of transport — lies a vital lesson. • The lesson is this: America needs and must have — for success in war, for prosperity in peace — the low-priced, mass transportation which only railroads can deliver.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
All United for Victory

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HUMAN SCIENTIST

THE author of ARE WE GROWING INTO GIANTS? Amram Scheinfeld, started reporting at the age of seventeen. A newspaperman, cartoonist, comic-strip artist, and magazine writer, he topped off his busy schedule with more serious study in school and out, during jobs and between them. In 1935 he decided to devote himself to work in the human sciences. His first book, You and Heredity, published in 1939, was a Book of the Month Club selection; his latest, Woman and Men, out this spring, is the result of five years' intensive research on human sex differences.

KEEPER OF THE BEES

ELIZABETH LINN is a woman who's learned WHY BEES KEEP SO BUSY and tells about it. After graduating from college, she gravitated first to literature—reading manuscripts for publishers, free-lancing for magazines, writing a syndicated book-review column for six years. Then, just before Pearl Harbor, her father decided he'd like to raise either steers or bees on his farm near Philadelphia. Miss Linn was his only helper and she figured she'd rather be stung than stampeded. So they settled for bees. Now she's as much at home among the hives as the bees themselves.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
JUNE 30, 1945 10¢
Book: RIVER SONG
AMERICA'S GLOBAL POWER WORRIES THE WORLD
SHAVE 25¢

IF you think penicillin's good, then watch for the new miracle drug that seems to knock off the bugs that penicillin won't touch. J. D. Ratcliff suggests that you KEEP YOUR EYE ON STREPTOMYCIN. . . . You, too, can go fortune hunting in your spare time. YOU, TOO, CAN BE A PEARL DIVER. In fact, there may be pearls waiting for you no farther away than the nearest brook. Bill Wolf gives you the low-down on a fascinating new hobby. . . . You'd think a girl would be contented with stardom as actress and singer. But not Helen Gahagan Douglas, THE GAL FROM CAL. She developed a social conscience—and look at her now! Helen Weigel Brown introduces you to her. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, RIVER SONG, Harry Hamilton takes you aboard a Mississippi shanty boat in a period novel of one of the most colorful phases of American life.

"THERE SHE GOES"

There's one thing about working in a wartime Bethlehem shipyard. You not only have the satisfaction of doing your part in the big job, but you have regularly a ringside seat at those thrilling shows which most people can see only in the newsreels—ship launchings.

Women employees, and wives and daughters of employees have often been accorded the honor of sponsoring Bethlehem-built ships. Above is Miss Edith L. Volpe, of West Quincy, Mass., an employee in the central tool room at the Bethlehem-Hingham shipyard, as she stood ready to christen a vessel.

At launching time, the shipway, always busy, hums with added activity. The launching crew knocks out the cribbing underneath the sleek, freshly-painted hull, allowing the ship's weight to rest on the runner-like sliding ways. At the proper moment, a trigger mechanism will release the hull—or the tie plates will be cut through by acetylene torches—and the vessel will be free to move. The boss of the crew is nervous—ships *have* been known to refuse to budge, necessitating pushing them with hydraulic rams.

Workers have set up a bunting-draped platform before the prow, and decked the ship with fluttering pennons. In readiness is a silk-or-mesh-wrapped bottle of champagne—symbol of ancient blood-sacrifice, the earliest way of consecrating ships. The sponsor—who is perhaps the widow of a war hero, or otherwise connected with the person or place the ship is named for—is nervous too, knowing she must crack the bottle on the prow with split-second timing.

It goes off well—and in a flash. In the shadow of the hull, an employee releases the trigger control, or signals the plate-burners. A tremor runs through the ship—the sponsor swings the bottle—and like a thing alive the vessel rushes down the greased way and splashes triumphantly into her predestined element.

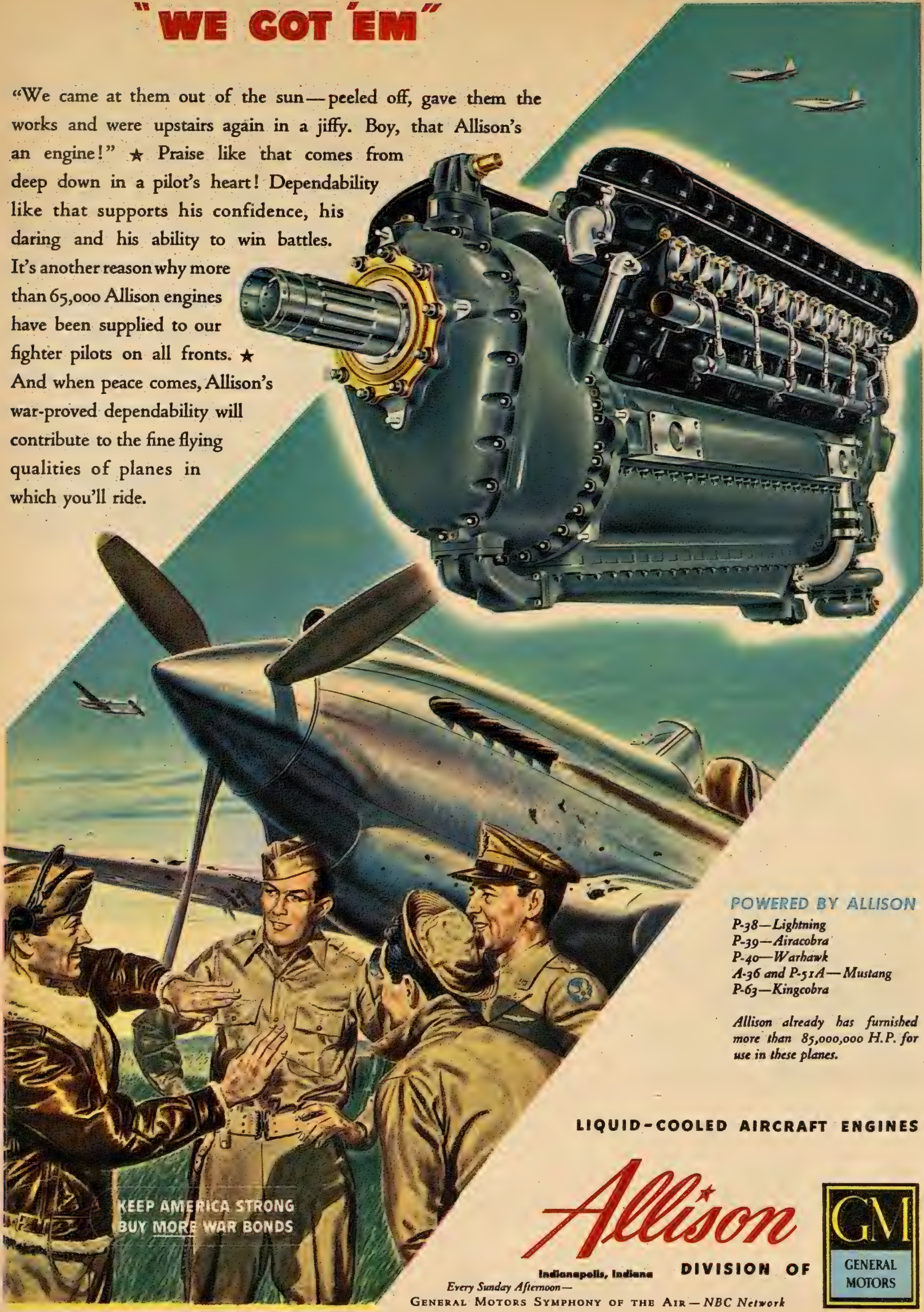
"There she goes" . . . the shout goes up from the watching workers. At once, cranes go into action, swinging a big steel plate over the newly-vacated shipway. It's a keel-plate for a new vessel. And all hands are back at work, taking their part in Bethlehem's wartime task of building well over a thousand fighting ships and cargo vessels.

★ BETHLEHEM STEEL ★

Steel, Manufacturing and Fabricating Plants . . . Bethlehem, Steelton, Williamsport, Johnstown, Lebanon, Pottstown, Rankin, Leetsdale, Pa. . . . Buffalo, Lackawanna, N. Y. . . . Sparrows Point, Md. . . . Chicago, Ill. . . . Tulsa, Okla. . . . Corsicana, Tex. . . . South San Francisco, Los Angeles, Alameda, Calif. . . . Seattle, Wash. ***Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards*** . . . Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass. . . . Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Hoboken, N. J. . . . Baltimore, Sparrows Point, Md. . . . San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif.

"WE GOT 'EM"

"We came at them out of the sun—peeled off, gave them the works and were upstairs again in a jiffy. Boy, that Allison's an engine!" ★ Praise like that comes from deep down in a pilot's heart! Dependability like that supports his confidence, his daring and his ability to win battles. It's another reason why more than 65,000 Allison engines have been supplied to our fighter pilots on all fronts. ★ And when peace comes, Allison's war-proved dependability will contribute to the fine flying qualities of planes in which you'll ride.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51A—Mustang
P-63—Kingcobra

Allison already has furnished more than 85,000,000 H.P. for use in these planes.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

Indianapolis, Indiana **DIVISION OF**

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—*NBC Network*

Hi, Nips! Get a load of our Army's island-hopping "flying boxcar," the Fairchild C-82 Packet! It carries 42 paratroopers or 9 tons of tanks, jeeps, etc.

ON THE BEAM

Here's how the A. A. F. teamed up with Yank-led guerrillas on Luzon—and what "close front-line air support" did to the foxholed Japs

BY WAYNE PARRISH

HERE is the best firsthand story we've heard yet on how the airplane has offered close air support in knocking out the Japs from well-entrenched positions in the Pacific. Not only does it demonstrate how extremely careful the planning and execution must be for pinpoint operations adjacent to friendly troops, but it gives some idea of how tough it is to root up the Japs when terrain is in their favor.

Technical Sergeant W. R. McLain, U. S. M. C. R., who wrote the report on the spot on Luzon in the Philippines, believes this particular engagement was the closest front-line air support seen up to that time in the Philippines. It was masterful in execution.

The locale was a valley fairly close to a secret beachhead. The Japs were well equipped, numerous, and dug in. Our Philippine invasion had taken place, which gave us airfields, but a lot of Luzon had yet to be taken.

Opposing the Japs were four American Army officers who had been hiding out since Bataan and who had whipped together an ill-equipped group of guerrilla Filipinos. This band had resisted the Japs savagely, but had waited three years for supplies and support from the American Army. This is the story of the air support that came with a vengeance.

The four Americans who had refused to surrender to the Japs in 1941 and who headed the guerrilla army were Lieutenant Colonel Russell W. Volckmann of Clinton, Iowa, holder of the Silver Star and D. S. M., won in the defense of Bataan, who ran local guerrilla warfare in north Luzon; Lieutenant Colonel George M. Barnett of 1003 North Ninth Street, Boise, Idaho; Lieutenant Colonel Parker Calvert of La Crescenta, California; and Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Murphy of Berkeley, California.

When the Americans landed on another part of Luzon, contact with them was made by Colonel Volckmann. It was agreed that a six-man radio unit would be landed by boat at night on the beach near Colonel Volckmann's guerrilla command base, and moved to the top of a ridge which overlooked the Japs. It took four days for the guerrillas to hack out a makeshift road up the hills, and three days to get the special truck into a valley position and the jeep to the top of the ridge. Captains Samuel H. McAloney of Cos Cob, Connecticut, and Jack Titcomb of Farmington, Maine, headed the radio unit, and Captain Titcomb lost his life to a sniper's bullet while directing one of the air-support strikes.

In simple terms the plan was to blast the Japs by air, with the guerrillas waiting at close range to move in when the attacks ceased. The actual operation was more complex than that, however.

A Clockwork Air-Ground "Show"

The rendezvous between guerrillas and planes was set for nine o'clock on the determined morning. During the night white panels were arranged slightly in advance of the forward lines. The unsuspecting Japs were firmly entrenched on a knoll less than 300 yards distant. To the rear of the guerrilla front, additional white panels plainly marked friendly territory and were easily discernible from the air.

Precisely at the appointed time a division of nine Army attack bombers circled the target area. Radio contact from jeep to plane was promptly established. Communication also was initiated between the jeep and its big-brother radio truck stationed on the floor of the valley some eight miles below and to the rear.

At 9.10 A. M. the Army planes (Douglas

(Continued on page 15)

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*Koroseal—Reg. T. M.

(*Continued from page 13*)

A-20 Havoc attack bombers) began the initial phase of their assault. Thundering close overhead, they hurled parafrag bombs and surrender leaflets down onto Jap positions. The guerrillas, deployed along a 100-yard front, watched and waited. Captain McAloney kept up a running conversation with the flight leader.

Plans called for the bombers to be directed through a series of strafing runs. They were then to continue making "bunny runs," holding their fire, but still keeping the Japs pinned to their foxholes. The guerrillas would then advance under the protective air cover and attack enemy positions.

From the start the air-ground show clicked with the proficiency of a rehearsed Hollywood scenario. At nine twenty-five the low ground strafing from the planes began with high accuracy; the slightest miscue would have meant death to friendly guerrillas. Then the big bombers came again, and again there was more strafing. Then came the final trio of planes, giving the cue that succeeding waves of planes would be on "dummy runs." At that moment the guerrillas went into action, and at ten twenty-six they reached their first objective. Meanwhile the Japs were disorganized and expecting bombs and strafing from the planes flying overhead.

Then at eleven ten, after the guerrillas had reached their second objective and the Japs had been fooled by wave after wave of planes with guns silent, a final real run over the target was ordered. From the jeep on the ridge went radio orders telling of the farthest friendly penetration. Into the reduced target poured the remaining bombs and ammunition carried by the Havocs.

"Diving Devildogs" on the Beam

The remaining Japs retreated in disorder into the lower valley and were sighted by airmen. Before long a flight of Marine light bombers were en route to replace the Havocs which had had to return to their base, and at 1.30 P. M. the stubby Diving Devildogs of the First Marine Aircraft Wing circled ominously overhead. Already famed for close air support given Army troops in the drive on Manila, these airmen knew how to follow directions radioed from the ground.

With guerrillas hard on the heels of the Japs, the front-line air support had to be pin-pointed more closely than ever. Whenever a Marine plane dropped its load wide of the mark, corrections would be radioed overhead and other planes would finish off the job. As a final burst, the remaining nine of the eighteen-plane flight, still having bombs and ammunition, made a saturation blast at the last remaining center of Jap resistance. This final blow broke the backbone of the Jap aggregation and their opposing fire virtually ceased.

The guerrillas marked a total advance of 2,000 yards. This may not sound very high, but the advance was important in that terrain. Furthermore, uncounted Japs lay dead on the ridge and a substantial amount of rifles, ammunition, clothing, food, blankets, and other supplies was captured. The Japs had been forced out.

Close air support is one of the most difficult maneuvers in an air war. Fast-flying airplanes must gauge their distances and targets with the utmost accuracy. It is this type of warfare, of teaming between air and ground through radio communication, that has featured the action on many Pacific islands. In the above action only two men were killed and three wounded on the U. S. side, while the price paid by the Japs was very heavy.

Four A. F.s' Record in Europe

The war has produced so many statistics in the realm of the unbelievable that it is difficult to dramatize the job that was done in Europe by four of our Air Forces in the three years of war leading up to December 7, 1944. And from that date on, the performance of these four large groups exceeded all expectations.

It wasn't so long ago that even some of the air experts thought 200,000 tons of bombs dropped on an enemy country would be sufficient to force the enemy to knuckle under. As they now know, it took more than that in bombs, and took huge land armies also, to do the real job. But meanwhile bombing went a long way to destroy the transportation systems and the war-making industries, the public utilities, and the oil refineries.

Here is the final record of what was done in our first three years of war in Europe and in the Mediterranean theater:

Eighth and Ninth Air Forces—599,601 tons of bombs dropped.

Twelfth and Fifteenth Air Forces—423,253 tons.

That's 1,022,854 tons for the four groups, and 85 per cent of this total was aimed at European objectives. Germany and Austria proper received 342,942 tons—a figure which was, of course, to go sky-high after last December 7.

How Hollanders Were News-Bombed

One of the "now it can be told" stories from Europe is about the precision-bombing squadron of American airmen belonging to the Eighth Air Force—except that instead of dropping bombs they dropped two publications in strategic spots in Holland. So many parcels landed in canals, rivers, and waterways that a special ink was found which would keep the papers legible after weeks in water. Distribution was made every night. More than ten million leaflets were dropped during one three-month period, keeping the Dutch informed of the news of the day.

Transatlantic Passenger Service

Restrictions on transatlantic air travel are being lifted rapidly—but if you're just a tourist you won't be able to go. Currently there are eleven weekly commercial flights scheduled on Pan American Airways, American Export Airlines, and British Overseas Airways. In addition, the Army Air Transport Command takes a few fare-paying passengers on its numerous flights.

Because of paper conservation these days there are never quite enough copies of Liberty to go around.

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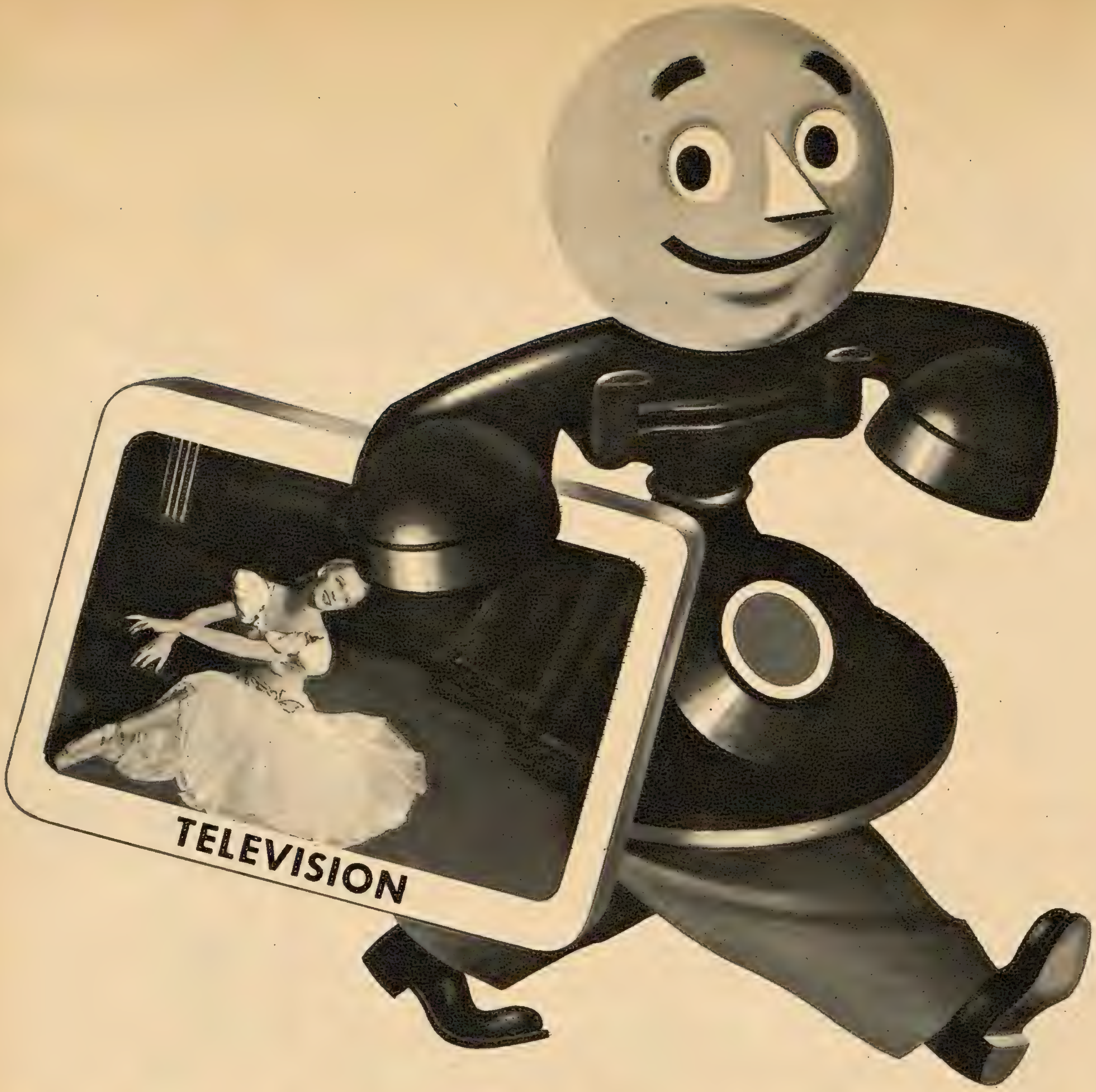

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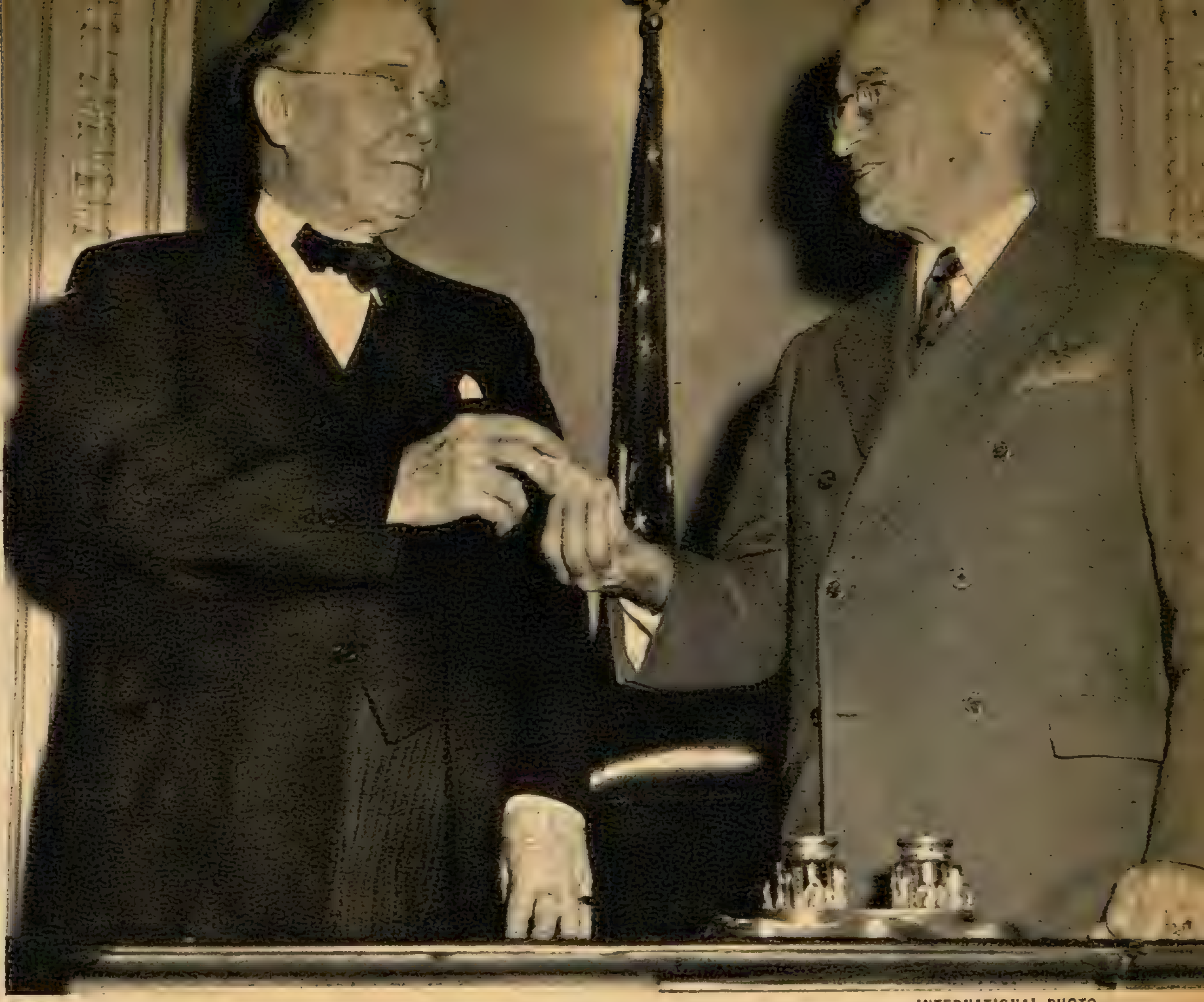


INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Senator McKellar—international liberal, home-front conservative—and President Truman,

Fate has placed Senate President Kenneth D. McKellar in a spot—or a whole series of spots—unique in American history. Meet the man who may make or break the administration. It's important to know him

ONE of the dominant figures in Washington today—perhaps second only to President Truman himself—is the new president of the Senate, fiery if seventy-six-year-old Kenneth D. McKellar of Tennessee. Circumstance has given him unusual if not unique control over much that goes on in the Senate, at a time when Congress seems destined to regain some of its former power.

Consider McKellar's position. As president pro tempore of the Senate when President Truman took office, he automatically became its presiding officer, gaining also such perquisites as the Vice-Presidential salary of $15,000 a year and the Vice-Presidential limousine.

But his new power stems from a position probably never before attained in U. S. history: Parliamentary head of the Senate, he still retains his senatorial vote and the right to speak from the floor. Equally important, he has been invited to sit in on all Cabinet meetings. Thus he can not only absorb the sense of these historic sessions at first hand, but also transmit the wishes of his chief directly to the Senate; then, having got them there, he can exert enormous power to implement them.

In addition, he continues as acting chairman of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee, chairman of the Post Offices Committee, and member of the Rules, Civil Service, and Library committees.

With such an interlocking grip on the strategy and finances of government, he can do much to make or break the new President's policies. And what he does will be backed by thirty-four years' experience in Congressional debate and cloakroom intrigue, and his strong hold on the votes of Southern senators.

What sort of man is this senator from Tennessee?

First of all, he is an internationalist. He was one of the leaders in the battle for President Wilson's Fourteen Points, the League of Nations, and the World Court. Today he says he is confident that a world organization can be made to work and to save the next generation from another bloody struggle. He has pledged himself to that cause, and certainly is in a position to gain Senate support for a peace treaty and a world organization to preserve the peace.

It appears certain that he can be relied on to help the President bridge the gap which recent years have interposed between the Senate and the White House.

After visiting the White House soon after Mr. Truman took office, McKellar declared: "I think the new President is going to be a fine leader for our nation. He is going to work with Congress and he will have our support 100 per cent. He knows the value of close co-operation with the legislative branch of the government. . . . I am 100 per cent behind the President."

The Senator also recalled their Senate days, when he and President Truman worked closely together and voted together in almost every instance.

McKellar's faith in the new President is founded on personal friendship, which guarantees that he will never desert Mr. Truman. The new president of the Senate lives by a simple creed: "That every man shall be his brother's keeper, pay his just debts, and cleave to his friends even unto death." To him, ingratitude and disloyalty are the greatest crimes of mankind.

As an indication of what McKellar means by friendship is the following story which still goes the rounds in Washington:

As chairman of the Senate Post Offices Committee and senior senator from Tennessee, McKellar had the last word on the hotly contested candidacy for the job of postmaster at Knoxville. He awarded the job to one of his college classmates whose chief recommendation—so the legend goes—was that he had once lent the youthful McKellar a tuxedo to wear to a college dance.

On domestic issues, the new presiding officer of the Senate is definitely a right-winger, a conservative whom some New Dealers have called a reactionary. Back in his early days in Congress, under President Wilson, he was labeled a liberal Democrat. Then he campaigned with fiery zeal for woman suffrage, popular election of U. S. senators, and the Public Roads Act. Later he was a leader in the battle for public power and the Tennessee Valley Authority.

But in the past five years he has frequently opposed the New Deal, for all that he was a personal follower of the late President Roosevelt. Four times he endorsed him for the Democratic Presidential nomination, four times he stumped Tennessee in the Presidential campaigns. He fought for his chief in 1944 even though he disapproved of the fourth term in principle.

When he learned of the President's death, McKellar said, "Mr. Roosevelt had the most remarkable and gracious personality of any man I've ever met. No man is perfect, and the President was not always the best judge of men. We had our governmental differences, but things never once disturbed our warm personal friendship."

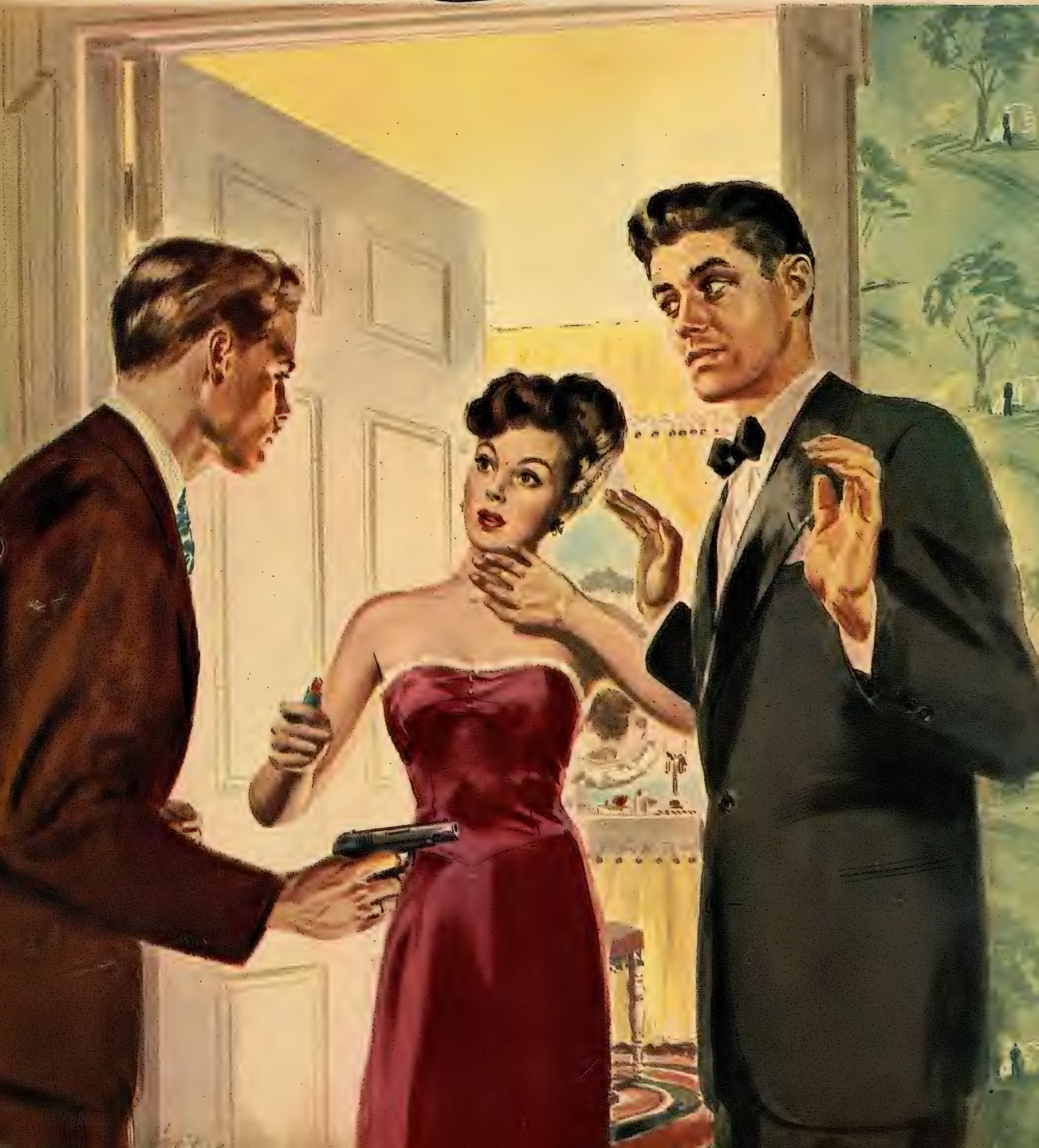
It was over administration appointees that the Tennessean broke with the New Deal shortly after President Roosevelt began his third term. Quarreling with TVA

(*Continued on page 87*)

BY EDWARD HOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

Situation



The door opened suddenly. Wini was wearing a wine-colored evening dress. "Pack your things and come along," Pete said to her.

Normal

Almost as soon as he got out of uniform he found himself in a pot of trouble. There was Wini, the glamor girl who thought him romantic — in uniform, that is. And there was Ann, who'd waited a long time for him to come back

IT felt queer, being all alone in a bathroom. Lonely, sort of, taking a shower in a slippery tub with a flowered curtain hemming you in and nobody to talk to. He tied the bath towel around his waist and crossed the hall. . . .

The room startled him again, not because there was anything strange about it. It hadn't changed at all.

The mirror over the dresser stopped him short. He couldn't remember when he had last met a mirror big enough to show more than a face.

"My blistered back!" he murmured in a mixture of astonishment and admiration. The lean muscular doggie who frowned back at him was not at all like the grown-up kid he had last seen in this particular mirror. He studied the round white mark at the left side of his belly where the bullet had gone in. About six inches higher, the medic had said, and . . .

He sat on the bed and put on the almost blinding blue-and-red socks he had bought in New York for this occasion.

"Wow!" he said with satisfaction.

The uniform was on the chair by the window. The sunlight struck sparks from the polished silver wreath behind the blue plaque of the Combat Infantryman's Badge. The ribbons over the pocket were brighter than usual against the O. D. woolen.

He picked up the blouse and held it at arm's length. "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well. A fellow of infinite chest."

He heard his mother calling from downstairs, and went to the door.

"Be right down. G'morning, mum."

"Good morning, dear. Did you sleep?"

"Must've. What time is it?"

"Nearly ten."

"Nearly *what?*"

"Ten o'clock."

"Golly! I'll hurry."

"No hurry, darling," his mother said.

No hurry? No hurry to get downstairs and have a really satisfying look at his mother by daylight? No hurry to take his place at the gleaming mahogany table with its lace centerpiece? To pour coffee out of the slender silver pot into one of the rosebud-pattern cups? . . .

No hurry!

After breakfast—or before, if there was time—he was going out to the swing on the side porch behind the rambler roses and—well, just smell Vermont.

Afterward, he thought, getting into the white flannels, he would walk down Maple Avenue and watch the busy gray squirrels. Drop in at Hardenburg's drugstore and shake hands with old Mr. Farwell. Then walk on down the hill. . . .

No. Maybe he wouldn't walk on down the hill. Not until he had had time to think about Ann. Not until he had some sort of plan. Some decent way to put it. Because Ann wasn't a girl you could march up to and say, "Now, look here—"

Anyhow, he was very fond of Ann. He loved her in a sort of a way. It was only that she . . . Well, really, it wasn't anything about Ann at all. It was something about Wini.

A fine louse-up altogether. Snafu. Situation normal.

HE let his mother fuss over him. She put him in his father's place at the table. She clucked over the half-full cream pitcher and hurried out to the kitchen, to bring it back full to the gleaming silver edges with thick cream from the farm.

She said, "For goodness' sake go on and eat, dear."

"Sit down, mum. Over there. I want to look at you."

She took the chair opposite him. "It's so good to see you dressed like yourself again. I never did get used to you in uniform."

"You'd be surprised how funny I feel in these."

"You'll get used to them."

"I'll try. Nice way to spend the day, now that you mention it—getting used to being a civilian again. Salute nobody. Leave a button undone once in a while. Keep out of step with everybody in sight. Not call anybody *sir*. Got a lot to learn."

His mother laughed. "Oh, I'm so *glad!*"

"Glad? Glad I've got a lot to learn?"

"Glad you're still you, darling. I was talking to Ann about it the other day. She said you'd been through so much, maybe you'd be changed."

"Mmmm." He stuffed his mouth with griddle cakes. Ann had probably noticed the difference in his letters from Camp Morrow. What a sack he was, not to have written her all about it! Because it'd have been so much easier to explain in a letter. You could work it out and write it over and over till you got it straight. And nobody could interrupt.

"She will be back this afternoon," his mother said.

"Back?" he repeated with his mouth full again.

"Oh. I thought you must know she was away. She's been in Albany at some newspaper association meeting. She's doing wonderfully well on the Sun, you know. You see, old Mr. Oliver hadn't really been any use for years. And when he died they put Ann in his place. She's working like a slave and they've raised her salary and—"

Phil stared at the V-shaped cross section of griddle cakes impaled on his fork, dripping syrup. If she had a job she was going to make a career of . . .

"Mr. Peters took her to this big meeting in Albany and he came back and left her there to represent the Sun. She'll tell you all about it, of course. Mrs. Littleton said they'd expect you about half past six."

"Hah?" he exhaled over his coffee cup.

"Goodness! Did I forget? There's been so much to talk about, I— We knew you and Ann would be crazy to see each other, so you're going over to dinner tonight. Just you and the family. Your father and I know we mustn't monopolize you."

"Oh. Well, I don't know. I've hardly seen you. With the whole mob here last night, I—"

She came around the table and kissed his forehead. "Now don't you worry about us. You'll see plenty of me today and— Is that coffee hot enough? It won't take a minute to heat it."

Phil stirred his coffee. "I had an interesting time in New York. I guess they felt guilty about losing my papers and holding me there, so they gave me lots of passes. Great town, New York."

"It's so noisy," she said. "I'm always in a state of nerves from the minute I arrive."

"I met a nice family there. Funny, the man's in the real-estate business like dad. Only, I guess, a little bigger. Skyscrapers in half-dozen lots."

"How nice!" his mother said, thinking they'd really have to paper the dining room this year.

"I met the daughter at a dance. She's one hell of a—I mean, she's very pretty. Even without make-up, with her eyes—she's got brown eyes that look black at night, and—"

"Who, dear?" his mother said vaguely, having decided that if they did the room over, she would have to buy new curtains.

"Wini La Foret."

His mother stared. "A—a show girl, dear?" (She was going to be tolerant, no matter what.)

"A society girl. Social Register. Father's a real-estate big shot. Fifth Avenue. Money to roll in."

"Really, Philip?"

"Wini's the most exciting thing I've seen since the street fighting in Aachen."

"Of course New York society girls—"

"Of course," he agreed.

"Of course what? You don't know what I was going to say."

"You were going to say New York society girls are pretty strong stuff for country boys from Vermont."

"Philip! You're not—"

He patted his mouth with the napkin. He said, "I think you'll like her."

He could feel his mother's startled gaze as he walked out of the room and through the front hall, whistling.

HE watched the inescapable moment approaching.

Ann went upstairs with her mother.

Mr. Littleton, clearly aware of a situation it was not for him to interfere in, was unexpectedly fidgety for the president of even so modest a bank as the First National of Thomasbury.

"Well," he said, as Mrs. Littleton came downstairs, "see you later, probably, eh? Good night. I mean for now." He smiled foolishly, and followed his wife out.

Ann came down. Phil went to the foot of the stairs to meet her.

She seemed smaller than he remembered—the top of her light-brown curly head was at about the level of his nose—and different in some other way he couldn't define. Prettier than ever, too. He still admired her small straight nose and her full

(*Continued on page 72*)

WHY BEES KEEP SO BUSY

It takes a heap of buzzing to make a pound of honey. Here's the story of some of the strange and wonderful goings-on in the life of the bee — and its keepers

BY ELIZABETH LINN

KODACHROME BY EDWIN WAY TEALE

A synonym for industry, she flies three times around the world for a pound of honey.

A BUZZING crescendo of rage comes from the bee yard, shattering the tranquil night. In the moonlight, two more skunks come over the hill, arriving by different paths. Now nine are dining on honeybees where the rows of hives cast their sharp shadows. The skunks are enjoying their nightly meal, scratching, rapping at the hive entrances, knocking the bees down and devouring them as they rush out to defend their homes. From each despoiled hive more hundreds of gold-banded bees boil out to battle, taking off blindly against this giant enemy come to slaughter them when they can't see to fly.

From the vertical-tiered honeycombs high within the hives, thousands of small honeybees surge downward, massing for battle. Somewhere in their midst their streamlined queen, with her lesser attendants, is carefully guarded. Throughout the city of honey and wax, nightwork is disrupted.

The heat and excitement of the bees rise to fever pitch.

Thousands of honeybees are now tiny suicide torpedoes, poised for brave and certain death in defense of colony and queen, each destined by nature to die as she drives home her sting and tears it from her body. But, though the skunk is virtually immune to bee sting, these suicide flights aren't wholly in vain. The venomous stings finally register, and he retreats to another hive where the bees aren't yet aroused. Tomorrow night he can come again.

Some 40,000 to 60,000 bees with their queen originally lived in this hive. Most of them were female workers: nurses, feeding young larvae as many as 1,300 individual meals in a day; guards, first to rush out in case of trouble; waxmakers, who hang in silent chains while wax globules form from their stomach glands; fanners, air-conditioning the hive, tipped forward, fanning their wings so fast that the eye can't follow their motion; field workers, who fly back and forth daily to bring home nectar, pollen, and water; scouts, who fly out to locate nectar supplies for the workers. The minority are drones, born without stings or the usual pollen baskets on their hind legs, and with tongues ill adapted for gathering nectar.

These battles with the skunks occur in late summer if there is a drought, and without fail on crisp fall nights when the bees are chilled and can't fight so well. Then the raiders are even hungrier, stoking up on food for their long winter sleep.

Uninterrupted, these nightly forays do irreparable damage in the apiary. But the animals have left their smudged footprints and scratches on entrances and alighting boards for the beekeeper to read at a glance. It is time to set the traps and cover them with grass and leaves. When the skunks return tonight to dine, they will be caught. Tomorrow they will be shot.

Gradually the hive resumes its normal orderly industry. Nectar gatherers fly far afield for nectar, scarce during dry seasons. Pollen gatherers return with baskets laden down. The water carriers travel from hives to creek, drinking in the shallows below the dam and making as many as 100 trips a day.

Gathering nectar and pollen, the honeybees perform their greatest service for mankind and nature, that of pollination. Without pollination by all kinds of bees, an estimated 100,000 species of plants could no longer exist. Bees perform over 80 per cent of this pollination of grain, fruits, clovers, vegetables, trees, and flowers.

During the battle with the skunks thousands of bees died inside the hives, overheated or smothered. The honeybee, a clean creature, harbors no dead bees or dirt in the hive. She is also perfectly housebroken. So at sunset the toiling bees are still conducting their funerals. Out from hive entrances they spiral high into the sky, holding their dead beneath them. Over the treetops one small speck drops and one bee toils no more.

THE average life span of a worker bee in working season is about six weeks, maybe less. When nectar abounds, she will cheerfully wear her wings to shreds, flying from dawn till dark, even in wind and rain, always risking death by birds and larger insects quick to snap up such a tasty morsel. It has been estimated that bees collecting the nectar for one pound of honey travel a distance equivalent to nearly three times around the world. By evaporation, fanners, working constantly in the hives, reduce four pounds of nectar to one pound of honey.

At dusk, returned field workers collect like brown lace on entrances and up the fronts of the hives, resting in the soft evening air. To the beekeeper strolling in the bee yard, this is the most gratifying hour of all. From each hive the perfume of evaporating nectar wafts outward to the contented buzz from industrious night-workers. Distant crickets chirp an obbligato, while along the creek the bullfrogs sound their bass.

OF all insects, only the honeybees are domesticated to produce food for man. They live willingly in man-made hives and allow themselves to be handled and guided in their production of tons of honey and beeswax. Yearly in the United States more than 5,000,000 colonies produce about 200,000,000 pounds of honey as well as 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 pounds of wax. Unlike other livestock, honeybees aren't chained or shut up in their houses; they are the only productive creatures toiling for man that fly miles away, yet wing their unerring way homeward as dusk falls.

The honeybee is a pretty six-legged creature with four diaphanous wings. With her four front legs she will clean herself thoroughly, much as a kitten does. The lower part of her body is gold-banded, and from her waist up she wears a blond fur coat. She has two great eyes shining on either side of her head, and a trio of smaller eyes above them. Two graceful antennae, or feelers, serve as her nose; often these have as many as 6,000 sense plates, giving her marvelous smelling power. Her jaws work crosswise, and she carries her sting in her tail.

Tiny though she is, only one quarter of an inch high, weighing one five-thousandth of a pound, she can rout a husky man in ignominious flight. But understanding the habits of honeybees helps dispel such skittishness. There are a few darker strains of ill-natured bees, but the average gold-banded honeybee won't stop work for the frivolity—and fatal luxury—of stinging. Slapped at repeatedly, she may become angry and sting.

Wasps, bumblebees, and hornets, unlike honeybees, can sting again and again without harm to themselves, and it's just as well to keep out of their way. Allergy to honeybee sting, although extremely rare, shouldn't be overlooked. In one recorded case an allergic woman died from four bee stings. In rare cases people with weak hearts have died from shock brought on by a limited number of stings.

The beekeeper needs a hat and bee veil to protect his face and head. He may work unstung indefinitely if he opens the hives gently on clear days, taking care not to jar the wax frames or crush the bees unnecessarily as he inspects brood, honey, and pollen. Bees are sensitive to weather. Rainy days, when they must all crowd within the hive, try their patience sadly; a drought, with no honey flow in the flowers, makes them equally touchy, likely to fume at trifles. At such times trouser cuffs can be tied down and long gloves worn, although better work is done with bare hands.

Elizabeth Linn, her co-workers, and a slab of the end product.

The beekeeper scrapes out the occasional stings and thinks no more of them than repeated thorn pricks. He uses a "smoker" to puff a little smoke in at the entrance, to discipline the occupants. After two or three years' exposure, beekeepers are usually immune to bee sting. It is said that a reasonable amount of it is beneficial for rheumatism or arthritis. The strange curative powers of bee venom, honey, and beeswax have been proved throughout the ages. Today in hospitals and doctors' offices, patients pay well for regular injections of bee venom.

Originally America had no honeybees as they are known today. There were several strains of wild bees, but they stored little honey. Early settlers imported honeybees to the United States: brown German bees, black Caucasians, gold-banded Italians, silver-gray Carniolans—to name a few. Of them all, the gold-banded Italians proved most popular and practical in America.

COMMERCIAL beekeeping has made a traveler of the honeybee. Nomadic apiarists with itching feet load as many as 300 hives, with air space between, on special truck trailers, rope them securely, and set merrily off for sunnier climates and budding blossoms.

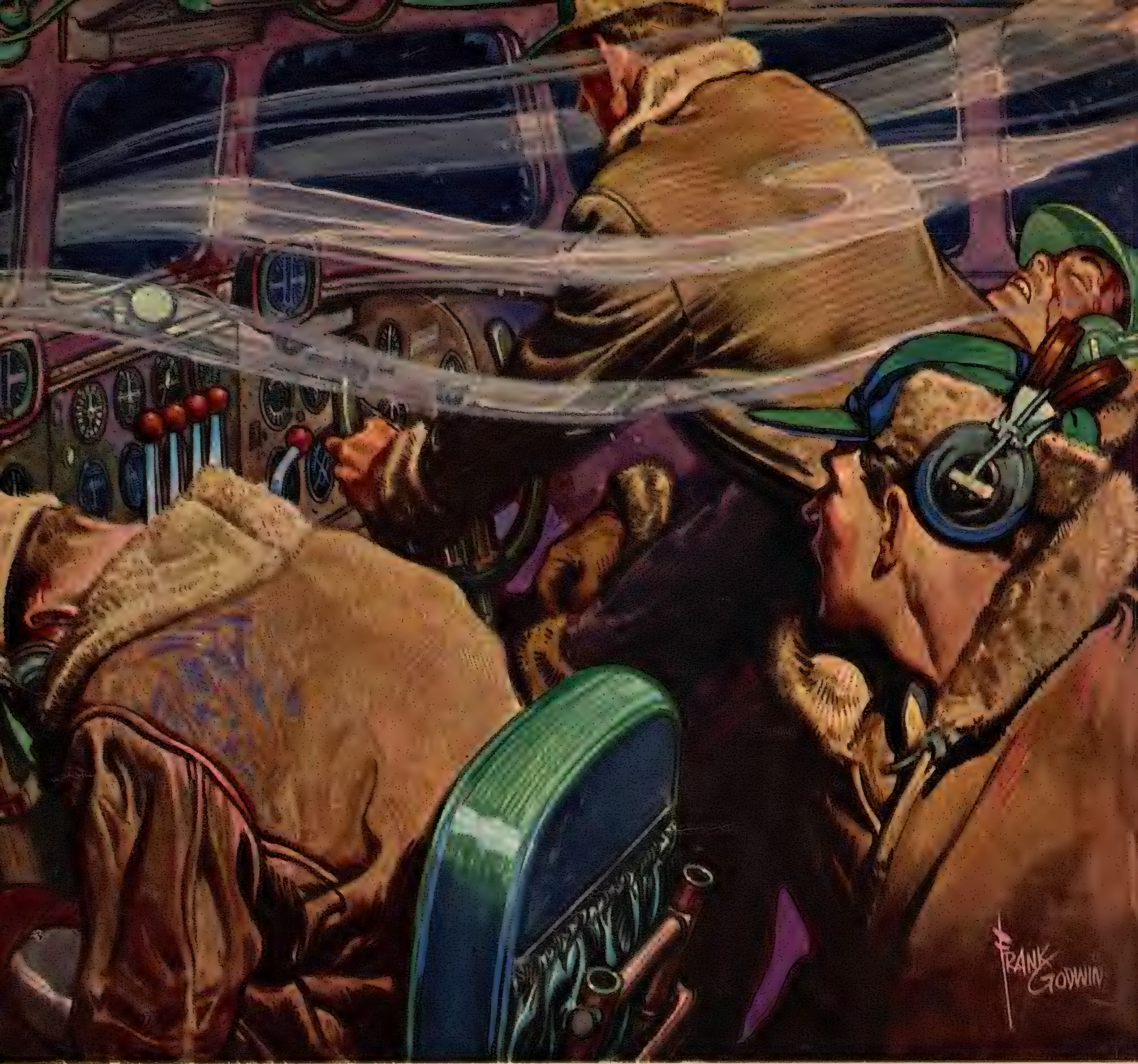
Two strong men are necessary to load and unload and to spell each other at the wheel. Theirs is the responsibility of safely transporting some 12,000,000 bees without annoying or injuring people or cattle along the way.

Free from accident or complication, the trip can be a lark. But trouble has a way of popping up in fast bee transportation. If the breakdown is serious, it's sometimes

(*Continued on page 85*)

If she's going to sting, she's probably thinking, This will kill me. It's true.

Air-conditioning unit: one beepower. Crews of fanner bees keep the hives ventilated.



Acting automatically, the flight clerk grabbed the co-pilots control yoke. "How much flying time have you had?" shouted the navigator.

"THERE'LL always be an Iceland!" Private Jack Byers raised a half-filled coffee mug toward the Red Cross girl behind the counter. "Bottoms up!"

The young soldier hastily drained his coffee, gathered together the sheaf of yellow and pink manifests, and started toward the door.

"Keep your feet dry, soldier!" the girl called after him. His reply was lost in a whistling howl as he pushed through the double doors into the mist-laden gale that swept unchecked from the Strait of Denmark across the bleak lava-strewn wastes of Iceland.

In the gloomy light of the subarctic winter morning, mechanics busily checked the landing gear, cowlings, and control surfaces of the big C-54, as the four-engine transport stood on the wind-swept ramp before the passenger terminal. In another ten minutes the ship would be roaring down the runway on the next leg of the long voyage home.

Flight Traffic Clerk Jack Byers waited at the foot of the gangway. His job on this trip was to share with the flight nurse the responsibility of caring for the eighteen badly wounded soldiers lying helplessly in three tiers of stretchers on either side of the fifty-foot boxcar-like cabin of the Douglas Skymaster. When carrying cargo or able-bodied passengers, the flight traffic clerk customarily takes care of the cargo manifests, keeps the cabin clean, and distributes box lunches to the passengers riding on bucket seats or sprawled around on the floor in blankets.

At this moment, on the bleak ramp at Meeks Field, Iceland, Private Byers knew he was through with being a flight clerk. The decision may have been caused by the vivid memories of his own flight training. Or maybe Jack's spirit had withstood as much pent-up disappointment as a twenty-one-year-old spirit can take without breaking. He could no longer bear being so close to flying and yet so utterly cut off from the part in aviation he had lived ever since grade-school days, when he folded paper airplanes behind a desk lid. He'd go A. W. O. L., get court-martialed, go to a prison camp, anything—but this trip was the last time he'd serve as a steward on an A. T. C. transport.

"O. K., feller, we're all through," the mess sergeant in charge of the food detail interrupted the flight clerk's troubled thoughts. Jack spat viciously upwind and hurled himself up the gangway; hurried forward between two lines of stretchers, through the bulkhead door, past the big

Flying the North Atlantic is hazardous even for seasoned pilots. The big transport, loaded with wounded, had only a kid who had washed out of flying school to bring her in—and he didn't know how!

The Blind Flying the Blind

BY STANLEY WASHBURN, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

cylindrical cabin fuel tanks to the crew compartment to begin his preflight check.

During the four months he had worked as a flight traffic clerk, Jack hadn't cared to look at the control end of the big airplane. He'd tried hard to divorce himself forever from the idea of flying. It seemed only yesterday—that bright sunny morning at Maxwell Field, Alabama, when he taxied the yellow trainer to the line and cut the ignition. The propeller was still flashing around when the interphone clicked and the voice of the check pilot in the rear seat sounded flatly: "Sorry, Byers. You just haven't got what it takes. Maybe it's your lack of judgment in tight spots. Maybe it's a lack of an aggressive spirit—I don't know. But you'll never make a combat pilot. Might as well find out now as to kill yourself and maybe a crew of ten men later on." Jack remembered the hollow words of encouragement as the check pilot said, ". . . No reflection on you, kid. Some can fly. Some can't. Don't forget there're plenty of other ways to kill the enemy than with airplanes."

Jack gripped his check list and muttered to himself contemptuously, "Steward on an A. T. C. transport is a hell of a long way around to kill Japs."

He stepped quickly back past the navigator's table into the crew compartment. The thermos jugs of fresh coffee were in place on the left side of the compartment, clamped down in rows over the spare transmitter-coil boxes stored in racks below. Jack checked off his list automatically as his mind recalled that bitter day when his status in the Army changed from flying cadet to private first class. "Byers, we're assigning you to the A. T. C. to be a flight traffic clerk."

"What's that?"

"A purser; a sort of steward. You take care of passengers and papers on A. T. C. ships. It's a cream job. See the world. No combat. No mud. You're lucky, mister."

"But, sir, I joined the Air Corps to fight, not to be a steward on a cargo airplane. I—"

"That will be all, Byers. Here are your orders." And that was that. Jack was "frozen."

The worst part of washing out of the Air Corps flight training was that, as a failure, he no longer felt worthy of Helen's love. He hadn't even had the courage to write her since he had "busted out," more than four months ago.

Helen flashed before him again. Her blue-black hair with the sunshine highlighting the bell-bottom curl over her shoulders; her blue eyes; the half-mocking tenderness of her fresh warm mouth; the breathless way she spoke, and her slim agile figure. . . . The after-bulkhead door opened abruptly against the flight clerk's shoulder as he finished his count of the emergency equipment stowed in bins over the cabin fuel tanks.

"Pardon us, please." Captain Franklin squeezed forward along the narrow aisle toward the cockpit, followed by the copilot, navigator, and radio operator. Jack stepped quickly through the bulkhead door to the cabin where the soldier patients shouted wisecracks to one another.

ONE by one the four engines rumbled to life. As the engineer closed the big cargo door and hurried forward, Jack picked up the cabin interphone and called the cockpit: "Captain Franklin from flight clerk—everything is secured back here." A moment later the big ship rolled smoothly away from the terminal and taxied rapidly past a maze of dispersion strips to the take-off runway. With a haze of spray streaming back from the propellers and purple flames licking from the exhaust stacks, the thirty-ton transport swept off the runway and quickly disappeared into the gray ragged clouds scudding before the fresh northwest wind.

The great-circle course from Meeks Field, Iceland, to Stephenville, Newfoundland, is seventeen hundred and fifty miles. Allowing for the prevailing head winds on this North Atlantic route, westbound flights average about ten hours and a half. Leaving Iceland before noon, Greenwich time, Captain Franklin's flight proceeded smoothly westward between scattered layers of stratus clouds.

Four and a half hours after take-off, the navigator's estimated position put the ship some forty miles north of the course, approaching the jagged black pinnacles of Cape Farewell, southernmost tip of Greenland. The stratus clouds now resolved themselves into a dense nebulous void of gray. Light rime ice-coated the windshield with a solid opaque layer, giving the cockpit a cell-like confinement in the rapidly fading arctic twilight.

Studying the temperature gradients forecast on the Army weather chart, Captain Franklin slowly eased the big ship downward, carefully watching the outside-air-temperature gauge. At two thousand feet the gauge indicated one degree above freezing. Immediately ice began sloughing off the windshield and propellers. The air speed picked up and the big ship thundered westward at the new low altitude just below the icing level. Everything was under control.

THEN—suddenly, without warning—disaster struck. Where Jack Byers sat, in the rear of the cabin, the shock of impact with some object was more noticeable actually than the sound of the crashing glass and the scream of a two-hundred-mile-an hour air stream roaring unchecked through the jagged edges of the shattered windshield.

Tensely he waited, watching the rows of sleeping blanketed forms on the tiers of stretchers. Before he had time to think, the forward-bulkhead door opened and the flight engineer rushed aft—white-faced but calm. His words were barely audible in the roaring blast of air sweeping aft through the open door of the tank compartment.

"This is it! Tell the nurse—we're going to crash! Prepare for ditching!" Without waiting to ask any questions, Jack dashed forward against the gale of icy wind. The floor of the crew compartment was slippery with bloody pulp. The forward door of the tank compartment was torn off its hinges and a bowl-shaped dent in the light metal panel indicated that some missile had struck the door with tremendous force.

Stepping over the mess on the floor, Jack ran toward the cockpit. The radio operator sat at his desk on the left side immediately behind the captain's seat. His face was deathly pale, his jaw set, but his right hand fluttered the key, "S O S . . . S O S . . . S O S . . ." The navigator's hand was trembling visibly as his dividers scaled off the mid-latitude distance on his course chart. Hastily he scribbled the ship's position on a slip of paper and handed it across the aisle to the operator, who tapped it out clearly, unhurriedly, with the exasperating calm of the veteran carrying on in the best tradition of the sea and air.

All these details Flight Traffic Clerk Byers took in at a glance as he rushed toward the cockpit. The ship was in a gentle dive, banking steeply to the left.

"Captain Franklin! What's happened?"

(*Continued on page 56*)

They Make Jobs Happen

Early in the war a group of men got together on the theory that jobs just don't grow by themselves—they must be created. Now, here are tangible results of some of their work

BY MILLARD C. FAUGHT

Peoria, Ill. A plant president and foreman figure how to increase production and jobs.

THE biggest job hunt in history is on in more than 2,800 U. S. communities, large and small. It's a determined search with a twofold purpose: to help ensure the postwar prosperity we all want, and to give our returning servicemen some previously prepared positions much more genuine than those to which the hapless Heinies were forever retiring before V-E Day.

In Philadelphia, for example, a group of business men started six months ago to look for 100,000 new postwar jobs. It has found all but 21,000 of them in the postwar blueprints of the local business men, and is still hunting. Employers in San Diego have been looking into factories, stores, and fruit orchards for 30,000 more jobs, and have fewer than 5,000 to go. Across the country the same eager search is being staged by 60,000 local business men who are members of Committees for Economic Development. All of them are operating on a formula that combines common sense and community resourcefulness.

Some of these community committees have been hard at work for two years. They turn a deaf ear to those who shout that we should win the war first before even talking about postwar plans.

"We did that last time," says a blunt C. E. D. chairman in a Midwest town, "and look what it got us. This time we're doing what we can now to see that the fighters and the workers coming back to our town don't have to mill around getting interviewed to death while we patch together a lot of slipshod last-minute programs."

The C. E. D. is a strictly nongovernmental, nonprofit, nonpolitical organization of business men. Its single purpose is to encourage and assist the nation's employers of all sizes and kinds to plan *now* for jobs tomorrow—and to do it boldly and realistically in order to swing this country swiftly to a high level of production and prosperity.

AS early as the fall of 1942, business men looked at their wartime production, double its 1940 size. Then they wondered how they would ever unscramble it quickly enough to re-create 46,000,000 peacetime jobs and add maybe 10,000,000 brand-new ones. Finally, in November of 1942, a group of some twenty business men decided to *do* something about it. That was the birth of the Committee for Economic Development.

Paul G. Hoffman, already working war hours as president of the Studebaker Corporation, took on the job as chairman of the newborn C. E. D. With 10,000 new war workers in his own factories and five sons in the Army, he has a real interest in seeing new jobs created and ready after victory.

William Benton, former advertising agency partner of Price Administrator Chester Bowles and now vice-president of the University of Chicago, became C. E. D.'s vice-chairman. Most of the twenty-two other C. E. D. trustees and the regional chairmen are big business men who started out being little business men. Their firms range all the way from soft drinks (Harrison Jones, chairman of the board of Coca-Cola) to railroading (Ralph Budd, president of Burlington Railroad).

None of the trustees get paid. Neither do any of the regional, state, or community chairmen, nor any of the 60,000 local members. In fact, many of them pay for the privilege of participating: C. E. D. is financed by voluntary contributions from businesses large and small. Twenty-five thousand dollars is the most it will accept, and there must be no strings attached.

When the organization started, the trustees wasted no time debating definitions

Meridian, Miss. Members of the town's C. E. D.—far-sighted business men—look over blueprints for higher employment.

Albert Lea, Minn. A C. E. D. plan set up this toy-building project in a basement. Result, a dozen brand-new jobs.

of "full employment." Instead, they reasoned thus: Judging from wartime expansion, we will need *at least* 7,000,000 brand-new peacetime jobs—and 10,000,000 would be still better, if we can find them. To do it, we'll need thirty to forty-five billion dollars more in national income. In 1940 we produced almost an even hundred billion dollars' worth of "national income" with 46,000,000 jobs. So, said the C. E. D., a 30- to 45-per-cent increase in production and business should provide the 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 new jobs needed. That, in a very big nutshell, is what the C. E. D. is trying to do.

"Those are fine goals, but the trouble is," Hoffman said at the outset, "that we don't know enough about how jobs get born. We've been trying for too long to whistle them up out of nowhere through legislation, or just by talking about more jobs. We've got to get down to the grass roots of our economy if we're going to find seven to ten million of the kind of useful, well-paid new jobs we need."

Thus it is on the community level that the C. E. D. hunts for jobs. The search got under way with three grass roots—in Reading, Pennsylvania, in Wheeling, West Virginia, and in Peoria, Illinois. Business men in those three towns formed the first *community* Committees for Economic Development in order to find out such things as where to start, what to do first, who can help, and any other information useful in the care and feeding of new postwar jobs. That was in the early spring of 1943.

NOW, two years later, grass-roots planning committees have sprouted in almost every town of 10,000 or more population, and in nearly 2,000 smaller places. Each is entirely independent in its actions, but in the main they follow the patterns worked out in the three "pioneer" towns and improved on by experience elsewhere. As a means of passing the word along, national C. E. D. has a field organization of twelve regional chairmen and more than 100 state and district chairmen, each a well-known business man in his own part of the country. Their offices provide local committees with handbooks, sound-slide films, and other materials to help them get started.

The C. E. D. seeks to co-operate rather than compete with established groups already doing postwar planning. Frequently its program is taken over, lock, stock and barrel, by a local Chamber of Commerce or other permanent organization of business men. Women's clubs have taken active parts in local C. E. D. programs. In Los Angeles, the Business and Professional Women have a special women's division, with active members in all branches of local business. In Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the Junior League made the employment surveys, usually step number one in C. E. D.'s special brand of local postwar planning.

The little town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, which has made itself something of a reputation for realistic postwar planning, can tell you exactly how many new postwar jobs it needs. Albert Lea wanted to know what goals it should plan *for* and what local assets and raw materials it had to plan *with*. So its planning committee made a number of local surveys, most of which were carried out by 200 "Victory aides"—women civilian defense volunteers.

First, the committee found that in 1940 Albert Lea's labor forces consisted of 4,987 people, 4,266 employed and 721 unemployed.

Next, the committee found that during the war the local labor force had increased to 5,655, of whom 5,455 were employed and 200 were unemployed.

Then, as its own sixty-four-dollar question, the committee tried to find what the situation would be *after the war*. Its survey of expected changes turned up the following probable increases in the postwar working force:

Returning from armed forces	1,012
Returning from farms	125
Returning from other regions	250
Growth and maturity of population (1943-46)	428
Total increase in persons needing jobs	1,815

Studying probable withdrawals from its own labor market after the war, it got the following results:

Returning to farms	125
Returning to other regions	50
Those not seeking postwar jobs	734
Total decrease in job seekers	909

A little arithmetic showed that Albert Lea would have 6,561 postwar job seekers. More important, it knew *how many postwar jobs it would need.*

The next figure needed was the number of jobs being planned by employers. A careful survey showed the total was 5,968. Thus Albert Lea's planning committee could see that *its specific problem was to plan for 593 more new jobs.*

The committee felt that it should seek them first among the eleven major industries in the community, plus the 442 minor business establishments of all kinds. Secondly, the committee believed that employers would make bolder and more expansive plans if it could show them that Albert Lea had the potential capacity for such expansion. So it made careful and detailed surveys of what the consumers in Albert Lea were planning to buy after the war, what new construction they planned, and so on.

When the surveys were finished, the facts indicated that the volume of business in Albert Lea for the first peacetime year would reach $49,660,000—more than two and a half times its 1940 level.

THE committee was able to break this expected business down into some very interesting specific facts:

1,156 residents would buy new automobiles. Near-by farmers would buy 1,140 more.

442 people were planning to buy or build new homes.

714 others were planning to spend at least $300 in home repairs.

646 people wanted to buy refrigerators.

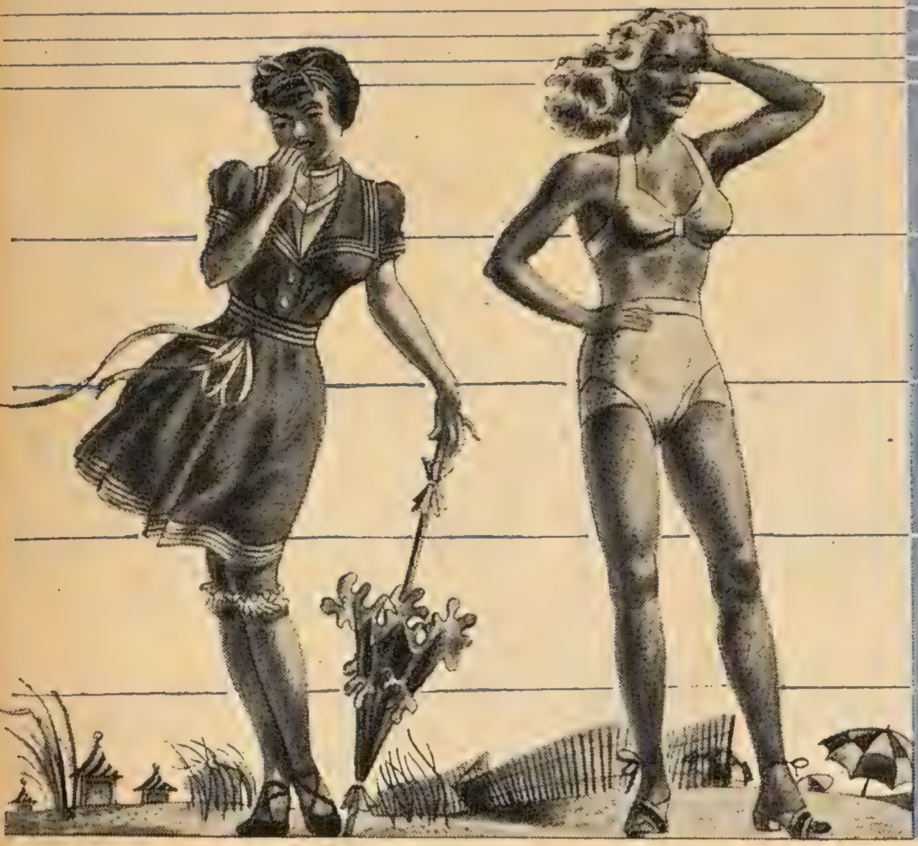
578 people wanted new living-room suites.

And so on, item by item.

Shown prospects like these, the local furniture dealer decided that he would hire four more men than he had planned. The local building contractor concluded that he had better double his proposed construction crew. As the new postwar religion spread, other employers began to raise their planning sights.

It was in this atmosphere of factual forecasts that sixteen Albert Lea business men established "Jobs, Incorporated." The idea, in brief, was to set up a state-chartered organization which would operate like a regular business enterprise. Capital

(*Continued on page 79*)



Beauty, past and present. The modern girl is taller, stronger.

Are we growing into GIANTS?

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

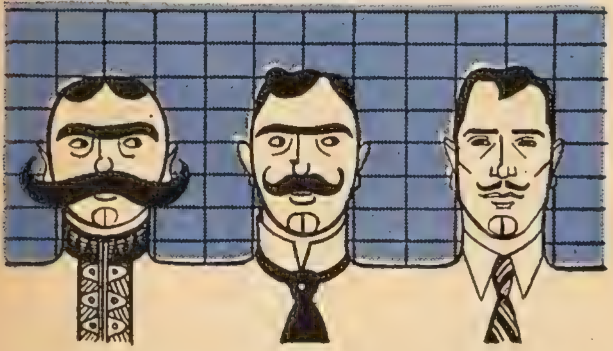
For reasons not quite clear, we're increasing in size and pretty rapidly, too. Give us a few more generations and seven-footers may be commonplace

"WHAT a man!" you exclaim, proudly viewing your strapping soldier son. "Three inches taller'n his dad—and his kid brother's going to be even taller!"

You may not realize it, but you've been watching—and probably participating in—one of the most remarkable biological phenomena in human history. Within a few decades, and lately almost from year to year, you've been seeing under your very eyes such changes not only in human stature, but also in other bodily proportions, as in previous eras might have taken centuries of slow evolution.

What has been causing this? The usual answer is, "Why, better child care and nutrition, of course." But if you think that's all there is to it, you're wrong. Scientists pondering the question are becoming convinced that other factors must be involved, perhaps new cosmic influences enveloping the earth and stepping up human growth. As Professor Harry L. Shapiro, noted anthropologist of the American Museum of Natural History, puts it:

"The phenomenon of increasing stature has been so world-wide, among peoples living under so many different conditions, that we can't explain it simply and solely on the basis of better diet and hygiene. Here in the United States we find some of the tallest statures in the most backward regions, such as the Ozark sections and the depressed areas of the South, where there is the poorest nutrition and the most inadequate medical care. The 'Tobacco Road' sections are producing some of the tallest men in the country, and certainly that can't be credited to good nurture. Likewise, we find tall stature among many primitive peoples, such as the Australian aborigines and Negroes in central Africa, who have been untouched by civilization.



Faces, particularly among foreign stock, are taking on more regular features.

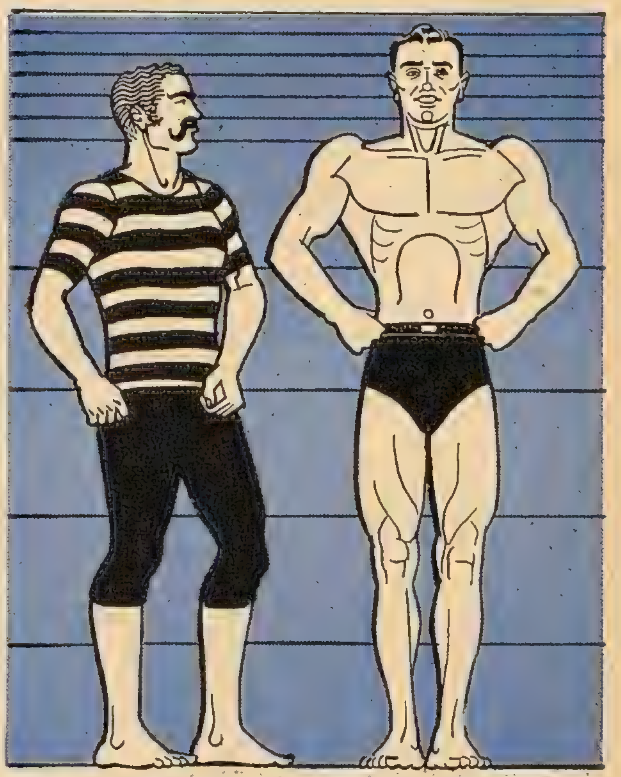
"In short, while we may give diet and care some credit for increases in American stature, apparently there have been a number of different influences working in conjunction."

What these additional influences are, scientists can't say as yet. But they are giving the most serious attention to the theories that changes in climate, meteorological effects, emanations from sunspots or other cosmic radiations may have had a lot to do with speeding up our growth processes or otherwise changing our bodily proportions. On this premise, if Americans have been gaining and changing physically more than other people, it may not be unlikely that all the various influences have been most strongly at work among us.

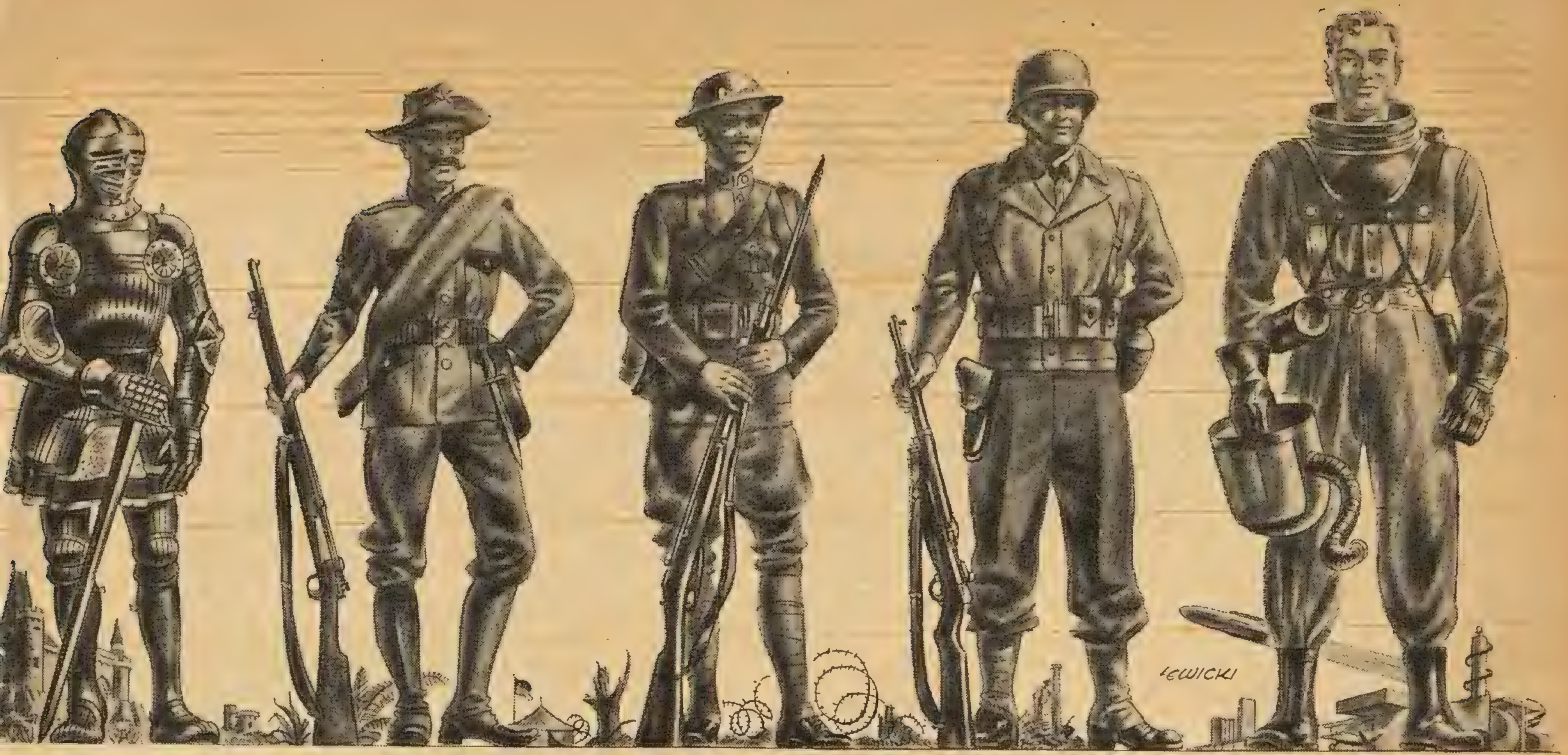
At any rate, Americans now are taller on the average than any large group of people in history, and boast many more extremely tall men than have ever before been seen in one country. As an example, when and where else could one have seen athletes up to seven feet in height—not circus freaks, but superb physical specimens—engaged in a strenuous sport? This sight has thrilled basketball fans this past season as they've watched such towering stars as seven-foot Bob Kurland of Oklahoma A. & M.; Don Otten of Ohio's Bowling Green team, 6 feet 11½ inches; J. B. Chambers of Valparaiso, 6 feet 10, whose team as a whole averages 6 feet 4; and the record-breaking All-America center, 6-foot-9 George Mikan of Chicago's De Paul. (And even taller stars are promised for next season!)

These young giants, still growing, may be only the vanguard of taller giants to come. For while Americans have been increasing in stature with successive generations, the biggest spurt has been among the recently maturing youngsters, clear evidence that the trend has been gaining momentum. If it continues, as there's every sign it will, in a few more generations our men may average six feet or more, and seven-footers may become as common as lampposts on Main Street. Measured by past standards, we'll be a nation of giants indeed.

You may not get this impression immediately from the present over-all figures. U. S. Army records show only that the soldiers in this war average well over 5 feet 8 inches (68.15 inches, to be exact), as compared with 5 feet 7½ inches for the draftees in World War I, a gain of about three quarters of an inch. That might not seem a lot, but it's still the tallest average any large army ever had. However, the general figures, covering all ages and groups, obscure the most striking recent changes. More than one in four of the G. I. Joes is 5 feet 10 inches or over, and almost one in ten is six feet or above. There are a third more six-footers in this war than a generation ago; and as evidence of the speed-up in the last ten or fifteen years, those aged twenty to twenty-four include 50 per cent more six-footers than do those aged thirty-five and over.



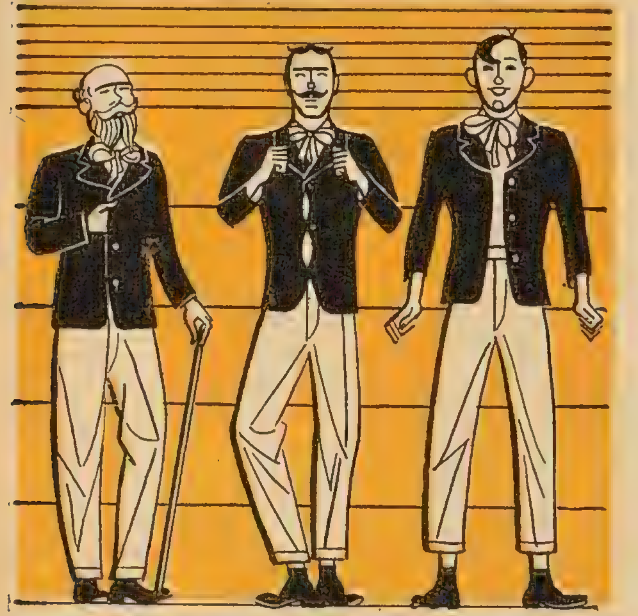
Today's Adonis has broader shoulders, longer limbs than the Gay Nineties model.



The knight was a mite compared to G. I. Joe, who, in turn, is bigger than his dad or granddad. And tomorrow's warrior will be over six feet.

The most amazing growth has been among the youths of second- or third-generation foreign-born stock. My eighteen-year-old sailor nephew, not yet up to his full growth but already over six feet, is about five inches taller than his father and seven inches taller than his grandfather, who was born in Europe. A cursory survey among families I know, of both old American and foreign-born stock, reveals the same phenomenal increase in the new generation.

All this is in line with various well-known studies, dating from the classic one by the late Professor Franz Boas, who in 1912 showed how the children and descendants of foreign-born Americans had been gaining in stature and also changing in other body proportions such as head shapes and features. A later study, in 1931, by Dr. Gordon T. Bowles of Harvard, showed that contemporary Harvard students of old American stock, averaging 5 feet 10, had gained 1½ inches over their dads and three inches over their grandpas. But equal and greater gains have been recorded in other American colleges where the students were of mixed stock. Thus, at the University of Cincinnati, just before this war began, entering freshmen averaged 5 feet 10 inches, 2½ inches taller than those of 1916.



Jacob, the old immigrant, would marvel at the stature of his sinewy offspring.

Women, too, have been gaining. At Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Mount Holyoke, Dr. Bowles found that the daughters had gained an average of 1⅛ inches over their mothers. But the gains for college women have been greater than for women at large. In general, American women have not increased in stature so much as men.

Lest we think we're unique, it's well to note that stature also has been going up in many other parts of the world for some time, though perhaps less markedly. Recent studies in England, France, Germany, and other European countries show continuing increases in height, and even the Japs have gained close to two inches in the last few generations. Particularly significant, as a challenge to the "diet and nurture" theory, is the fact that in Europe the malnourished children born and reared under the terribly adverse conditions during and after World War I gained nearly as much in height as did well-fed children elsewhere. Moreover, records reveal that height in Europe began to increase a century ago, before any radical changes had occurred in diet, living conditions, or medical care.

This is not to imply that modern advances and improvements haven't contributed to our added growth and better physical development, for there is much evidence that they have. It is obvious that better care for humans would enhance growth just as does better care of livestock and poultry, or as improvements in cultivation result in larger vegetables and fruits. Yet how explain that even without any apparent improvement in nurture and hygiene, human beings have grown taller, or that marked increases have occurred in the most underprivileged groups at the same time as in the more favored ones?

Using the comparison with vegetables and fruits, a farmer might venture the answer: "Climate." For he knows that variations in temperature, humidity, or other atmospheric conditions could influence the growth of crops. Can this also apply to human growth? Some scientists think it might. We do know, by records of the U. S. Weather Bureau, that there has been a gradual increase in year-round temperatures the world over during the past century, most noticeably in the last three or four decades. While we've had fluctuations, there has been an almost continuous trend toward milder winters, most of the winters in the United States since 1912 having been warmer than usual. So also average temperatures have climbed at such widely dispersed points as Canada, Chile, France, South Africa, and India since the early 1900s.

Even the pint-sized Jap is growing taller than his honorable ancestor.

Added to the warming up of the earth—chiefly in the temperate zones, where the most significant stature increases have occurred—there is also the theory that changes in humidity, meteorological effects, cosmic rays, or the influence of sunspots may have contributed toward a speeding up of human growth. This would not be inconsistent with firmly established scientific principles, as proved by the numerous

(*Continued on page* 60)

BEER ON THE HOUSE

If it was sympathy he was after, the complaining soldier came to the wrong place when he stopped at McLean's tavern. Old Man McLean didn't have any of that to spare

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY STANLEY F. DONATH

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

THE sun reflected from the mountainside in bluish sheets of flickering light, but on the bottom of the valley the snow was gray and soggy, covered with a dark pattern of footprints and wagon ruts. The local bus ground to a stop before the general store of Marked Tree and a soldier climbed out.

The soldier was a man of about twenty-five, with the wide shoulders of a professional boxer, but rather small. Through the leathery tan of his face went a jagged near-white scar reaching from the left jaw across the corner of the mouth to the right cheek, as though his face had been slashed open years ago and healed badly. His eyes were small and dull and somehow shifty.

He stood a little and looked after the bus, and then he crossed the square, staggering slightly, his feet making a sucking noise as he pulled them out from the wet snow.

He stopped for a moment before the rain-streaked war memorial and entered McLean's tavern on the other side of the square.

McLean looked up from the four-week-old copy of the Okomah Eagle that had lain before him on the zinc top of the bar for the last two hours without a page being turned.

He said in his creaky old-man's voice, "Hiya, stranger."

"Gimme a beer," the soldier said. He settled on a bar stool and pushed back his garrison cap. He added patronizingly, "Make it two beers. I don't like drinkin' alone."

McLean drew the two beers, cut the foam with the spatula, and put them down. He asked, "You from Camp Gildenstern, soldier?"

"Yeah," the soldier said. "I'm aimin' to get to Commerce tonight. Got any idea what time the bus is goin'?"

"It'll be around two o'clock," McLean said. "You'd of better taken the direct bus from Gildenstern, though. Would of saved you two an' a half hours waitin'."

"I don't care," the soldier said lightly. "Them direct buses are too jam-packed for me. I ain't in no hurry."

"I s'pose so," McLean muttered. "Anything new in Camp Gildenstern?"

The soldier gave a short laugh. "Mules," he said. "Lotsa mules. If that's news to you, I mean."

"Them mules were always there in Camp Gildenstern," McLean said. "Seems you don't like them mules, do you?"

"No, I don't," the soldier said. "I'm a bronc stomper. Know what that is?"

"Yeah. Somethin' with hosses, ain't it?"

"Somethin' with hosses," the soldier aped. "Somethin' with hosses awright. Only them ain't the kind of hosses you got here. Them are wild hosses. Them are real hosses."

"I s'pose so," McLean muttered.

There was a flicker in the dull half-drunk eyes of the soldier. He said, "There ain't nothin' in the world like havin' a wild hoss in the middle of a good dry corral. You talk to him an' pet him an' work him through the chute till he's halter-broke. And then you saddle him good an' slow an' talk to him some more an' swing up. An' then you ride him an' ride him an' ride him till you skid in the dust an' you feel his heart poundin' against your knees like a steam hammer and—" He broke off disgustedly. He said, "Aw, the hell with it. You don't know what I'm talkin' about, anyway."

THE old man was silent. The soldier emptied his glass and thrust it across the bar. The old man drew another beer, cut the foam with the spatula, and put it down. The soldier stared at a puddle of faintly yellow liquid that had formed on the bar. He said sullenly, "Trouble with that Army is, there ain't no decency in it. There ain't no honor and no justice and —and no decency, anyway. Look at me for one." He paused again and started again. "When they draft me, they ast me what I can do, an' I say I can handle hosses. 'O. K.,' says the shavetail, friendly-like. 'We'll put you somewhere with hosses. We need men that can handle hosses in this Army.'"

He laughed gratingly. He said, "Look where they put me. They put me to them mules. When I go to the cap'n an' say they'd tol' me about hosses, he says, 'Look here, Myers. We've got enough men for them hosses right now. 'Cause there ain't such an awful lot of hosses in this Army. An' then, a mule's almost a hoss anyway, an' it's more useful in the war, isn't it?' I says 'Yes, sir,' an' turn an' march out an' buy me a couple drinks, and then—Aw, the hell with it. That's what they know about hosses in that Army, y'see. A mule looks a little like a hoss maybe, just the way a monkey looks like a man. An' just because they look alike so much, a man feels a shame when he sees a monkey, an' a good hoss feels a shame when he meets a mule. You can see it in his eyes, you can."

The old man sat very still, his heavy lids lowered over his eyes as if he were asleep.

The soldier said broodingly, "I come to hate that Army, I have. Yeah. There ain't no decency in it, that's the trouble. I come to hate that lousy, rotten Army. . . . Gimme another beer."

He drank half of the beer and belched softly. The old man wiped slowly the shallow puddle on the bar. There was an uneasy silence in the room. The soft *clop-clop* of a horse in the snow grew from somewhere, passed the door, and faded away. The old man pushed the newspaper across the bar and pointed his finger at a badly printed photo, the picture of a seventeen-year-old in his Sunday clothes. He said explainingly, "My boy."

The soldier cast a fleeting glance at the picture. "You made a nice boy there, grampa," he muttered.

The old man said, "A nice boy awright. Finished school at the head of his class. Learned to be a printer over in Okomah; only they put him into the combat engineers when they took him." There was plain wonder in his voice. He said, "He's dead now. He was a-killed in France last Christmas, he was."

"That's bad," the soldier said. The drunkenness had gone out of his voice. He remarked in a stilted tone, "Killed in action," and was silent again, his forehead heavy with embarrassment.

The old man's eyes were still on the newspaper. He said, without raising his voice, "No. Just killed. Them Germans caught him last Christmas, it was. They just stood him up against a tree. Killed like a sick dog. Just killed."

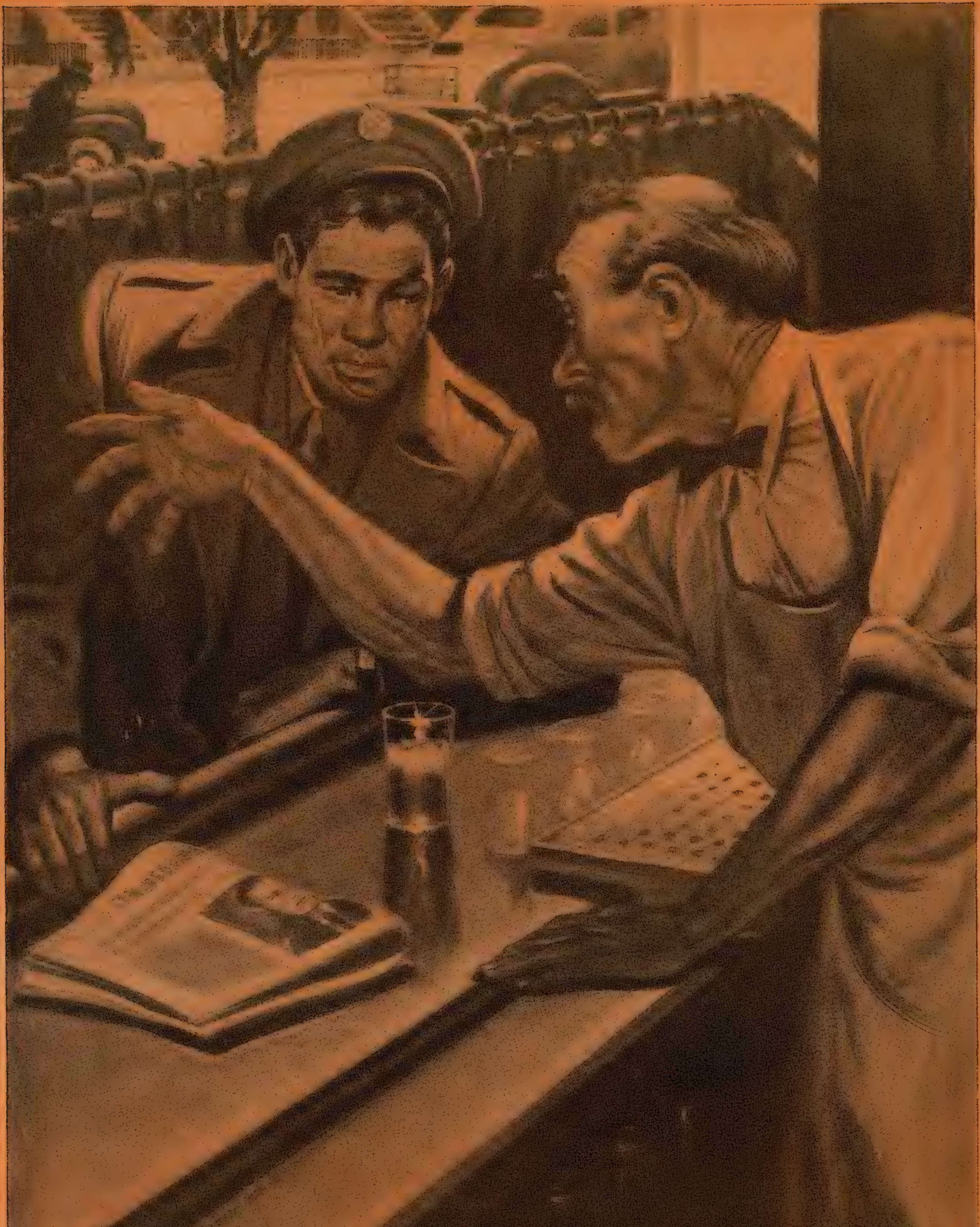
His eyes rose slowly from the paper, and then they were on the soldier's face as though he saw him for the first time. There was a faint red on his sunken cheeks. He said, "Git out, fella. I don't like your face any more. I'm no M. P. an' no sheriff. I don't care if you got a pass or if you're A. W. O. L. or what'sa matter with you anyway. It's just that I don't like your face. The beer's on the house. You just git out."

THE soldier slipped from the stool, buttoned his coat and went to the door. At the door he hesitated, slightly stooped, as if he wanted to say something, but didn't say it and stepped out into the road.

The rays of the sun were slanted now, and the shadows of the mountains were deep and purple blue. The soldier went back across the square, stopping again before the war memorial. Only then he noticed that part of it was not quite so faded as the rest; and as his dull eyes went over the freshly painted letters on the board and checked back to the sign over the tavern, he raised his hand in a kind of greeting or sloppy salute, the way a buddy recognizes the other when meeting in the street, and crossed over to the general store. The shrill little bell jingled as he pushed open the door.

"Hiya," he said. "I'm aimin' to get to Gildenstern tonight. Got any idea what time the bus is goin'?"

THE END



"I don't care if you got a pass or if you're A. W. O . L. It's just that I don't like your face. The beer's on the house. You just git out."

Uncle Dan Drops In

You never knew when Uncle Dan was coming, or when he'd decide to go again. There wasn't a place in the world could keep him for long—or one that wasn't the better for his having been there. The heart-warming story of a great man

BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

"HE'S an odd one," mother used to say of her Uncle Dan.

"He's nuts," snorted pop.

I knew Uncle Dan only by the things he sent us: A piece of rock from the Great Wall of China. Four ivory rings that we used around our napkins—nose rings they turned out to be, from Zambezi. A boomerang from Australia for my brother Tommy. A clasp knife from Munich, two inches thick, that weighed a pound and had thirty blades, for me.

One evening, when we were sitting out on the porch smelling the linden blossoms, mother remarked, "I wonder if Uncle Dan will ever visit us again?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried pop. He added hastily, "Why do you think up things like that, Margaret, when you know I have an editorial to write tonight? Last time he was in Clarinda he nearly wrecked my paper."

Pop reached for his wallet and fished out the clipping which he always draws when he wants to blame mother for having such an uncle, and he began reading: "'Ed Eckers, who runs the little jing-a-ling grocery on Dunbar Street, has built a new lean-to for storing potatoes and old boxes.'" Pop paused, to let that earth-shaking piece of news jar us. "'Mrs. Waldemar Jones got tired of her parlor clock not running, so she climbed on a chair and sprayed its works real good with fly spray and now it keeps time fine.'"

Though it was twelve years since pop had come upon those items in his own newspaper, he still didn't know whether to laugh, cry, or lash out and bust things.

"And this, Margaret. This was the prize. Almost cost me my borrowing capacity at the bank, this one did: 'Folks here in Clarinda think that Mr. Beehimer, who runs the bank, never buys a new suit. That's because he bought a pepper-and-salt suit back in 1920 and he liked it so well he always orders Jack Poss, the tailor, to make his new ones exactly like it. He got his fifteenth pepper-and-salt from Jack last week.' Those are what your Uncle Dan knocked out on the linotype and stuck in my paper, Margaret. Shoved 'em in without my knowing it."

"But he fixed your press when it wouldn't run. He's a good mechanic," reminded mother. She changed the subject, knowing how edgy pop was lately.

I was fourteen. I came home from school one afternoon and there was a man in the kitchen.

"Paul," said mother, "this is Uncle Dan."

I got a shock. I'd built up a picture that was Marco Polo on a camel, with a bit of Santa Claus, and also—on account of how pop talked—a pair of horns and a tail. What I saw was a little pale-eyed man, very wrinkled, in a limp blue suit. His shoes slumped down about his ankles like tired old gloves. He had a derby hat and a caved-in satchel.

"Howdy, Paul," he said, shaking hands and grinning a wry, friendly grin. He didn't say, "My, how you've grown!" I liked that. He didn't say, "You look exactly like your mother." He took me man to man.

Mother explained, "Uncle Dan has just arrived from Panama. He walked."

I remembered that he was a journeyman printer, and that pop always referred to him as more journeyman than printer. I learned that his satchel held only his spare socks, soap, a piece of saw steel that he shaved with, a tiny whetstone, tea, and an alcohol stove. It had its caved-in look because he'd taken the metal frame out of it, to save weight. He'd taken the padding out of his coat and the lining out of his shoes and hat for the same reason. He was a terrific walker, and he traveled light.

"You'd better run down to the paper, Paul," mother suggested, "and tell your father who is here."

Uncle Dan said, "I'll go with you. I feel like stretching my legs."

POP was seeing the paper to press, which he does every afternoon. Ever since Uncle Dan slipped those items into the Argus, pop reads each line of type before the forms are locked. Charlie Frome, the foreman, had locked up the last form and was lifting it from the stone when Uncle Dan walked into the composing room and said to pop, "Howdy, Arthur."

"It's a visitation!" cried pop. He put his whole arm through the form, shooting the Too Late for Classified and Simpich's big ad onto the floor in a pi. "It's for my many sins," howled pop, "like faking circulation and lifting news from the Springfield Herald. Paul," he ordered, getting a grip on himself, "cut home and tell your mother the paper will be two hours late, and so will I."

When I left, Uncle Dan was busy sticking type, and pop was raging, "Mind now, Dan, no tricks."

It was astonishing, when mother's uncle described those far places he'd been to, how they came alive for Tommy and me. The Chinese chair weavers he told about made us think of old Jim Plate, the blind man down on Second Street, only they had twelve or fifteen kids apiece and Jim has only six. The cobblers in France and the shopkeepers in Russia and the street cleaners in Stamboul might have been people in Clarinda. They had their aches and pains and their money troubles. I'd never thought of foreigners being folks.

"How's the paper doing?" he asked pop.

Pop was lighting his pipe. He stopped drawing on the match. I know now he had been afraid Uncle Dan would ask that.

"So-so, Dan." Pop went on: "Ella Magee and I are the whole staff now."

"What's the trouble?"

"Clarinda's pretty dead—hardly needs the Argus any more. Springfield has grown too big and close. It overshadows us."

"Couldn't I help look for news while I'm around? I had pretty good luck when I was here before."

"Nothing doing!" yelped pop, rising half out of his chair. "Good Goshen, Dan, do you think I *liked* what you rammed into my paper that last visit?"

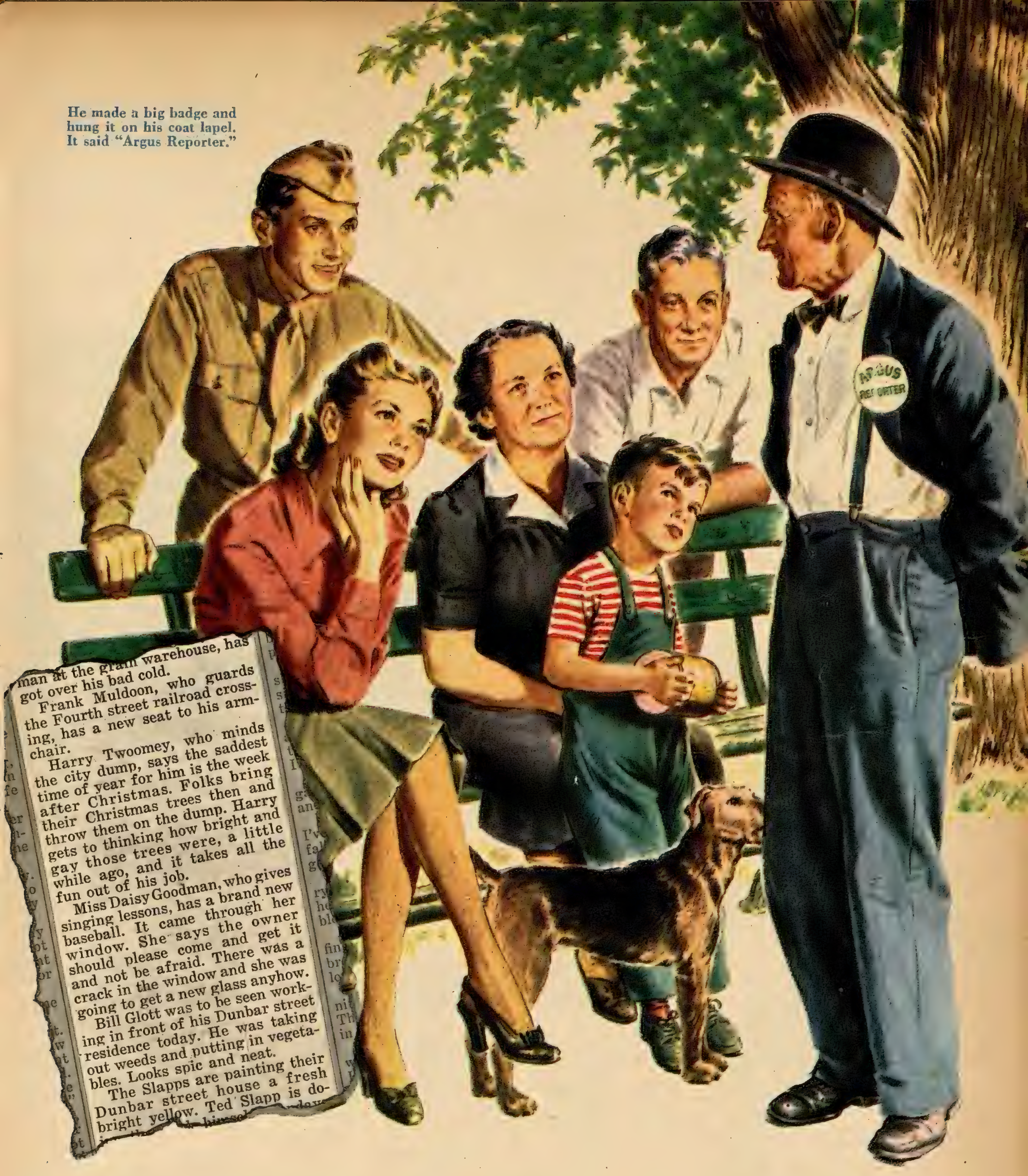
Uncle Dan didn't say anything more. He fixed a few things around the house for mother. He made her washing machine go better, and her vacuum cleaner. He had stomach pains, which made him restless, so he went out and sat on a park bench much of the time, talking to whoever was beside him. Even though he was funny-looking, and there was no end to his curiosity about private matters, Uncle Dan's friendly grin made everybody feel all right. He helped them fix their lawn mowers or their pumps.

BUT he just had to wander into the Argus office. Pop was writing up the council meeting and had begun to swear. He'd run off the bottom of a sheet of copy paper and typed the last three lines right on the rubber roller.

"Look at that!" pop cussed. "Wonder how many pages of typewriting get spoiled that way in a million offices every day? Wouldn't you think there'd be a signal, same as at the end of a line? There ought to be a bell or whistle or a bad smell or something to warn it's the bottom of the page."

"Lemme see that mill," urged Uncle Dan. He sat down and put his steel-rimmed specs on and studied. He went out in the composing room, where the tools were, and fussed around. He came back with

He made a big badge and hung it on his coat lapel. It said "Argus Reporter."



man at the grain warehouse, has got over his bad cold.

Frank Muldoon, who guards the Fourth street railroad crossing, has a new seat to his armchair.

Harry Twoomey, who minds the city dump, says the saddest time of year for him is the week after Christmas. Folks bring their Christmas trees then and throw them on the dump. Harry gets to thinking how bright and gay those trees were, a little while ago, and it takes all the fun out of his job.

Miss Daisy Goodman, who gives singing lessons, has a brand new baseball. It came through her window. She says the owner should please come and get it and not be afraid. There was a crack in the window and she was going to get a new glass anyhow.

Bill Glott was to be seen working in front of his Dunbar street residence today. He was taking out weeds and putting in vegetables. Looks spic and neat.

The Slapps are painting their Dunbar street house a fresh bright yellow. Ted Slapp is do-

some bits of metal that he'd filed, and a clock spring. "Try it now," he said after a while.

Pop typed some lines and the spring went off like a rattlesnake's buzzer. Pop jumped. But he got the idea and was pleased.

"Set it at this ratchet for twenty lines, or whatever you want." Uncle Dan showed him how on the roller.

"Thanks, Dan," pop said, and went on writing his council story. Uncle Dan watched his invention work. When he was sure it had put pop into a good mood, he coughed in his mild way and said, "Arthur, I wish you would let me do a few pieces. I always wanted to write for a newspaper and this town is full of things hollering to be told."

"What things?" demanded pop. "Nothing has happened in Clarinda since President Hoover's train stopped here in 1929. And that was only five minutes."

"Nothing had happened in Samarkand," said Uncle Dan, "since Tamerlane, but I found it interesting."

He went on, "Since you've been covering the news of Clarinda your way for fourteen years and losing circulation, why not try mine?"

Pop didn't like that. "You're nuts," he snapped.

"I'll jot down a few things just the same." Uncle Dan did so, right on the linotype—no monkeying around first with

(Continued on page 66)

The Thousand and Sixty-one Days

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

It's hard for home folks to understand when a soldier doesn't *want* to come home on rotation. They might see it his way if they'd been through what he had. It was like this . . .

HE heard the C. Q.'s whistle in the darkness, shrilling up and down the rows of pyramidal tents and home-made shacks, and he rolled over for a cat nap. Half awake, he thought about rotation—about the letter from home he hadn't answered. They'd asked him when he was coming home on rotation, and it had been hard trying to find words to say that he didn't want to come home. Not on rotation. Not for thirty days at home and then reassignment to a new outfit and nobody knows what after that. If his outfit was going to wind up in the Pacific or in Asia some place, he wanted to be with it—not with a lot of strange Joes.

And he wasn't alone; a lot of men felt the same way about it. But it was hard to put the feeling into a letter. You could only understand if you'd been through it; if you were here. If the folks back home could tag him around a while, just a day perhaps, they'd understand.

When he got up, twenty minutes later, the engines of some of the P-38 Lightnings were already roaring, but he dressed lazily, pulling on grease-spotted suntans and fleece-lined leather pants and jacket over them. No hurry; he knew his ship was O. K. His record as crew chief was right up there on top. And a man gets over being an eager beaver after a while. It boils off under the hot California sun, and mildews in the dank Irish mists, and cakes with the African dust, and bogs down in the mud of Sicily and Italy, and wears away bit by bit, day after day. And now there was his job and he would do it and that was all. One G. I. in the 96th Squadron had written his wife every day and numbered the letters, and last night it was number 1,060, which made today 1,061.

A Fighter Group of the 15th Air Force, top-scoring unit of the Mediterranean theater of operations with 550 aerial victories, this week flew its 1000th combat mission. . . .

It was just breaking dawn when he went out, and a low damp fog was over the valley. As he walked toward the perimeter a waiting shape came in view, his helper, standing half hunched in the morning chill. The two went together to the ship, saying nothing. They walked around the silver P-38 with its twin tails, giving it the once-over.

The crew chief took the hood off the cockpit and climbed in. He checked the instruments, tried the controls, then started the motors. Their roar joined the thunder of the others about the perimeter, and the wheels rocked against the blocks.

This was his fourth ship. "Ole Faithful" was painted on the nose, but that was a pilot's idea. He himself had printed in pencil "Miss Pat" on the cowling of one engine and "Miss Shirley" on the cowling of the other. It wasn't a hot ship; none were any more, for the pilots had run out of Krauts. The highest scoring group in Italy hadn't met enemy fighters in five months. Pilots had come, flown a tour of operations, and gone home without seeing a Jerry.

On 27 September 1942 the Fighter Group arrived in Northern Ireland and in December moved to Africa. En route, pilots shot down two JU-88s over the Bay of Biscay for the Group's first victories. . . .

Sometimes a guy's family worries most about his furlough.

There were girls in Ireland, and pubs and Nissen huts. In Africa it was mud and pup tents and C rations and sly Arabs, while the pilots flew the "Gabes Meat Run," escorting medium bombers attacking Nazi shipping, airdromes, transportation, and troop concentrations. Days ran one into another without sleep, for the Luftwaffe was powerful in those days, one mission after another, and they were alerted and ready to evacuate when the Krauts made the big shove at Kasserine Pass.

With the motors warmed up, he cut them off and climbed down. The front wheel strut had been stiff. It had held up until the motors were all out and then had given suddenly and the nose of the plane had lurched and the wheels almost jumped the blocks. He filled the reservoir with hydraulic fluid and worked the no-shimmy back and forth. It was leaking a little. "We'll watch it," he said to the helper. Then they went to chow and ate powdered eggs, stewed prunes, hard bacon so salty it was biting to the tongue, and bread and coffee.

The pilots had been briefed at 0630 hours; they'd take off at 0815. There was time to shave. As he walked to his hut the fog was lifting rapidly and he could see the sweep of the great Foggia valley with the flat hills in the distance. The almond orchards were in bloom and ancient olive groves were silver gray. It was spring again for the third time; but spring in the Army meant only the end of cold and mud, rather than beauty.

In his hut he shaved in the washbowl made from scrap aluminum. The washbowl had a spigot and a drain contrived from airplane parts and tubing. He and three other men had built the hut with belly-tank boxes, and had chipped in to hire an Eyetie to make a brick fireplace. They'd been at this Italian base a year now and had some time to get comfortable.

It had been different in Africa, with a pup tent pitched over a mudhole, and no parts; and later in western Tunisia, with its frying heat and incredible all-pervading dust. When a plane crashed he'd grab his tool kit and race the other crew chiefs to the wreck.

On 13 May 1943 with the end of the Tunisian campaign, the Fighter Group had flown 152 combat missions in 102 operational days, destroyed 199 enemy aircraft, probably destroyed 39 and damaged 47. . . .

He went down to the ship and gave it another once-over. The pilot came out in a jeep. A new Joe. The crew chief had had four pilots finish up their tours in his ship and go home. He hoped this new Joe wouldn't run the engines with too lean a mixture or too much manifold pressure. He'd tell him off if he did, as he had one hot rock fresh from the States. Kids were coming over now. Not like the old staff-sergeant pilots who'd started with the group. A great gang of hell-roaring pilots, staff sergeants in the Regular Army until commissioned just before coming across. Those G. I.s could fly a ship and they knew how to treat one.

The pilot warmed the engines a couple of minutes and then taxied out to the runway. The crew chief and helper walked over beside the control tower to sweat out the take-off. The ships came down the runway in pairs, slightly staggered, and took off in formation. One got halfway down the runway and suddenly throttled down and turned off onto the perimeter. The crew chief's ship got off all right and he left his helper at the little tool hut in case of an early return and then drifted around.

In the armament shop the boys were making coffee and he shot the breeze with them while it got ready. He drank a cup and drifted over to the sheet-metal shop. The mission would be out five and a half hours. It was a nice day, the fog had gone, and the soft Italian sun was balmy.

It had been different in Sicily. His ship had flown seventeen missions in thirteen days. A skeleton ground crew had flown to Sicily; he hadn't had a helper. He'd gassed his own ship from five-gallon cans. It was work from before dawn until long after the last mission came in, around ten at night.

At the conclusion of the first year of combat, 23 December 1942 to 23 December 1943, a total of 365 enemy aircraft were shot down for an average of one each day, and close to another hundred were destroyed on the ground. . . .

He thought of grabbing a little sack time, but some of the boys came out with a volley ball and he joined the game. He didn't play long because he was out of shape; this was the first day the ground had dried out enough to play since last fall. Then he went into the form hut and tossed the bull with some other crew chiefs. They talked about scrounging materials for a tray washer. They'd got scrap metal and the Eyeties had melted it down and molded some mess trays for 125 lire apiece, but they had to have a steam washer before the mess officer would let them be used. One thing about Italy, the Eyeties did K. P. and latrine detail. That was a break.

He had noon chow and then went down and helped get the belly tanks ready. It was warm in the sun and he stretched out and soaked it in. One thing, the ground crew lived to tell about it. They'd been strafed once, back at Lecce by a lone ME-109, but nobody had got hurt.

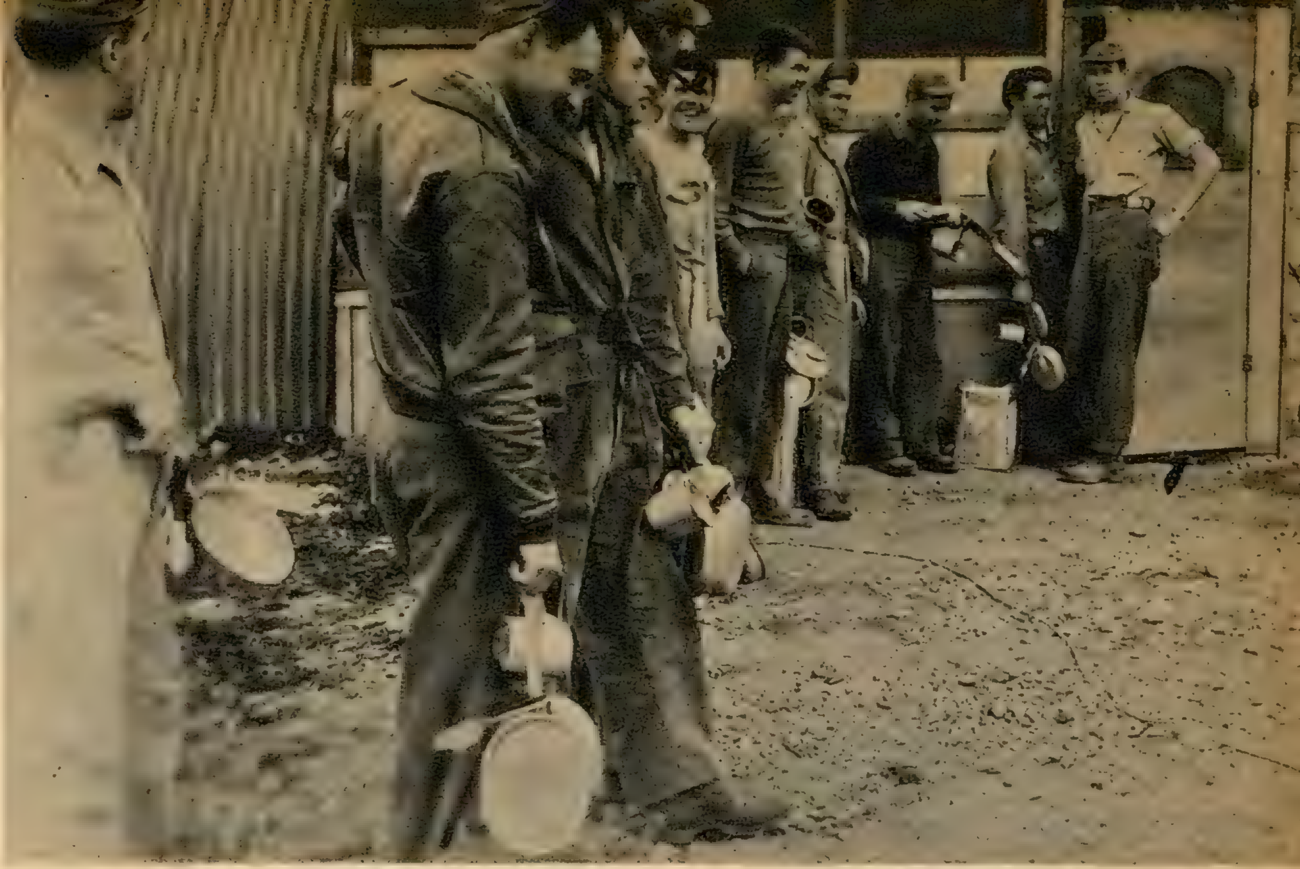
ON 6 July 1944 the Fighter Group scored its 500th aerial victory. . . . On 22 July the Group led the first all-fighter shuttle mission from Italy to Russia, destroying over 40 Axis aircraft on airdromes en route. . . .

The ships began coming in. They came over low and peeled off in a circle for the landing. His ship taxied in, blowing dust behind the props, and he stood on the area of packed dirt and signaled the pilot in. His helper put the blocks at the wheels and he climbed up and squatted near the canopy and got the pilot's report. The pilot was excited, like all new Joes, and told all about his mission. He'd flown cover while they'd bombed a bridge in Yugoslavia. Two hits on the south approach and two on the north and three in the middle that knocked out two spans. That's what they talked about now, bridges and locomotives and trains. They hadn't seen a Nazi fighter plane since last August.

Most recent in trail-blazing operational experiments is the new precision high altitude bombing with the P-38 fighters. . . .

The ship was O. K., the pilot reported, except for just a bit of slack in the right throttle. The crew chief helped him off with his parachute harness and tossed the chute and oxygen mask and gloves and goggles down to a G. I. who came along for them in a jeep. He took off a cowling

(*Continued on page* 81)



They'd been at this base for a whole year now; long enough to get comfortable.

You couldn't get away from one thing—the ground crew lived to tell about it.

His ship taxied in, blowing dust. . . . Like all new Joes, the pilot was excited.

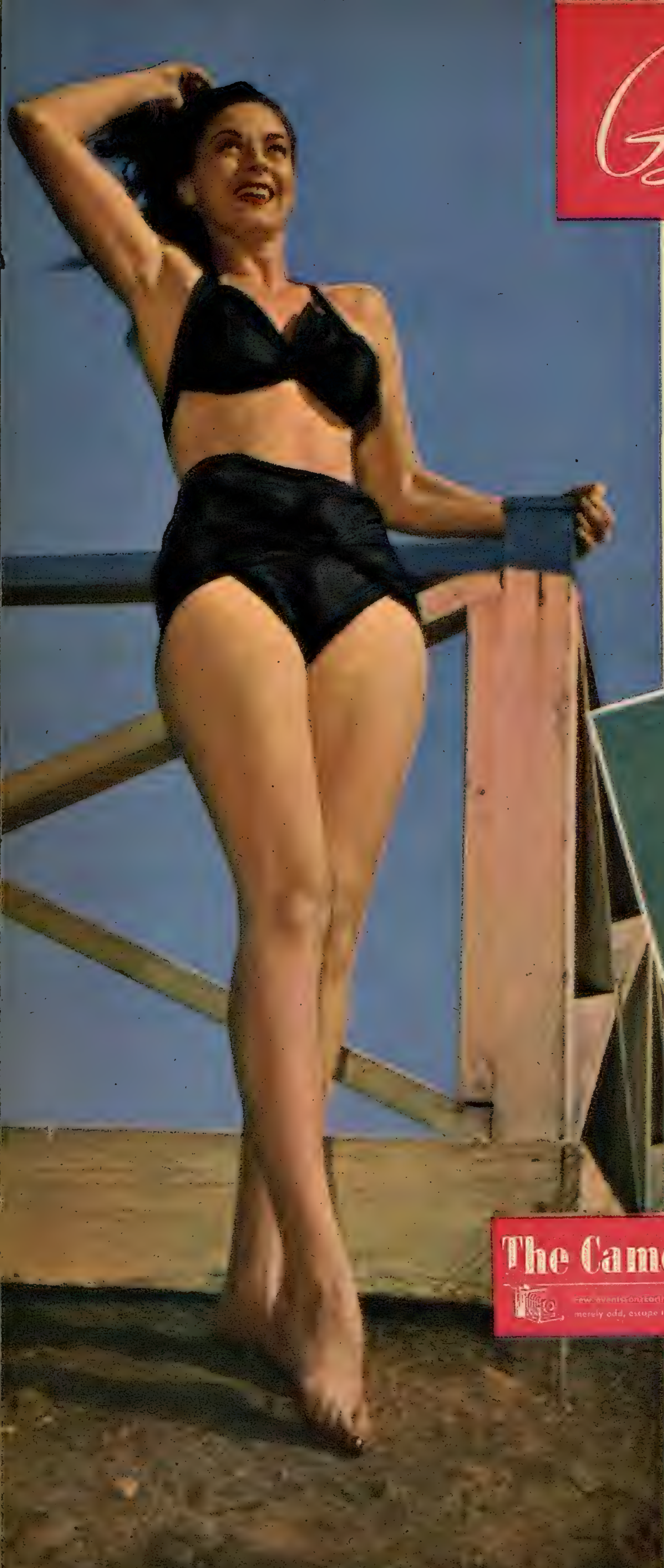
Beachies of 1945

THOUGH the Pacific is a cold ocean, the same cannot be said of the well filled bathing suits which splash about in it. The West sets a stiff pace for dash and boldness in beach-wear styling, and mermaids the country over look to California for the latest in bathing attire. The "latest-word" suits, which are shown on these pages, reassure us that this summer will be no less pleasant than usual.

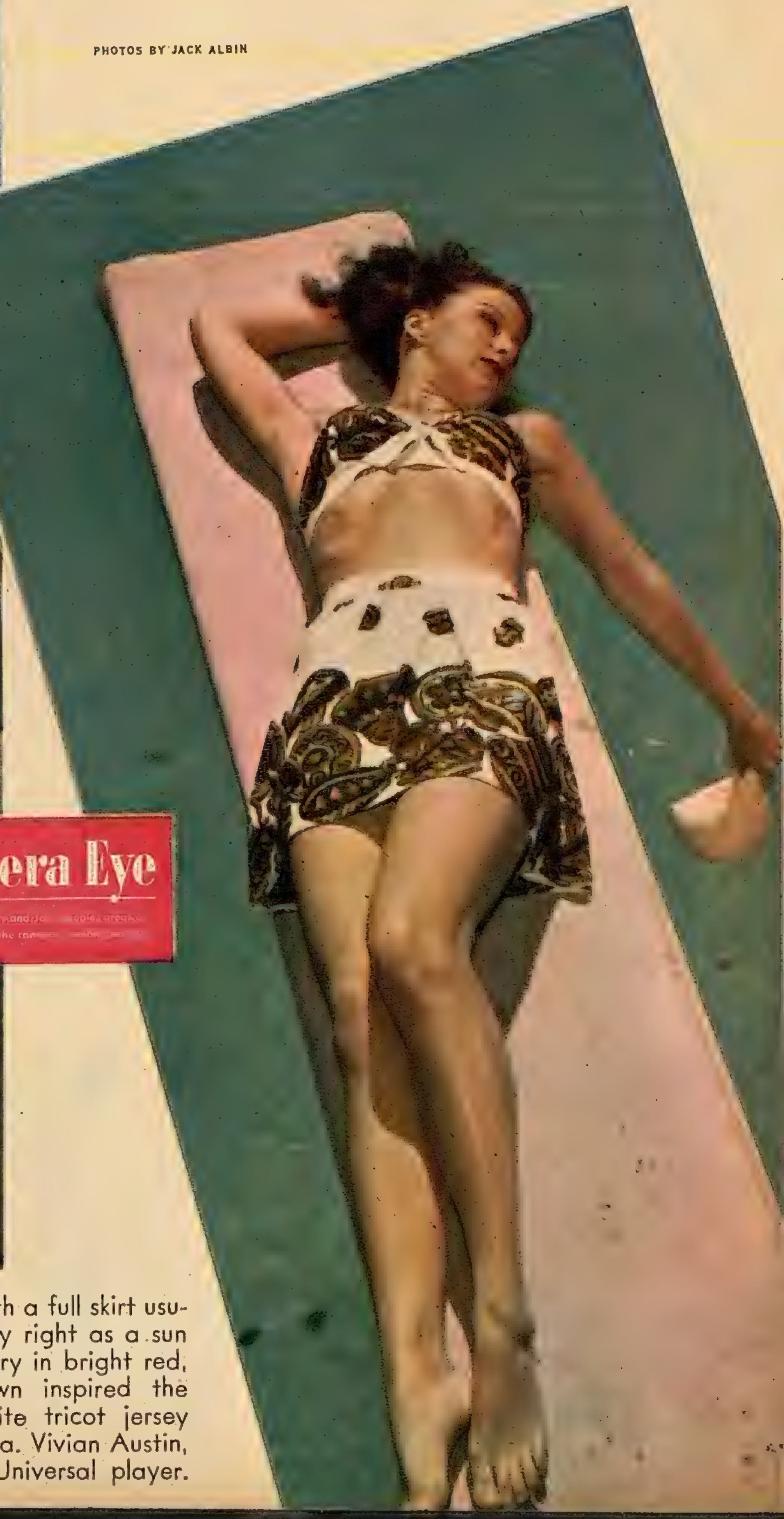
PHOTOS BY JACK ALBIN

The Camera Eye

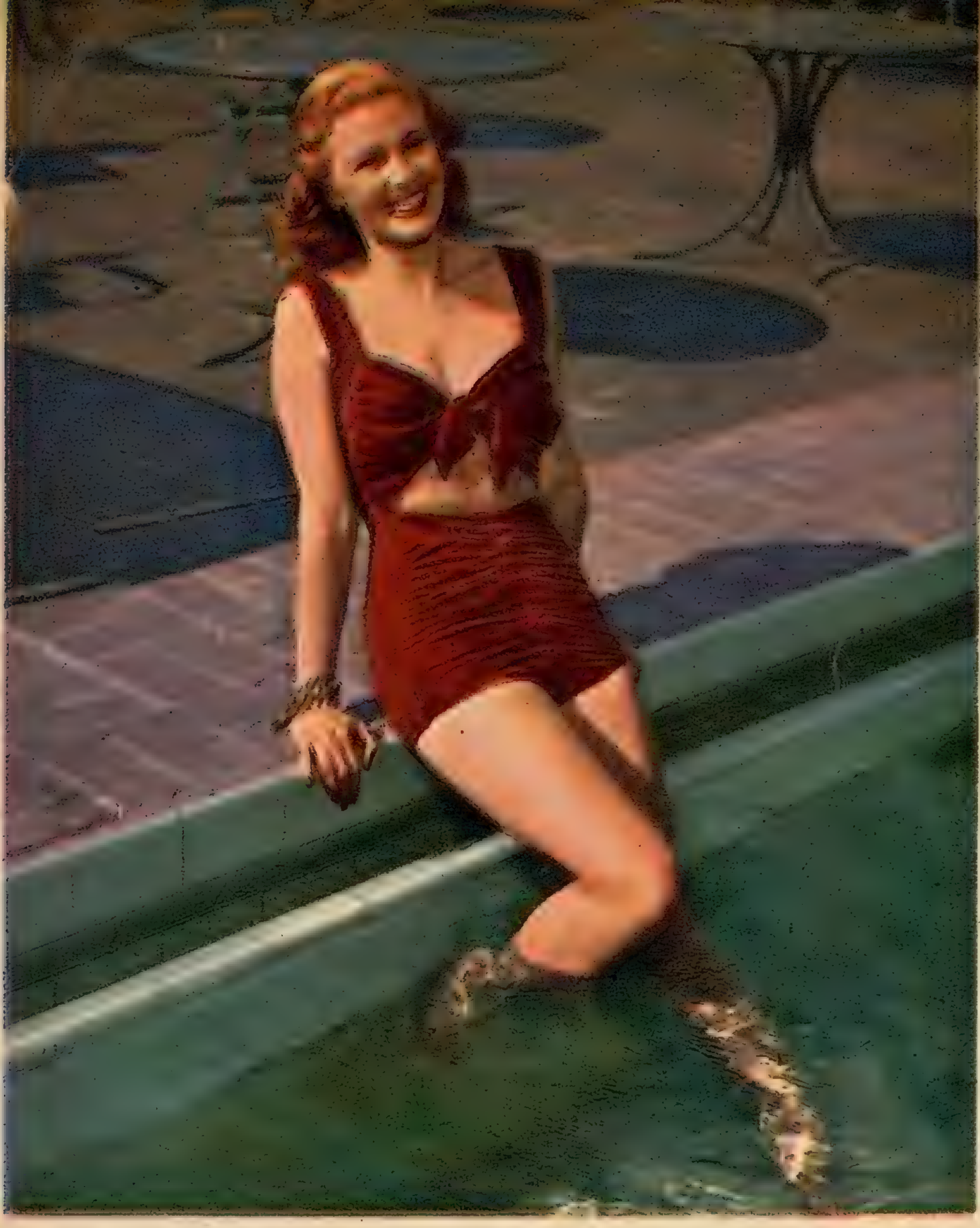
Few events on earth, and fe[illegible] ople are a[illegible] merely odd, escape the cam[illegible]



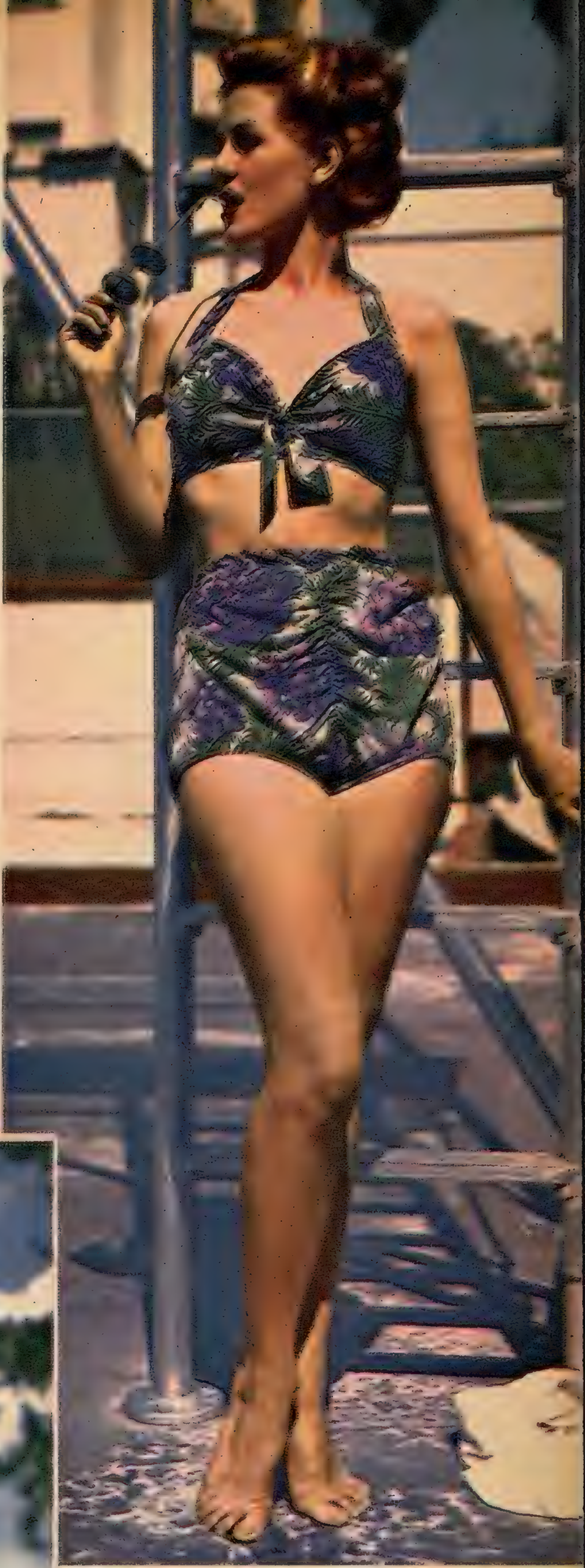
THIS SUIT, weighing three ounces, is the nearest thing to nothing at all in a bathing suit. It is called "Black Magic" by Gantner & Mattern. A flat piece of nylon that ties front and back, it adjusts to all figures, and has the strength and drying quality of nylon stockings. Marguerite Chapman, the Columbia Pictures star, is wearing it.



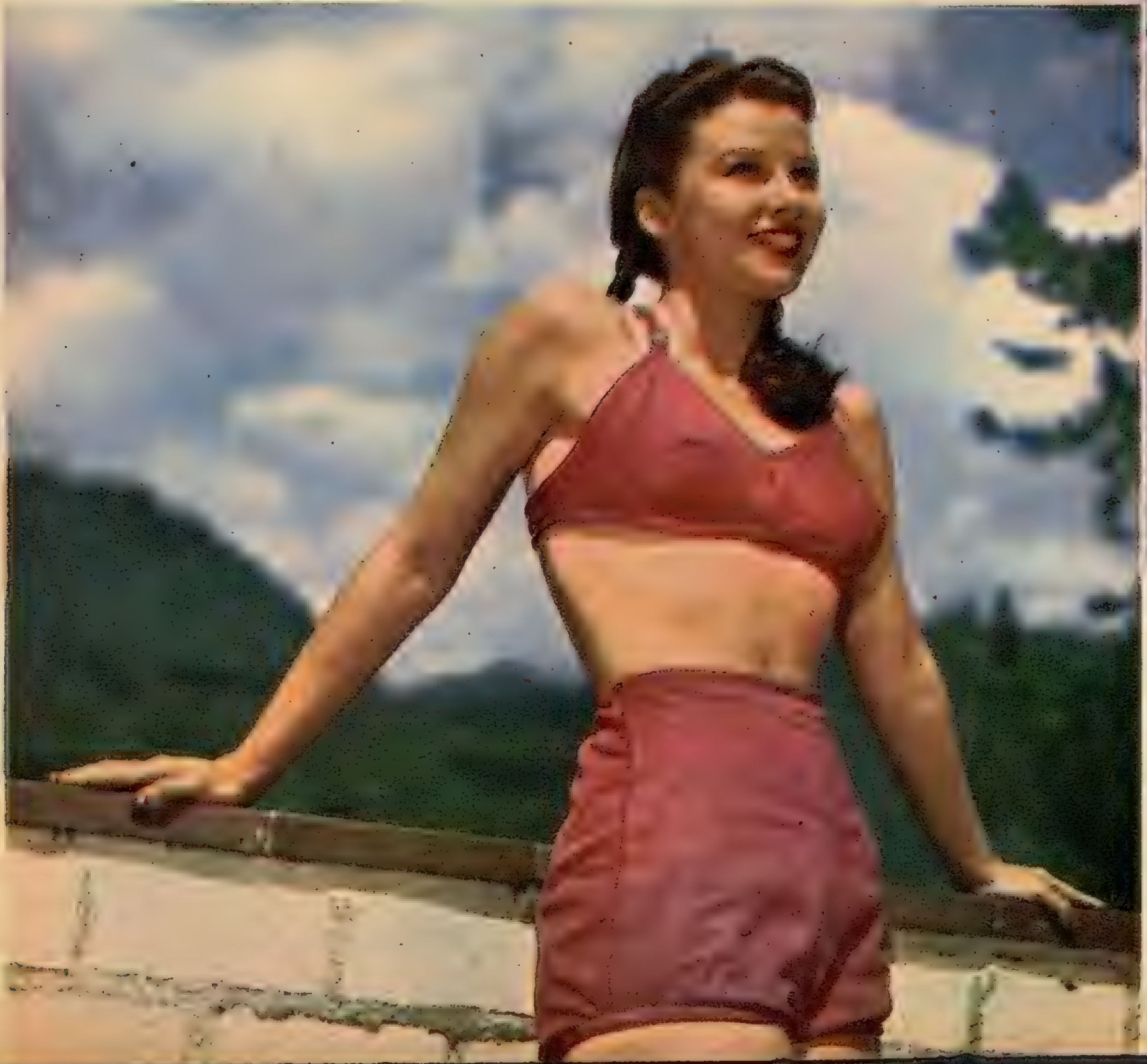
A SWIM SUIT with a full skirt usually proves equally right as a sun suit. Indian pottery in bright red, yellow, and brown inspired the print on this white tricot jersey design by Catalina. Vivian Austin, the model, is a Universal player.



LUXURIOUS RAYON VELVET that has a seal-like sheen in the water makes this extremely popular "Mateletex Magic" by Cole of California. The rubber shirring of the straps and back guarantees all-figure fit. It comes in sapphire blue, deep apricot, and black. Joan Caulfield, Paramount player, is the model.



BABY PANTS are another popular style this year, and here they are by Catalina in tricot jersey with a jungle-flower print of vivid purple, green, and yellow. There's elastic in the belt and panty edge; front elastic shirring gives it body fit. Rita Corday models it.



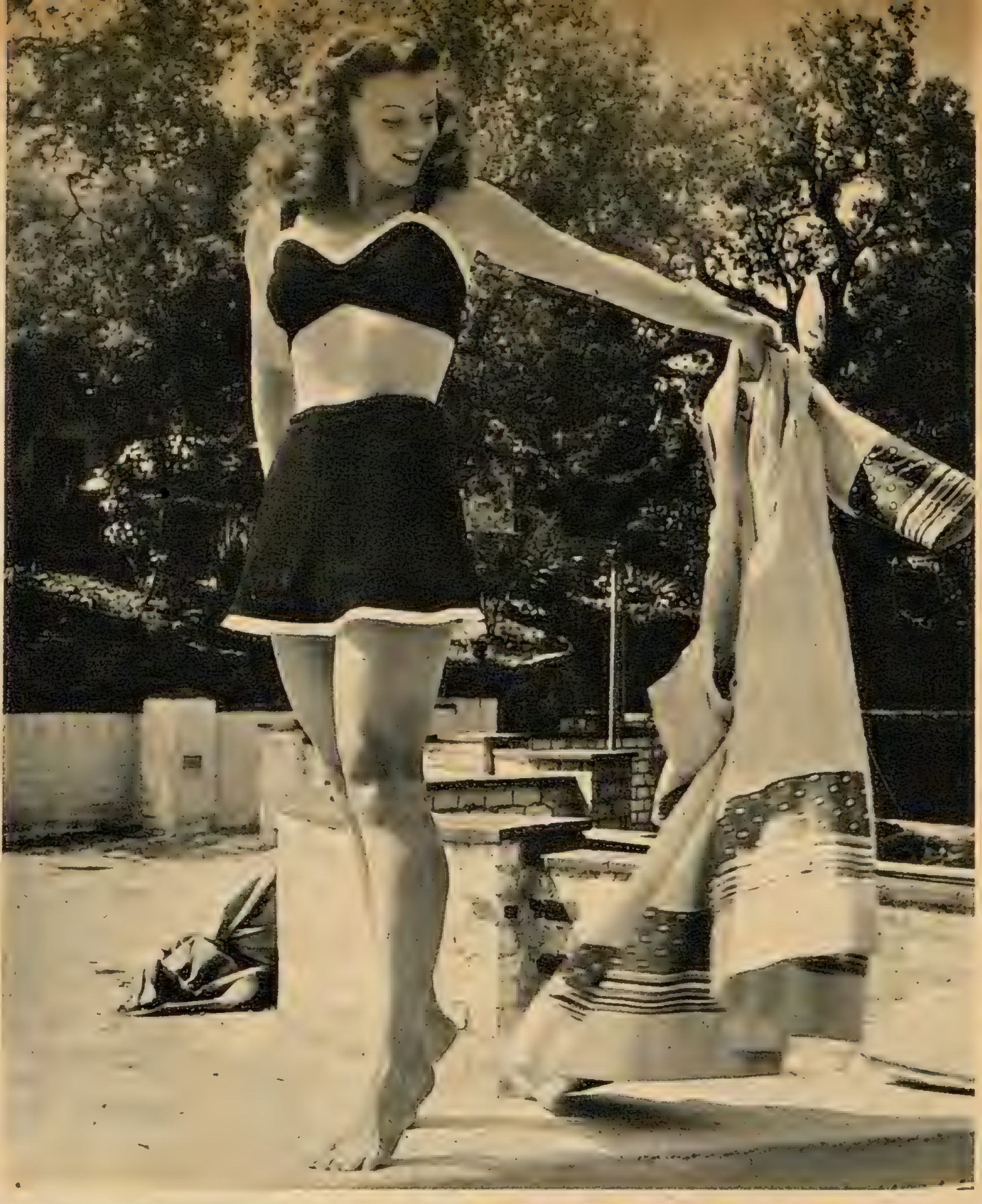
THE DANCER'S rehearsal suit is made into a swim suit by Mabs and called "The Brigadier." Designed in bright red cavalcord with brass buttons trimming the bra straps, it has elastic in the panty edges to hold them firmly to the legs. In it, Vivian Austin, the model, becomes a different woman than at the lef

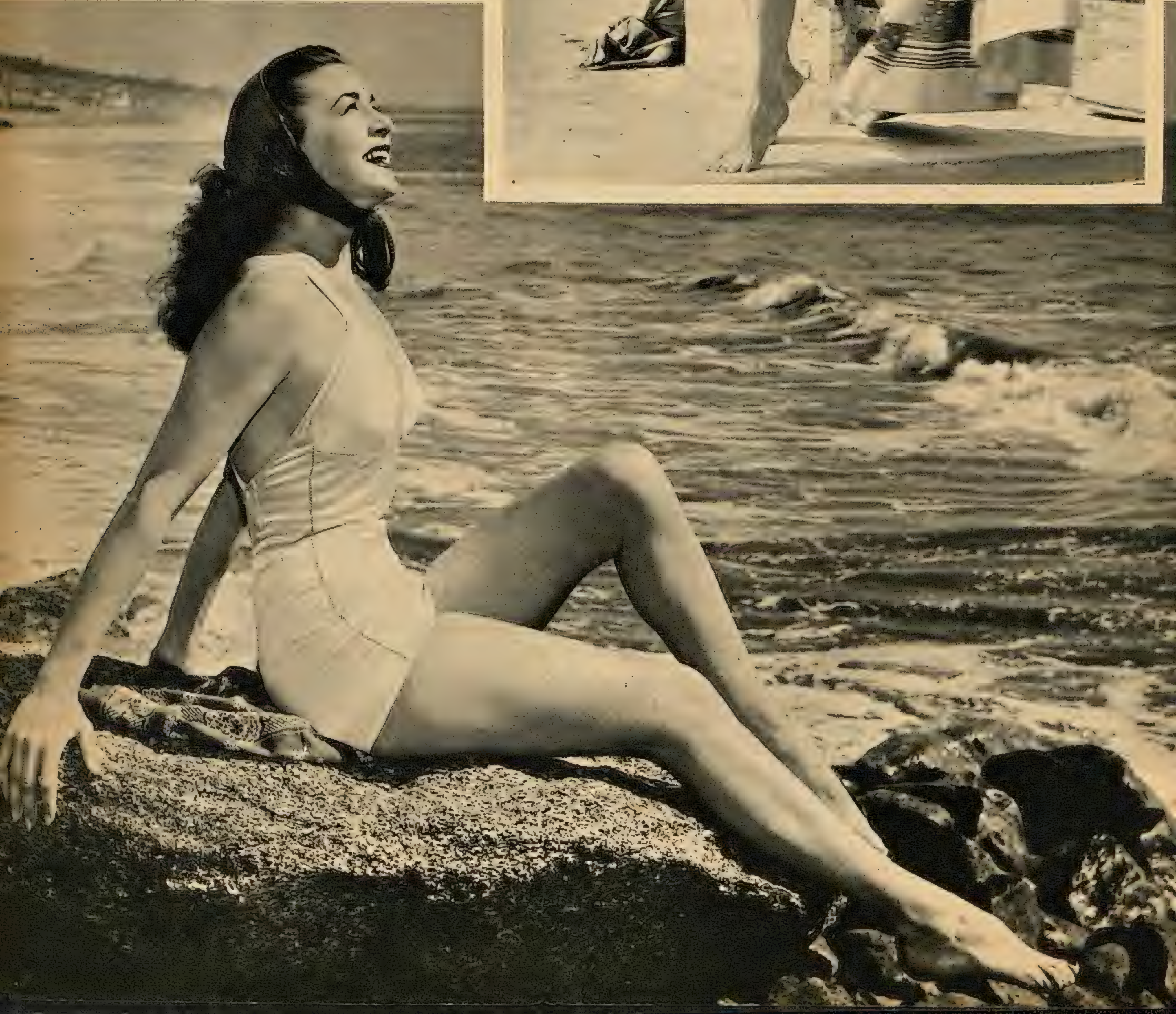
THE GORED SKIRT gives graceful lines to Jantzen's new suit called "Breathless." It's made of black velva-lure, a sturdy fabric that feels like velvet. White cotton ruffles lend accent, and the underpanties are made of the same material as the skirt and bra. It's Vivian Austin modeling the suit —and she looks like still a third woman in this one.

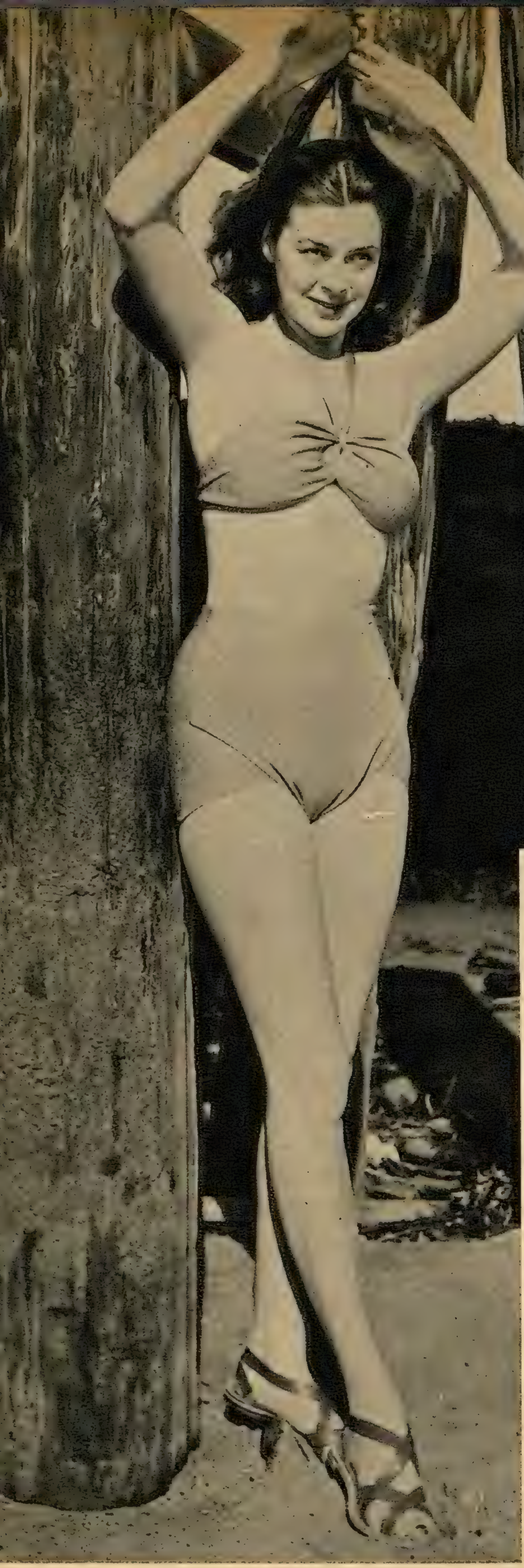
ON THE COVER

SARONG VERSION of the diaper style is designed by Catalina with a snug-fitting front tie. The tapa-printed percale is in three tones of brown, and the brevity of cut has made it a popular new suit. RKO's lovely Rita Corday is the model.

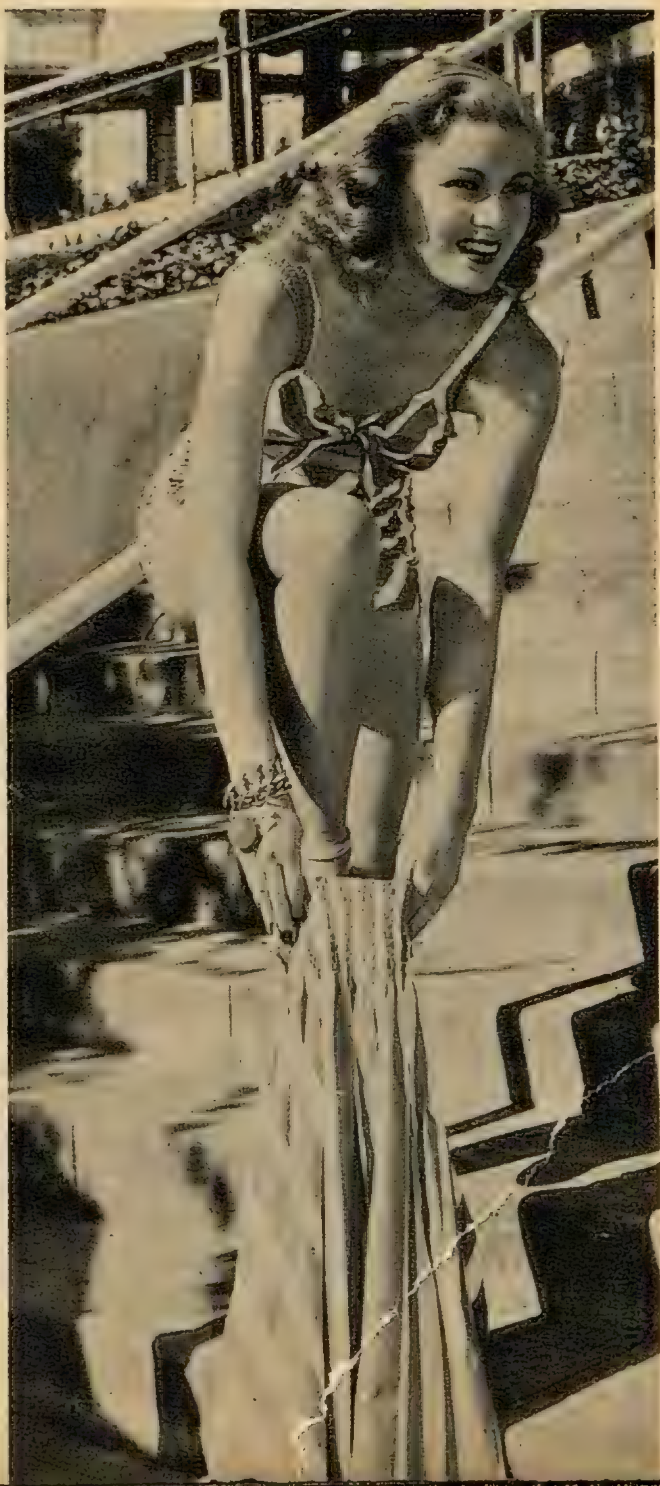
PLASTIC AND POSTWAR . . . This suit by Mabs contains no rubber but is made of an elasticized plastic thread. Called "Mystic," it won't be on the market until the war is over because the yarn is being used for bandages and the manufacturer gets a little for experimental purposes only. In shimmering white, it has a silver cast, and the plastic thread when wet has a superior clinging quality. Marguerite Chapman is modeling it here.

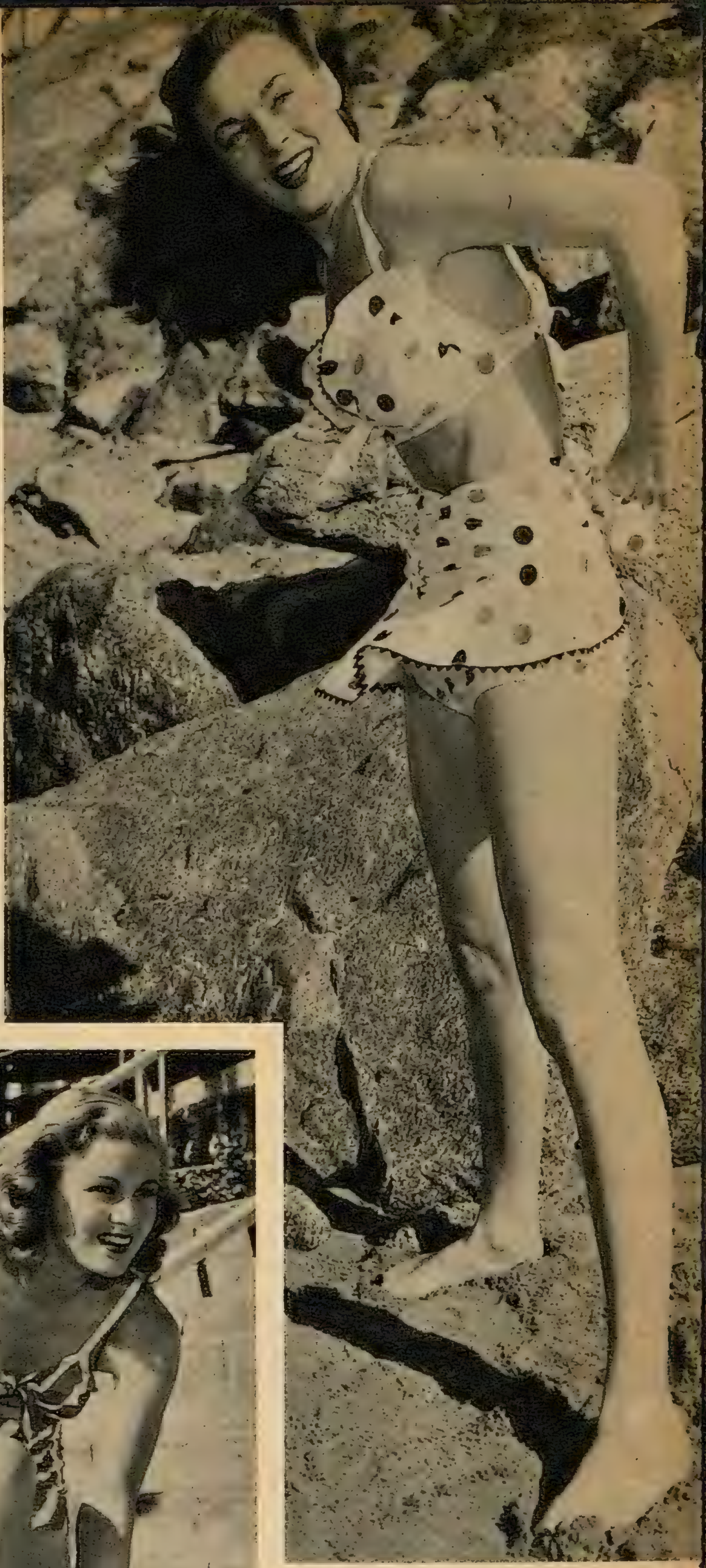






THE DIAPER DESIGN, tops in popularity, is made by Catalina in wave green, blue, gold, and white. The extreme shortage in this two-way-stretch knit lastex makes the demand fifty times greater than the supply. Catalina calls this "Kalulu" because it has the abbreviated freedom of Hawaiian swimming trunks. The bra can be worn as a halter or can be tied into the strapless style. Marguerite Chapman is wearing it.





THE APRON STYLE, naughty but nice, and appropriately tagged "Sun Spot" by Cole of California, is splashed with dots of red, yellow, black, and green on fine cotton poplin. It has rubber shirring in front, side lacings on the panties, and ties with a big saucy bow in back. It's Marguerite Chapman again.

BLAZER STRIPES in rose-pink-and-white chambray is the exclusive Cole of California material of this mateletex shirred one-piece suit that reveals a bare midriff in front only. The skirt has back shirring to ensure fit. Joan Caulfield is the model.

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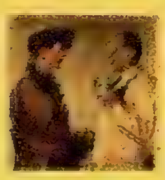

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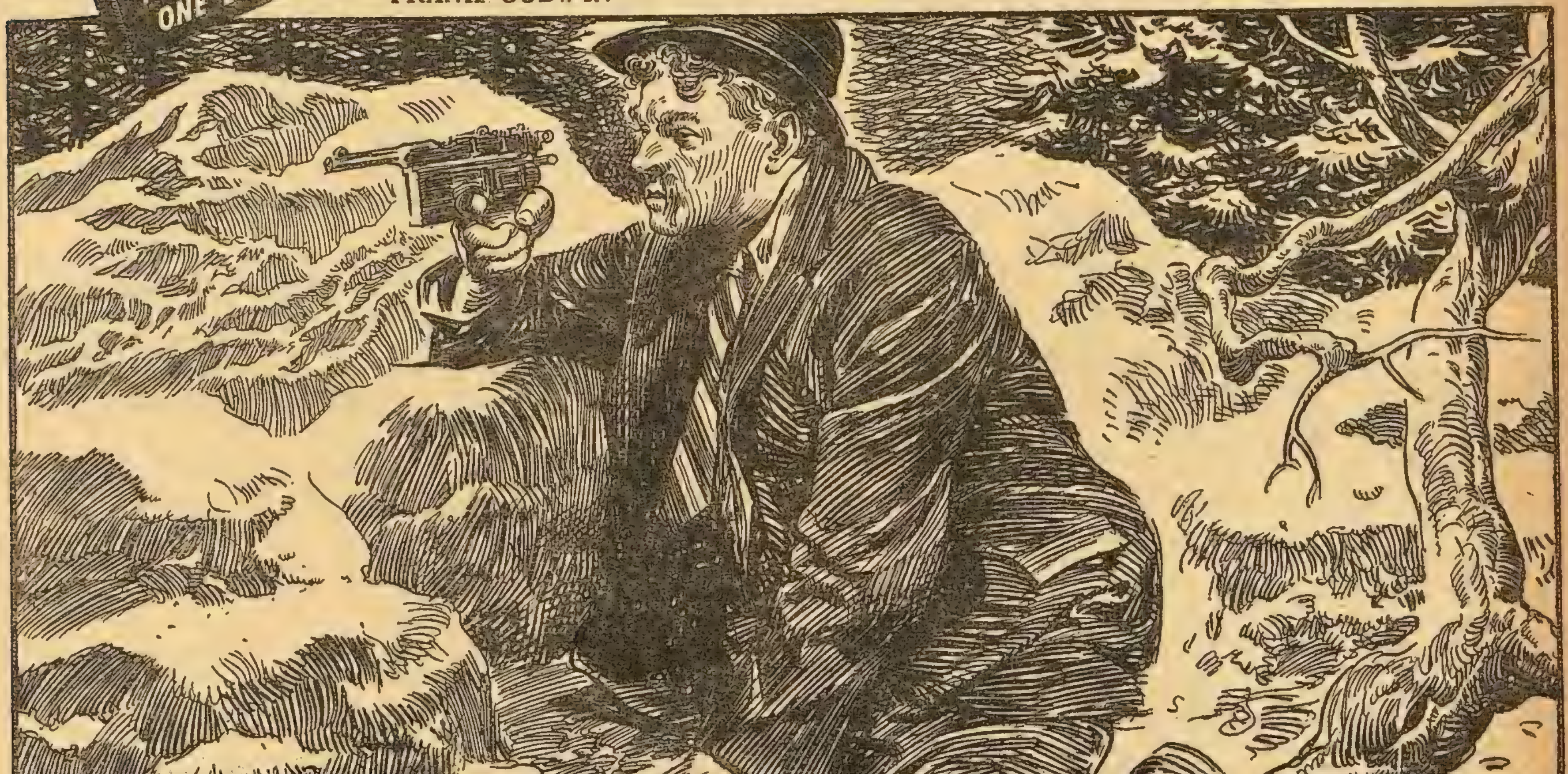
Shape of Danger

IT took a beautiful girl and some gun-point persuasion to jar Iben Holt, Norwegian playboy, out of his complacency, but once he was started, things happened fast. This lusty story blends the timeless appeal of romance and adventure with a background of timely importance.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

BY AXEL KIELLAND



I HAD been at it half the night and got outside quite a lot of what the black market in Oslo called brandy. When I finally tottered home I had a feeling that I was never going to wake up again. But it's queer how things pan out. If a chap suddenly throws up a fellow's bedroom window and knocks Aunt Emily's china poodle off the windowsill into glorious fragments, a fellow will wake up even if he's a great deal more than half seas over. And I sat up in bed with a jerk and yelled:

"Who's there?"

"Lie still or I'll shoot," said a voice.

Someone bent over me and whispered, "Are you a Jössing?"

This was the name given to a loyal Norwegian; the opposite of a Quisling.

"If you've come here to discuss politics," I said, "I must say I think you could have chosen a better time. If you'd put away as much Fine Old Selected Three Star Brandy as I have, you'd realize the most tactful thing to do would be to let me die in peace."

"Sorry, laddie," he said, and laughed. "I know how it feels, don't you worry. Wait a bit while I fix this blind."

He disappeared and, believe it or not, I quite lost interest in the man and went peacefully and quietly to sleep. But then I found someone shaking me, and I gave another jump and said:

"Oh Lord, are you here again?"

"Sure thing," he said. "Now we can put the light on."

He stood six foot in his stocking feet, and he really was in his stocking feet, too; he had no shoes. The rest of him was in sports clothes, and he looked as if he could have carried a piano up to the fourth floor on his head. His hair was so incredibly red that I thought to myself: You're dreaming. Lie down and go on sleeping! And he gave me one of the most charming smiles I ever saw a

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scamp produce. He had a German Mauser in his right hand, and I said:

"Put that down. I'm quite harmless as long as you keep out of the range of my breath."

"Just as you say," he said with a grin. "I'm *damn* glad I landed on a man this time," he said. "Last year, once, I fetched up with a widow."

"And that wasn't so good?"

"On the contrary. The widow was O. K., but she howled her head off when I had to go again."

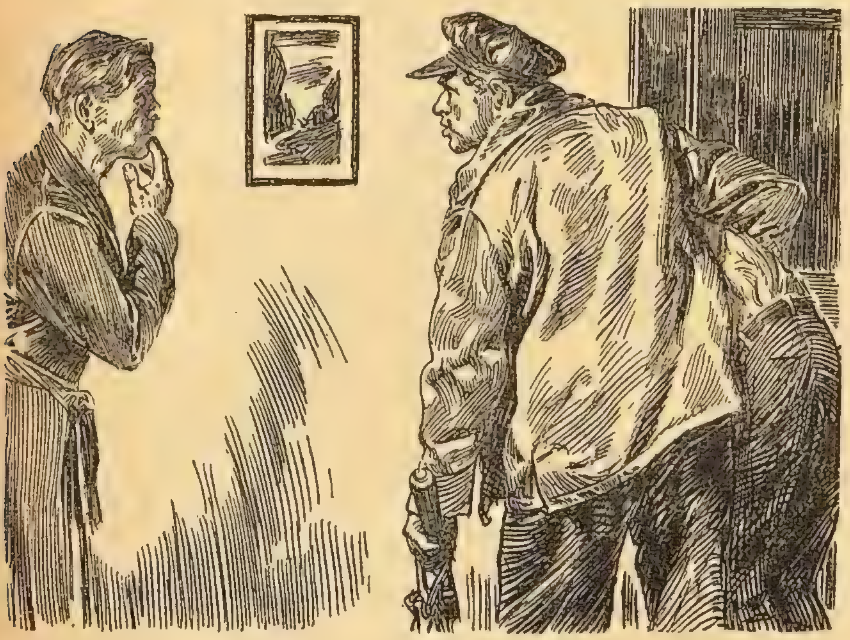
"I hardly think you'll run that danger here," I said, and yawned.

"It's a shame to have to disturb you," he said. "Sorry."

"All right, all right. But why did you ask if I was a Jössing?"

"If you'd been a Quisling, I should have bumped you off, of course," he said.

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," I said. "Pardon me, I'm always a bit dense at this time of day. But I *am* a Jössing."



"Active?"

"What do you mean by active? Just now I'm pretty damn passive."

"D'you do anything useful, I mean?"

"I've never done anything useful in the whole of my life," I said, "and I don't intend to begin now."

"So you don't believe in a home front and illegal activity, and all that, eh?"

"Damned if I do," I said. "It always seems to me as though people were running round playing a game. It's not a man's work. Give me *your* job of blowing up safes."

"H'm, maybe," he said thoughtfully. "But just now I'm out playing, too, as you put it."

"What the devil d'you mean? Is someone after you?"

"Take a look out of the window."

I was out of bed like a terrified flash of lightning, switched off the light, and peeped out. Two police cars had already arrived, and a third was just turning the corner. And out ran Gestapo soldiers like peas from a sack, with steel helmets and tommy guns.

"Clear out," I said. "You've no right to get me into this."

"Right or no right," he said, "you're in the very middle of it, and there you'll stay."

"But what in the hell are we going to do?"

"Don't let's count our troubles before they're hatched."

"Good Lord, man, fifty colossal full-fledged troubles in steel helmets are coming up the stairs this very minute."

"I doubt it. No one knows where I dived in. They'll draw a cordon round the whole block, and tomorrow they'll take it systematically."

"What is it you've been doing tonight, actually?"

"I've blown up the ABA factory."

I remembered we'd heard quite a hefty explosion about midnight while we were sitting carousing. I looked at the fellow and, believe it or not, I liked him better than ever.

I sat and thought that when I'd told my visitor that I'd never done anything useful in my life, there was more truth in it than was really pleasant. You see, the governor was one of those people who earn a fortune during their after-dinner nap, and everything he stuck his nose into turned to gold. One thing is that I swore I wasn't going to turn into someone like that, and it struck me it would be a suitable job for me to get rid of a lot of what he'd raked in. And in that capacity I think I can say I've done my best.

And having arrived at the age of thirty, with no kind of regular or irregular work, sitting safe and pretty on a heap of gold—well, it suddenly struck me that it was quite the wrong way to sit.

"Look here," I said. "I'm glad you came tonight. And if I can help you—"

"I'm afraid you'll have to."

"May one ask who you are?"

"Call me Gingernuts."

"My name's Holt—Iben to friends."

"Haven't you got anything to drink, Iben?"

"What do you think?" I said, and went to fetch it.

When I came back again I said, "How did you go about blowing up the ABA factory?"

He emptied his glass and looked at me with a grin.

"The first thing to learn in this branch is never to tell anything to anyone."

"That's all right," I said. "You can trust me. I—I should like to be in on this. Can you use me in any way?"

"Have you got money?"

"Yes. Quite a lot."

"We can use that, anyway. I shouldn't wonder if Petter didn't take you."

"Who's Petter?"

He laughed, winked contentedly at me through his glass and said, "And now let's talk of something else, eh?"

"And if I get arrested?" I said.

"If you *are* pinched," he said, "there's only one thing you need to remember. Deny everything. Go on denying absolutely everything, whatever they say."

"I'll remember."

I felt pleasantly lit up and at peace with the world. I laid my head back on the pillow and fell asleep.

"IT'S eight o'clock," said Gingernuts.

I opened my eyes and everything came back to me. "Do you think they're coming here?" I croaked.

"No, no," he said soothingly. "For the time being they've set a grand trap and no one will be allowed out until he's given his name and address and family tree all the way up from the amoeba."

I reflected a bit.

"I suppose you'll have to stay here for the present."

"Thanks for the pressing invitation, laddie," he said, and laughed, "but I've a number of errands in town."

"But you said yourself that no one will be let out."

"Too true, but in that case there's only one thing to do: we must see that someone comes in. Who lives next door?"

"You won't get much help there," I said. "It's Martin, the hotel proprietor and prominent Nazi sympathizer."

"Excellent," he said.

He went over to the telephone and dialed a number.

"Is that Anderson and Company? This is Mr. Martin, Park Road 76A. . . . Yes, proprietor of the Plaza. The water pipes have burst. . . . Terrible, I tell you—the whole floor is under water. You must send someone at once. . . . In five minutes? Splendid. Thanks. Good-by."

He put the receiver down and laughed.

"Now we'll soon have reinforcements. Keep a lookout for the plumber, will you?"

I went over to the window and looked into the street. People were beginning to come out of the entrances. All who appeared were pounced on by the Gestapo men, and I saw them hauling out their identity cards.

And then the plumber arrived. He approached the soldiers cautiously and seemed to be explaining his mission. At last the Feldwebel took out a pencil and wrote a bit; then he tore off the paper and our plumber took it and went into the house alone.

"It's all right," I said. "He got some kind of pass."

"Splendid," said Gingernuts. "You stay here and wait."

Thereupon he disappeared. I heard the lift coming up, heard it stop, heard the door being opened. Then there was a faint plop, and the next minute Gingernuts was back again with the plumber under his arm.

He swiftly fished out the pass and the identity card from the plumber's pockets; then he gave a satisfied laugh and playfully pulled the mustache of the sleeper.

"There, there, Tobiassen," he said. "You lie here quietly."

He took out my oldest coat, and found a pair of disreputable boots at the bottom of the wardrobe, and soon he was all set, wearing Tobiassen's hat and with the wrench and bag in his hand.

"Well, we'll hope for the best," I said. "But you don't look like him."

"It'll be all right," said Gingernuts. "You see, the Germans are wonders of order and accuracy. If a plumber goes in, a plumber must come out. And on the pass it says in German and with stamp and all that C. Tobiassen, plumber, went in at 8.34 A. M. No loyal German needs any further proof that the man who comes out at 8.59 A. M. with the same pass *is* C. Tobiassen. Must be."

"H'm," I said.

"I'm going up to the attic with him and dump him there."

He lifted up the plumber as if he were a child, and was gone.

I sat behind in my empty flat and shivered. In my mind's eye I saw Gingernuts coming into the street, saw him spotted at once . . . suddenly drawing his gun and . . . and then lying in the gutter.

Suddenly the telephone rang. I leaped out of bed and seized the receiver.

"Hallo," said Gingernuts. "Everything was O. K."

"Thank heaven," I said.

"There was just one little thing I happened to think of." Gingernuts suddenly found it a little difficult to express himself. He had several shots at it, and at last it came: "Look. You said you had a lot of dough."

"Yes?"

"Well, it's only that—that you haven't quite so much now as you had before, if you get me. . . . I borrowed a trifle last night. . . . Five of those red notes. Is that O. K.?"

"Well, what do you think yourself?"

"Don't ask me. I'm a prejudiced party, as it were."

I laughed. "It's O. K.," I said.

"Fine. Take care of yourself. I think you'll be hearing from Petter."

MY heart was bumping a bit faster when I took the lift downstairs, and I had to stop a second and recover before I pushed open the street door and went out.

"Halt! Name?"

The interrogation was short and correct. No, I hadn't heard anything out of the ordinary. No, I had not heard or seen anything at 3.35 A. M. On the roof? No, whatever should I be doing on the roof? ("We're asking the questions here!") Oh, of course, I beg your pardon.

Experts scrutinized me from all sides, but I evidently wasn't what the doctor had ordered. What they saw was an almost too exquisite young man in an irreproachable winter overcoat and hat.

"Proceed!"

I walked away. It was twelve o'clock. I felt in my bones that a long walk would do me good, and then perhaps a drink at the Palms.

But I had hardly taken a couple of steps before I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned round quickly and found myself looking into the face of a complete stranger.

"You're coming with me," he said.

"Here, who are you ordering about?" I said.

He opened his hand and showed me a silver badge. "State Police."

I was scared. Scared stiff.

"We'll take this," said the man, and a taxi, a perfectly ordinary taxicab, pulled up alongside us. "Get in."

I didn't say anything—couldn't, in point of fact. He didn't say anything either, and the car headed straight for the center of the town. During that short ride thousands of thoughts raced through my head.

Better admit everything. . . . Better say that he forced you . . . that he stole your money . . . describe him. . . .

"I'm glad you came here tonight. . . . You can trust me. . . . I'd like to be in on this. . . . Have never done anything useful. . . . You can trust me. . . ."

Suddenly something seemed to give way inside me and all the thousand thoughts crept away. Only one remained: You can trust me, you can trust me, you can trust me.

The car stopped. My companion jumped out.

"Get out!"

I got out. I wasn't frightened now. I felt confident.

WE went into an ordinary office building and took the lift to the fourth floor. Then we stopped outside a door without a name on it.

He pushed me in and locked the door behind us. Then he sat down at the desk.

"We know he was at your place last night," he said.

"Who?"

"The saboteur. The one who blew up the ABA factory."

"Has someone blown up the ABA factory?"

"Oh, so you didn't know that, eh? Perhaps you didn't even know there was such a factory?"

"Oh, Lord, yes. I've got shares in it."

He pierced me through and through with his eyes and the whole world seemed just then to consist of nothing else. Gray, icy cold, strong.

"Don't try and put anything over," he said. "Your only chance is to make a clean breast of it. We know that he climbed in through your window at 3.35 A. M., and we know that he left the house at nine, disguised as a plumber."

"Who?"

He took out a revolver and leveled it at me, with his elbow propped on the table.

"How hot you've got," he said. "Not afraid, by any chance?"

"Of course I'm afraid, you bloody fool. If you'd lend me that cannon a minute, I think I could make you afraid too." The revolver was steady as a rock in his hand, and pointed straight at me. It wasn't exactly fun. Then he began to speak very slowly.

"You may not believe it, but I'm trying to help you. We know that he got out of your flat. We know that he was wearing a pair of your boots and a coat which was once made for you."

He looked at me again, long and searchingly.

"And the man himself says you didn't help him; that he forced you to hold your tongue, and that he stole your money."

I thought: They've got Gingernuts. It's all over. Chuck everything, I thought, it's all finished—might as well get it over and done with. I opened my mouth to go ahead, and suddenly remembered some words: "Deny everything. Deny it till you're blue in the face. Deny it, whatever they say."

"I still haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about," I said.

He raised the revolver.

"Now I'm going to count up to five, and then I shall shoot."

Scared isn't the word. I was a sick man.

"One," he said. "How you do sweat!"

I lost my temper, and it helped.

"Count, blast and damn you, and get it over!" I shrieked.

"Two," he said. "You're being rather stupid, you know."

"Count!" I shrieked. *"Count!"*

"Three. Be sensible and tell me what you know."

"I can't think what you're babbling about."

"Four. Next time we're off."

I shut my eyes. I couldn't bear the sight of the revolver any longer.

"I've changed my mind," said the man.

I looked up. He had put the revolver down on the table.

I stood quite still and stared at him, and my mind was working at high pressure. He laughed, and his eyes looked different. I couldn't make out whether he was laughing at me or trying to appear friendly.

"I'm glad you believe me at last," I said.

"Get out," was all he said.

When I got to the stairs I was ready to fall. For a moment the whole horror welled over me again, and I clung to the banister and dragged myself slowly down to the third floor. There was a box there, and I was violently sick into it. After that I was perfectly all right again, and felt how much I wanted a drink and a cigarette.

I CAN'T deny that it looks a bit comic at the Palms when Oslo collects to have the day's drink. If you come two minutes after three, you've no hope, and you may just as well go home again, thirstier than when you left it. Most of the so-called beau monde stream in as early as two, and sit there like dry plants waiting for rain.

I ambled in and bought a paper and hid myself behind it while I tried to get my thoughts into some kind of order. Doubtless someone was shadowing me. Oh, well, let them shadow me. Gingernuts had been pinched. For me life would go on as before.

As before? I thought about that a bit—about my usual mode of life. Up at eleven. Breakfast—bacon and eggs and real coffee. Then into the town to buy more eggs and bacon and coffee and whisky and smokes in the black market. A drink. Another drink. I put the paper down and thought: To hell with it all. That wasn't the way to do things—it wasn't right, and besides, it wasn't any fun. Just then I heard a voice beside me saying: "There used to be a good cocktail here once. It was called something like Gingernuts."

"You mean Ginger Devil, miss," said Ola, the proprietor.

She was pretty. The eyes over in the mirror were clear and gray, and they were laughing.

"It's a long time since we've been able to mix a Ginger Devil, miss," said Ola with a sigh. "Now there are only dry Martinis."

"Yes, mine has become quite dry," she said, and twiddled her glass between her fingers. "Can I have another?"

"Only one to each customer, miss," said Ola.

"Oh, you can squeeze out another one, Ola, I think," I said.

He looked at me and winked. He was affability itself, but then you mustn't forget that I've spent so much money in his bar from time to time that his wife can go out and play him false of an evening in real ermine. He fished up a new glass from under the bar, and the girl beside me lifted it and drank to me.

"A thousand thanks," she said. "You have saved my life."

"Well, that's nice," I said. "Though, for that matter, I think you'd have managed on your own all right. You look as though you usually got what you wanted."

"That's what daddy always used to say: 'You'll get what you ask for, Petter—and if not, then you'll steal it.' "

"Petter?"

"Everyone calls me Petter," she said.

"It's a pity you'll never be able to taste that Gingernuts again, as you call it," I said slowly.

"Surely you're being a bit too pessimistic," she said.

"It's a poor lookout," I said. "As far as I can gather, our guests have got hold of all the ingredients."

"I think you're mistaken," she said.

I looked round the place and didn't feel quite easy.

"I can remember the recipe of that cocktail," I said.

I tore off the back of an empty cigarette packet and wrote: *"I'm being shadowed. Vamoose."*

She looked thoughtfully at the piece of cardboard and put it into her bag.

"Thanks," she said. "It sounds marvelous." She smiled at me again, and I saw that she was incredibly sweeter than I'd thought to start with.

You know, there are two kinds of women—the sort that takes a man's breath away the first time he sees her, and the one who reacts on him pretty normally to start with, but who at second or third glance already seems to be so much *the* girl that he finally begins to play with thoughts of marriage.

The first type is dangerous, of course, specially when taken with alcohol, but at the same time she's more what I'd like to call acute. When you meet her in the street next day, all you think is: Good Lord, was that all?

The other type may easily become chronic. I've seen examples of how that type have got hardened old bachelors to go and look at furniture and fittings, absent-mindedly whistling the Wedding March the while.

This Petter looked as though she were very definitely Type B. Every time I looked at her she'd opened up new possibilities. I've always been an ass at describing things, and specially that kind of thing, so I shall just have to say she looked exactly as a woman ought to look, and leave it at that.

"Give me another two, Ola," I said.

Ola set them before us with a smile.

"You seem to be quite well known here," Petter said, "but then I've heard tales about you."

"What have *you* heard?"

"That you are a man with two very strong interests in life." She pointed at my glass. "That's one."

I got red and a bit annoyed. "And the other?"

"Need I say?"

I looked sharply at her for a moment; she gave me a most winning smile, and I saw that her eyes could be blue, too—that she was perhaps the type who, when they are serious, have gray eyes, which get brighter and bluer the more they're enjoying themselves.

"That's a sordid libel," I said.

"Don't get so excited," she said, with a smile. "It's no concern of mine, after all."

"I honestly wish it *was* some concern of yours."

And when I'd said that, I felt something rather funny. It's difficult to explain, for it was so new to me. I had suddenly grown serious, and thought: You *mean* this.

"I don't think you'd like it much," she said.

"What might happen, d'you think?"

"Well, I might take you on and get you *another* interest in life, perhaps."

"Suits me."

"It might perhaps mean danger for you."

It suddenly struck me that a whole lot had slipped my memory during these minutes.

"Excuse me," I said in a low voice. "As a matter of fact I'd clean forgotten all that."

"Oh, well," she said. "I can't expect to uproot a firmly fixed habit in five minutes."

"Ola," I said, "we're celebrating something today."

"It's no use," he said. "There isn't any more. But they've got quite a big ration in the dining room, I heard."

"That sounds good."

I looked at Petter and she winked gaily.

"I think it sounds good, too," she said.

I had a second thought and frowned and she laughed:

"But perhaps you hadn't thought of asking me to dinner?"

"There's nothing I'd like better. But"—I leaned across to her and whispered—"it can't be done. Someone's after me. It's dangerous."

"No, no," she said. "Not in the slightest."

And with that she slipped down from the stool and went in front of me up the three steps to the Mirror Hall.

Ola gave me a long look which said a great deal, and then he winked meaningly with his left eye. I felt a great desire to sock him one, but couldn't help seeing his point.

THERE was practically no one in the Mirror Hall. Only three weeks ago it would have been impossible to get a place in here for all the gold of the Indies; there was still a bit of everything left, then, and a chap with money could stuff as many oysters or lobsters as he liked.

But not now. This was the end. But the tables stood in long rows with lustrous white cloths and glass and silver and flowers, waiting for better times, and Telle, that Grand Old Man of the waiting profession, walked with his customary dignity through the place.

"Good evening," said Telle softly. "Today we have fried herrings."

"And—?" I said.

"There's no 'and.' Fried herrings. At five fifty."

"The prices keep their high standard anyway, what?"

"They do. We can't complain."

"Rejoice and be glad, Petter," I said. "We're getting herrings."

"Good evening, madam," said Telle. "It's a long time since we had the pleasure of seeing you here. I wish I could serve a really delicious chicken instead of the herrings."

"You *could*, of course, get hold of a chicken very well, if you wanted to," I said with a wink.

"Hopeless. They've arrested a hotel proprietor again this morning."

"Who was that?"

"Martin of the Plaza. And he's thoroughly Nazi."

"Martin?" I said. "Whatever for?"

"We aren't told, of course. But it must be something to do with the black market. What else could it be? And the funny thing is that it was the Germans, the Gestapo themselves, who arrested him."

"Ah, yes," said Petter. "We're living in strange times."

"That's the truth, madam," said Telle, and faded out.

"Look here," I said to Petter. "That Martin business is pretty queer."

"Naturally they found Tobiassen in the attic."

"Yes, but now that Gingernuts has been pinched and—"

"Gingernuts hasn't been pinched."

"But what in the name of heaven—? When I was interrogated by the State police this morning—"

"You weren't interrogated by the State police. All you had was a social chat with a friend of mine."

I opened my mouth to say quite a bit, but just then Telle appeared in the vanguard of a considerable procession, consisting of the waiter who poured out the champagne, the waiter who served the herrings, and a freckled boy who carried the potatoes round.

When they'd gone, I said, "Now tell me what all this means."

"It's really fearfully simple," she said. "Gingernuts said that you'd like to be in on this, and we had to find out first if there was anything to be gained from admitting you."

"And—was there?"

"Looks like it. Otto has given a short but expressive report. He said, 'Probably a nitwit, but mum as an oyster.' "

She sat looking at me with a smile. I thought of the interrogation, and felt myself going red. But just as I was going to air my indignation, it struck me that the whole thing was rather funny, and so I began to laugh.

"Cheerio," I said. "He did his stuff really rather well. Who is he?"

"Well, it's a long story—I had a sister, you see. She married and went to Trondheim, and when the Germans came she and her husband began to do a lot of queer things. And at last something went wrong, and they both got caught and sent to Oslo, where Dr. Felix Hahn, the best brain in the Gestapo, took the thing up. There was no proof, and neither of them admitted anything, so they had a pretty bad time. Then I went to Dr. Hahn. He kept me hanging on with half promises, and hinted that it rested with me whether he did anything or not. And then one day he told me quite casually that Ingrid was dead."

She stubbed out her cigarette in the ash tray.

"I asked to see her. He answered that he didn't think I'd better. Afterward I heard from her husband just how changed she was."

"Her husband?" I said.

"There was no proof," she said, "and at last they let him go. He told me they'd let him see her—two days before her death—through a pane of glass. He said that her hair was quite white. She was twenty-two."

My temples were pounding, and I felt how I'd set my jaw so hard that it ached.

"And her husband?" I said, in a low voice.

"You know him," she said. "It's Otto, the man you saw this morning."

I saw the gaunt fanatical face in front of me.

"Otto's changed a lot since then, but he's a grand fellow; I'm sure you'll be great friends."

AFTER that we talked about everything under the sun, and I felt as though I'd known her as long as I could remember. I was remarkably happy. Carefree and gay and ready for anything.

"I'm in love with you," I told her.

"Pretty quick work, isn't it?"

"It was inevitable," I said.

She'd grown quite serious now, and looked at me as if she felt a bit sorry for me.

"Iben," she said, "you're absolutely the last man on earth I could ever imagine myself falling for."

That made me laugh.

But suddenly I stopped and looked at her and realized that she meant it.

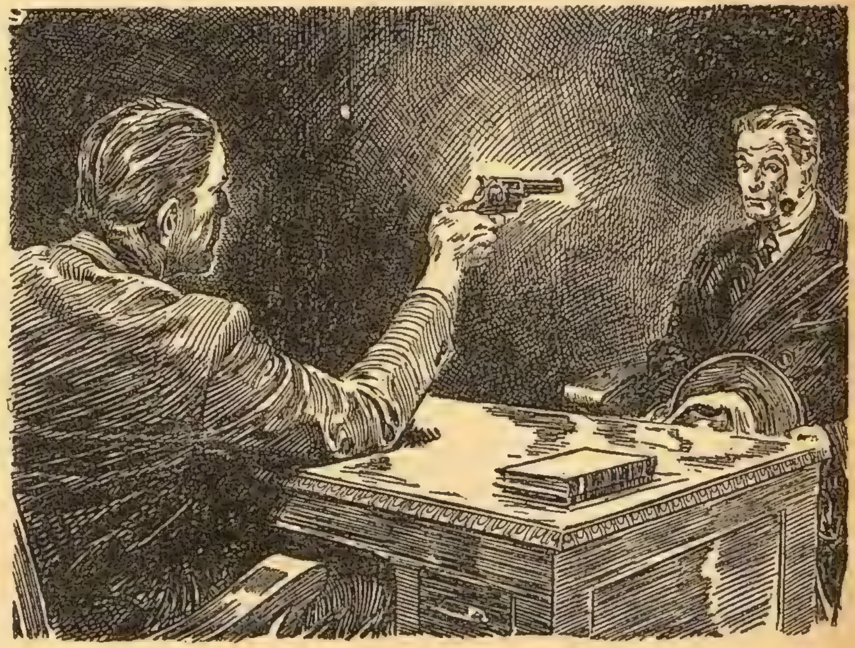
"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Iben," she said, "you may as well know at once that men like you are the most detestable creatures I know. You are well-dressed and sunburnt and rich and elegant, and I've no doubt you can get a hundred women a year if you want them, and you do. But you won't get me."

We sat quite a while without saying anything, and I felt pretty low. I'd been so deuced happy the last few hours, had felt that we'd got so close to each other and become such good comrades.

"I'm sorry about it, Iben," she said.

"Oh, don't be sorry," I said. "I asked for it. I understand your opinion of me, and at bottom I agree with you."



She squeezed my hand hard and warmly, and said, "You're sweet, anyway."

Now it's pretty hard for a man to be sent about his business and then be told that he's sweet, anyway. It smarted. I said to myself that I hadn't really any reason to be sore. She was quite right. I was one of the black market's best customers, and a professional charmer, and a loafer.

But all the same—or perhaps just because of that—I lost my temper.

"When you look at me like that I really don't understand what you're doing with me at all."

"We can use a man of your type."

"You don't say?" I said, trying to be sarcastic, but only making myself angry. "What could a man like me be used for?"

"As camouflage," she said. "There are things that need doing which mean that I have to be about quite a bit in public. And we don't want our friends beginning to ask: Who is that woman? What's she up to? I need a cavalier."

I mulled this over a moment, just boiling inside.

"You mean that no one could suspect you of having a single serious thought in your head when you can go about with a chap like me of your own free will?"

She looked at me with her head on one side and smiled beseechingly.

"Iben," she said, "don't be angry."

"That's what you meant, wasn't it?"

She took her bag and her gloves and got up.

"Yes," she said. "Do you want me to go now?"

I was so angry I couldn't say a word. Iben Holt has a smack at winning the war! Notorious charmer wanted, to divert any possible suspicions!

My head slowly cleared, and in the middle of my fury it struck me that the plan was deuced smart. As a matter of fact it *was* practically impossible to suspect a woman in my company of higher interests. I laughed.

"Sit down, you she-devil," I said, "before I put you over my knee and wallop you."

She brightened. Her eyes were blue again and sparkling. I loved her.

"Thank you, Iben," she said. "I had a feeling you had a sense of humor."

"You're trying it very hard, Petter. But I love you."

"You'll take the job on, then?"

"You bet. What title do I get?"

"You'll be regarded in wide circles as my lover."

"But we two know better, eh?"

"We know better."

I filled our glasses, emptying the bottle. Then I leaned back in my chair and laughed.

"You're the cheekiest woman I've ever eaten herrings with," I said. "And the sweetest."

She smiled gaily and raised her glass.

"Here's to co-operation!"

"Here's to love!"

A MOUNTAIN hotel is always fairly lively, but a mountain hotel in wartime in an occupied country is enough to make one rub one's eyes. People lived up here as if each day were their last, and it seemed as if the girls quite simply vied with one another as to who could get the most scarlet reputation in the shortest possible time. Petter had held her own in this competition. Everyone who saw her now might well think she'd never had a serious thought in her life.

But in the mornings, when we set off on our long skiing trips, she was quite different. And when we came out onto the wide-open spaces where we could see about three miles in all directions and knew that no hostile ear or eye had a chance of getting near us, a new Petter appeared who knew all there was to be known about physics and chemistry and mathematics. It was the middle of March and the plateau lay bathed in sun day after day, and when I had Petter in front of me in shorts and top, looking like a little girl made of chocolate, I thought life was worth living purely for its own sake, and to tell the truth it would have been quite easy to forget Gråfossen and its problems altogether.

But we were rapidly approaching zero hour. Fourteen days ago the last part of a German plant had been installed in the underground shop of a factory at Gråfossen and in a few days they could begin production of the most powerful explosive ever invented.

Now we were sitting here, in the bar, waiting.

"What's the time?" asked Petter.

"Quarter to ten," I said. "He'll be here any minute."

And I'd no sooner got the words out of my mouth than the door opened and Otto came in. He was in a dinner jacket, looking very handsome. The girls gawped at him. Petter and I goggled too, but took care not to indicate we knew him. That is to say, I gave a pretty loud titter and said to the world in general:

"Good Lord, what's *he* doing here?"

The girls flocked round me, full of curiosity.

"Iben," whispered a little chubby one with red hair, "who's that? Is he a friend of yours?"

"Friend?" I said. "I'm a bit particular about *my* friends."

"What's wrong with him?"

"A little Nazi," I said. "A ducky little Nazi."

That told, of course, for Glitterheim takes a pride in being a resort for Jössings, and we'd only had two Quislings up to now, and they hadn't been able to stick it more than four days.

The girls gave one glare at Otto and the next thing he saw was a row of backs.

He came up to the bar, stopped beside me, and asked the barkeeper for a glass of sherry. I turned away with a movement that was meant to indicate I was a bit afraid of getting lice. The girls gave a laugh and the conversation stopped and gave place to an expectant silence. I remembered the old Wild West films when the murder always begins that way at a bar, and where strong men first measure each other with their eyes for about a quarter of an hour, and then draw out their guns and go to it, whereupon the bartender dives under the counter.

Otto said, "I believe you said something, but I'm not quite sure."

I turned round very slowly, looked him up and down.

"You said something about a Nazi," he said. "But I suppose it's to be expected from half-drunk, spineless, evening-Jössings like you."

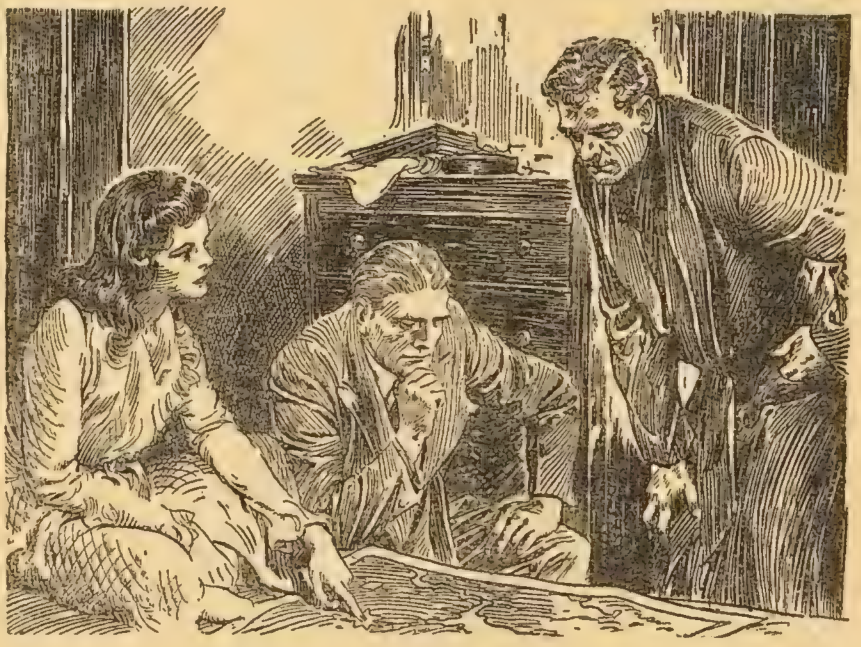
Strong words, naturally. An evening-Jössing is about the worst thing we have—it's a man who does business with the Germans in the morning, and then is dripping with patriotism after office hours. In brief, just the sort of chap that all sensible people thought I was.

I got up and hit him under the ear. It isn't so easy to hit convincingly if one doesn't hit a bit hard at the same time, so I'm afraid it hurt.

Then Otto hit out and did it splendidly. His fist ricocheted off my shoulder and went past my chin. He could just as well have caught me one, so I was filled with sincere admiration and deep gratitude. I said:

"Damn Nazi. I'll kill you!"

The barkeeper got between us, together with the manager and two waiters. I took the opportunity of landing the manager a left swing, for I'd never liked him. Then it was all over, and the combatants retired to their respective corners and glowered at each other. Otto sat in splendid isolation, while the girls fairly flocked round me and thought I'd contributed nobly to the national effort. Petter pretended to be overwhelmed with love and kissed me in the right ear while she whispered:



"Very convincing. We'll meet in my room at twelve." Then she got up and went out.

A MOUNTAIN hotel never really goes to bed properly. When the bar has closed there's always someone or other who's got a bottle of gin, and a system of "going on somewhere" then develops round the house. The consequence is that people are shuffling round corridors for the larger part of the night.

Let us say that tomorrow night I retired at half past ten, apparently in a highly inebriated condition. If anyone were to poke his nose into my room during the night and discover I wasn't in my bed, it would seem only natural and provide pleasant material for much chinwagging at lunch next day.

So there was no one to check up on the conference that began at twelve that evening round the map that Petter had spread out on her bed.

Otto was in a dressing gown, smoking a cigarette, and Petter sat curled up on the bed in a negligee.

"We've received the final exact instructions," she said. "They're landing tomorrow night at twelve sharp where we decided."

"And when do we blow the place up?"

"At four," said Petter. "The shifts are changed then. At four ten everyone's out of the shop and the door is shut from the inside by the three Germans always on guard there.

"At half past four the new shift marches down to the shop, where the door is again opened from the inside by the three guards at exactly four forty. So you've got half an hour to do everything."

"How do we get in?" asked Otto.

"That explosive is prepared from different substances made in the factory sheds above ground, and two of the ingredients are sent down to the shop through a shaft and emptied into a big concrete mixer down there.

"Above ground they've built two low concrete bunkers. It's the one at the south end of the works that interests us; it's used for consignments of forcin.

"Naturally the bunker's locked and guarded, but that's where our celebrated friend Heinz Riekenheimer comes in. He's an *Oberlieutnant* and declares he's an idealist, and in his opinion the world will get on quite as well without that explosive which is to be made at Gråfossen. Moreover, his idealism has been stimulated by a promise of fifty thousand crowns."

"And we're meant to go down through that shaft?"

"Exactly. You'll go down without being able to help it, and to get up again you'll use a rope that you fasten in the upper end and take with you. Riekenheimer has made the journey, and he's fatter than you are."

"We must hope the gents from London aren't too corpulent, then," I said.

"Don't worry," said Petter. "I've ordered them to measure."

I FELT almost inclined to laugh a little as I followed Otto in the darkness over the plateau. Everything had gone without a hitch. Otto and I had spent the day shunning each other and glaring at each other from a distance, and at half past ten at night I was so fantastically drunk that it was a subject of conversation at the hotel. I was taken to bed by Petter, and after that she went down to flirt into the small hours, while I locked my door, put on the white camouflage costume, and let myself down into the heap of snow under the balcony.

The snow made us completely invisible in our white ski jackets and trousers, and I couldn't see Otto in front of me. He covered the ground quickly.

The map and the compass were my job, and it was an easy one, for I had skied about here so long now that I knew it as well as my own sitting room. The time was a quarter to twelve, and I stopped and said:

"Here we are, and now all that's left is to wait."

Otto said, "I forgot my belt. I'm a bit cold."

"Take mine. I've got far too much on."

We stood and waited with our eyes on our watches.

"Five to," said Otto. He clicked on his pocket lamp and sent the beam of light straight up into the air.

And at the same moment we both heard the buzz. Very faintly. Then the buzz vanished altogether, and I imagined the plane was now dropping down to the right height with the engine shut off. That meant he'd seen our light.

"Ten past," I said. "Light the torch again."

One minute later two brief flashes came from farther over the plateau. We didn't see them till we'd got right up to them. Both their clothes and the parachutes and the huge sacks they had with them were gleaming white. I thought I'd be witty and said: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Not at all," said one of them, getting up. "I'm Lieutenant Graham and this is Sergeant Saunders."

They were so amazingly young that I was almost frightened. Graham could hardly have been more than twenty-two, and the sergeant seemed a mere child, though admittedly a pretty tough child. Both of them were as composed as if we'd met here for a game of tennis.

They said they'd had a good journey and that this seemed to be a beautiful country, and Saunders in particular was interested in the possibilities of trout fishing in the summer.

Graham said, "It was decent of you two gentlemen to give us such a warm reception. I hope sport'll be good."

"Sure to be," I said. "Have you got the necessary with you?"

"What d'you think that is?" he said, pointing to the sacks.

These boys had nothing to learn about their business, and it didn't look as if they knew what nerves were. Saunders yawned a couple of times and then crept into his sleeping bag and fell asleep at once.

We sat talking to Graham. He hadn't gone through so much of the war himself, he said, but at any rate he'd been at Dieppe. I said I thought he'd be able to go through a whole lot of jolly things before the whole thing was over, but he smiled and shook his head, and said he didn't think so.

When we went down from the plateau, Otto went first, then Saunders, then I, and Graham brought up the rear.

The run is dangerous even in daylight; but everything went fine till we were almost down, and I was already thinking it was time for a sigh of relief.

Then all I saw of Saunders was a pair of heels in front of me in a cloud of snow. There wasn't time to swerve aside, so I jumped and flew right over the sack he had on his back, thinking as I did so, now you're bound straight for the skies.

I threw myself round, and at that moment Graham came roaring along and stopped most elegantly just short of Saunders. Saunders got to his feet, looked at the sack, and said to Graham, "Well, it didn't explode, anyway, sir."

Graham nodded and replied very coolly, "So I perceive." I thought that Englishmen were queer birds and no mistake, and that it wouldn't surprise me if they went and won the war.

Otto stopped down among the trees, and we gathered round him.

"We'll have to crawl, gentlemen," said Graham.

It was lengthy and laborious, and no one can imagine how gruesome it is to crawl nearer and nearer, while the whole time one's expecting to feel a bullet in one's back. I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to four, and I had a feeling that they couldn't help seeing us. We were now all of us lying by the fence right by the entrance.

The door creaked a bit, and I realized it had been opened slightly. I whistled and I saw the door slowly open, and next moment a German *Oberlieutnant* was crouching in the snow beside me. He whispered, "Here's the key to the bunker."

He lay down on his belly in front of me and I bound him hand and foot and shoved a handkerchief into his mouth and tied another round his chin.

Otto whispered, "Quick, now, through the entrance." We followed the wall in toward the works. The bunker was in the shadow of the engine shed, and we didn't need to crawl. I put the key in the door, and a faint ray of light fell out when it opened. Graham and Saunders were inside with their guns ready before I had time to blink, and when Otto and I got in and we'd shut the door and reviewed the situation, there were three Germans with their hands up along the wall. Otto and I tied them up.

"Let's get a move on," said Graham. He got his tommy gun ready and crept into the opening of the shaft.

IT was an odd journey and it had its charm. If you've ever been at a fair and gone down one of those shoot the chutes, you'll have some idea of what I went through then. I suppose I'd been sliding about thirty-six or forty feet when the ground disappeared under my backside and for a moment I flew through space, after which I landed with a pretty painful bump on a concrete floor. It was half dark, and I realized I was sitting in the large mixer.

When Otto and I had got the sacks down, Graham and Saunders unpacked them, and then Graham collected the leads from all the packets into the middle of the floor. He connected them with his detonator and smiled at Saunders.

"Have I forgotten anything, sergeant?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Thanks for all you've done, gentlemen," Graham said. "You've been very helpful and I wish you all the best. And remember me to all at home, Saunders."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

"What in the devil does this mean?" said Otto. "Are you intending to stay here?"

Graham laughed.

"Someone's got to switch the current on, sir," he said. I remembered I'd been surprised he'd had so little faith in the possibility of more exciting experiences in the future, but now I understood it better. He was quite simply going to be blown up with the whole plant, and he'd known that ever since he took the job.

"Let me do it," said Otto. He was pale and very serious, and there was a fanatical light in his eyes.

Graham stopped smiling. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but it's my obvious duty to blow the place up myself."

"That's idiotic," said Otto. "You aren't much more than twenty. I'm thirty-five and more through with everything than anyone knows. Let me do it."

Graham shook his head and said:

"Go up now. There's very little time. That's an order!"

Saunders immediately began to climb up the ladder that led to the shaft.

When I looked down at the other two again, Otto was standing there with his revolver in his hand.

"Get up that shaft," he said. "I see your point, and you're a brave fellow. But it's my country and my job."

Graham looked at him for a moment or two; then he turned on his heel, walked quickly to the ladder, and climbed up. He didn't look round again; just began pulling himself up through the shaft.

Otto said, "Now he's offended."

I felt I wanted to cry, but I looked at my watch, and it was already twenty-five to five. I said, "Good-by, Otto."

When I got up into the bunker, Graham was quite composed, and it was impossible to determine whether he felt relieved or furious that he hadn't been the one to pull down the lever. He said, "We'll have to run like the deuce, and I think we'll wait till the explosion."

I don't quite know what I'd expected, but the explosion seemed a most puny affair up here. I looked at the Englishman in panic. Graham said, "Keep calm. It's quite all right. Everything's gone to blazes."

Saunders opened the door, and we ran out into the darkness. We hadn't gone five steps before all the alarm sirens of the works started going off. I ran toward the entrance at a terrific speed and caught the Englishmen up just as Graham tore open the gate and rushed out. Saunders was just following him when the floodlights from the tower suddenly flamed out, and we saw Graham out in the courtyard full tilt toward the wood. Next minute the machine guns let fly up above. He lifted his arms above his head and pitched forward, and then he didn't move any more.

Saunders and I ran blindly back in between the sheds. Suddenly I saw a narrow lane directly to the right. It ran between two long low buildings. Saunders saw the lane at the same time and we tore into it.

The next moment a German came round the corner, and we pressed against the wall. He was obviously following the sound of the shots and looked neither to right nor to left, but just as he ran past he turned his head and his eye lit on us.

I was fumbling for my gun when he was on top of me. He had a bayonet on his rifle and got me in the shoulder just as Saunders fired.

My assailant stood quite still a second; then the rifle fell from his hands and he sank onto his knees. Then he pitched over onto his side.

Saunders took hold of my sound arm and half pulled me with him under the building. The barracks stood on four blocks of concrete, and there was about a foot and a half between the floor and ground. I felt as though I had a red-hot iron through my shoulder. Everything went black and I groaned.

"Quiet, sir," Saunders said. "I'll look at it in a minute." I felt him slit up the jacket and my pullover and shirt. Then came the excruciating sting when he poured iodine into the wound. I opened my eyes and tried to say something, and then I don't remember any more.

A HORRIBLE man who stretched out his hands and curved them like claws was bending over me. And then the hands met round my throat and I felt he was strangling me.

I opened my eyes and heard Saunders' voice: "I was forced to do it, sir. You were raving."

He was lying half on top of me, gripping my arms firmly. I had a handkerchief tightly bound over my mouth. I waved my hand feebly, and he grinned and took the gag away. I drew a deep breath and whispered, "What's the time?"

"Half past twelve. You've been kicking up a hell of a row, sir."

By this time Petter would know it had gone wrong. I hoped she'd managed everything all right, and I didn't doubt it much. They wouldn't find any proof that Petter was anything but a giddy little flirt who'd gone round with me because I had money.

"We haven't much chance, Saunders."

"No, sir."

"Don't say sir," I said. "My name's Iben."

"Eeben?" he said. "Right. It wouldn't hurt if you spoke a bit lower, sir."

I GAVE up. He was certainly not more than twenty, and no doubt regarded me as an elderly gentleman to whom all respect was due, and if we were to end up in hell together, there too he would open the oven door for me with a bow, and say, "This way, sir."

"Doesn't anyone live in the floor above us?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I think it's a workmen's gang. It was pretty lively up there about seven this morning."

A workmen's gang. Of course, yes. German soldiers have cellars under their barracks, as all buildings should have for a Scandinavian winter. It's only Norwegian workmen who have to put up with buildings like this one. Norwegian workmen. . . . *How* Norwegian? An idea began to take shape in my mind.

"Look here, Saunders," I said. "We must see to it that we get hold of a few clothes and try and get out of this bloody place. I'd thought of going up and paying my respects to the chaps in this barracks!"

"Yes, sir."

It was impossible to coax forth the least trace of emotion in that winsome baby face.

I said, "It'll probably end by our both being shot, but of course you'd have no objection to that?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he said with a grin. "It would annoy me a lot."

I began slowly crawling toward the light outside. After a few minutes that seemed to last forever I'd arrived and cautiously poked my head out under the barracks wall. As far as I could see the lane stretched silent and empty. I heaved myself up and staggered drunkenly to the door of the barracks. I opened it, slipped in, and shut it quickly.

When I turned around, a chap was standing there looking at me. He was a broad-shouldered little fellow with a brown mustache.

He sat down in slow bafflement on a stool beside the fire and said, "Are you one of the Englishmen?"

I liked his face and thought he looked pretty O. K., so I said, "Yes. And we need a bit of help."

"You wounded?" he said.

"A bayonet prick. It's nothing to speak of. Can you let us have some clothes?"

"Sure," he said. "Though it'll only be overalls."

He obviously remembered something amusing, for he began to chuckle.

"The Germans are so furious that it stinks of sweat all over the place. And all we lads go round shouting Hurray! for all we're worth. But we don't shout out loud, of course."

Well, that was absolutely the right spirit, so I grinned at the man and said:

"Let's have a look at the wardrobe, then."

We went into the messroom, where a motley collection was hanging round the walls. I took off my bloodstained jacket and trousers, and pulled a pair of well-worn overalls over my skiing costume.

"I've got my friend lying under the barracks," I said when I was dressed.

I took a step toward the door, but he stopped me.

"Don't do that," he said. "You look as if you might conk out any minute. I'm going out in any case to empty the slops."

He took a large pail which was standing by the stove and went to the door.

"I know a bit of English," he said. "What's your pal's name?"

"Saunders," I said. "Just stick your head in and say Saunders, and he'll come all right."

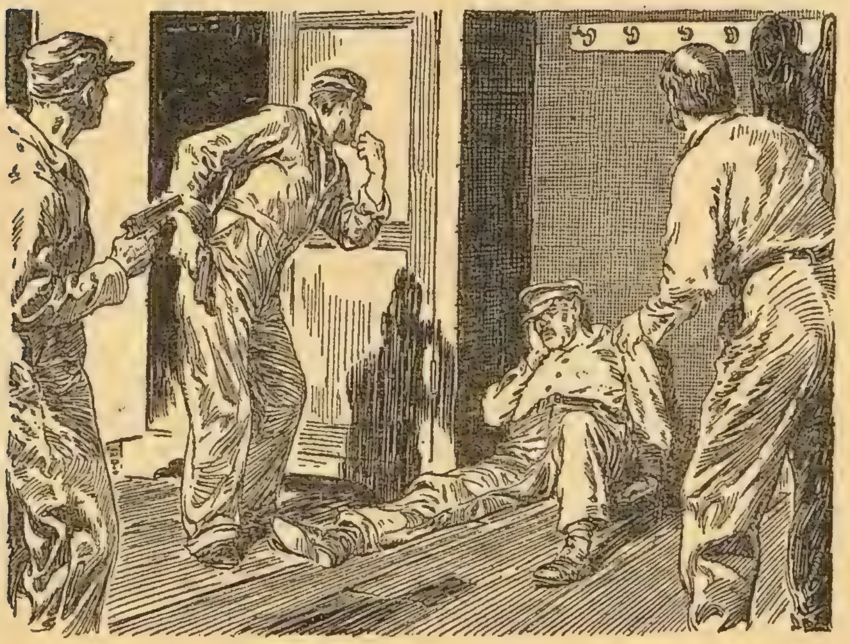
The cook padded out with the pail, and a half minute later the door creaked, and there stood Saunders.

He found an overall among the garments on the wall, and I breathed more easily.

The cook came in again with his empty pail. He put a sack under my head, and forced me gently down full length on the floor. The heat permeated my frozen body and filled me with indescribable well-being and I slept.

I WAS awakened by the cook standing over me and shaking me, and I sat up with a jerk and yelled at the pain in my shoulder.

The cook said, "The lads'll be knocking off in half an hour, and it's clear that the only way you can get out of the factory is to go with the crowd when the lads pass the control."



"But isn't the control frightfully strict?"

"Not for us," he said. "This gang works over in Shed C with ordinary harmless saltpeter. We go past the guard one by one, and he looks at the passes and identity cards and counts the lads. But we don't have to strip."

"H'm," I said. "But we've neither pass nor identity card."

He nodded and grinned craftily.

"No," he said, "but you might take mine."

He took out his card. It was frayed and crumpled and so smeared with soot and sauce that one could hardly spell out the name. But the photograph still showed a man with a mustache.

He grinned and dipped his thumb into one of the pots; then he smeared it carefully over the top of the stove and planted a magnificent print in the middle of the photograph. The mustache disappeared almost completely, and an amorphous mass remained.

"Splendid," I said. "But what about you?"

He laughed, rubbed his hands together, and looked extremely knowing.

"I'm spending the night here," he said, "and I'll be tied up, and have a gag and maybe a black eye."

I thought, Is there anything to sabotage when one meets people like this? And I seized his hand and pressed it warmly, and said, "You're a stout fellow."

"Oh, forget it," he said. "Why, it's fun."

"What about Saunders?" I said.

"Oh, I've thought about him, too," said the cook. "Now, the thing is that when the lads knock off, one man stays behind each evening to help me tidy up a bit."

I saw what he was getting at, and it didn't sound *quite* impossible.

He opened the long kitchen dresser. "You'd better crawl in here now," he said.

The workmen came clumping in, and there was a terrific tramp of heavy boots round the kitchen dresser. Then they tramped out through the door, and everything was quiet for a moment. Then the cook kicked at the cupboard door. I opened it carefully, crawled out, stretched myself and said:

"Hands up, and not a sound!"

Over by the stove stood a strapping young fellow. He had turned when he heard my voice, and looked surprised but not frightened.

Saunders had got up out of the cupboard and was standing beside me.

"Knock him down," I said, pointing to the young workman with my gun.

Saunders nodded and went up to the man. He hit out quickly and exactly with his left hand, and the man staggered backward against the wall and sat down on the floor. Saunders put the gun away and started to tie him up with his belt.

"Well, well," said the cook. "It's a pity, for he's a decent little mucker, but he'll be proud of his swollen lip tomorrow."

He handed me a strap and some rags.

"Now me, then," he said. "You needn't hit all that hard, for I bruise easy."

I raised my arm, but let it fall again. It isn't so funny to biff a chap in the eye when he's done his best to save your life.

I said, "I can't do it."

"Bilge," said the cook. "You must think of me a bit, too."

"Have you any special objection to Saunders—?"

"Not at all," he said. "So long as it gets done."

"Saunders!" I said.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"FROM now on you're deaf and dumb," I said.

"O. K., sir."

We saw the queue of workmen in front of us in the darkness. It had become infernally cold, and the wind blew right through one. I thought that Saunders must be just about frozen to death in his thin overall.

Just at the moment the weather suited us pretty well. It was obvious that the German at the clocking-out machine was keen to get the business over, for the crowd diminished rapidly. He threw no more than a glance at the cards of the two in front of us, and they stumbled out through the gate.

We went through, and he said, "Well, at last—188! That tallies."

I stumbled out and took hold of Saunders' arm so as not to fall. We were out. We were free.

I pulled my skiing cap well down over my ears and began walking. I was as cold as a fish, and realized Saunders must be having a hell of a time. Every now and then he had to stop and rub his ears and nose with snow.

We started running when we got out of sight.

Suddenly I toppled out onto a piece of flat ground, and right in front of me reared a black wall. Then I knew where I was. We'd got to the big timber screens built along the railway line to stop the snow from blowing over and burying the rails. Of course I knew this line! Petter and I had taken it many times up to Glitterheim, and I knew that Odderåsen Station should lie not much more than half a mile to the south.

I have the impression we dragged ourselves along those lines for many hours, but it can't have been much more than thirty minutes. And at last I saw the station building, and turned off to the right, where I knew there were houses.

I think it was a kind of Providence that made me see the old, almost illegible plate on the white house. I went right up and spelled it out with some difficulty. It ran:

G. CASPERSEN
Medical Officer of Health

The next minute Saunders and I were reeling through the snow in the garden up to the steps. Saunders stumbled on the lowest step and fell, and didn't get up, and I half crawled up to the door and hammered with my fist.

The door opened and a sharp white light streamed out, nearly blinding me. I shut my eyes and tried to get up. And then a voice said, "Wait a little. I'll help you."

It was an old, tired voice, and there wasn't a trace of fear in it, only a sublime, sovereign calm. I tried to open my eyes, but I'd been out so long in the dark and the snow that they began to run at once, so I couldn't see him. But I don't think I shall ever forget his voice.

SAUNDERS was lying on his back on the sofa with open eyes, and the old doctor was bending over him massaging his naked feet. The boy writhed with pain, but not a sound escaped his tightly compressed lips.

I myself was sitting in the chair in front of the fire, and an old lady was kneeling on the floor in front of me, pulling off my frozen stiff boots.

The doctor straightened his back and turned toward me. He was an old man. At least seventy, I should think, and marked by life. He said:

"He's a plucky boy and bears it without a murmur. But he doesn't answer when I speak to him."

There was a twinkle in his eye, and I realized he understood quite a bit.

"He's deaf and dumb, poor chap," I said.

"I think I could cure him of that," said the doctor, laughing.

"We're workmen who got lost on the fells, doctor."

He bent over Saunders again and felt his legs. Then he took a rug, laid it over the boy and tucked it round him, and then he said softly and kindly, in English, "Go to sleep, my boy."

The old lady looked up at me and smiled. It was as if she meant to say: "Look how artful he is, my old man. It's no use trying to fool him."

"So you're workmen," the doctor said quietly and pleasantly. "Aye, and God bless the work you've done."

We looked at each other for a long time; his eyes were steady and calm and knew everything.

He laughed and pulled down my overall, cut through my sweater, looked at my shoulder, and said:

"This isn't very dangerous, but it may become so." The old hands traveled lightly over my shoulder, and I forgot the pain.

"Yes," he said. "It was exciting today, I can tell you. General Falkenhorst was up here, and a man from the Gestapo called Dr. Hahn."

"Aha," I said. "I know who he is."

When he finished bandaging my shoulder I said, "We'd better be getting along now. It's far too dangerous for you to have us here."

He got up and went and fetched his pipe, and then he came up to me, laid his hand on my sound shoulder.

"Emma and I are proud of having you here," he said. "We're too old to be afraid. Isn't that so, Emma?"

She looked at him and smiled.

"Yes, George."

I lit a cigarette and said, "It's simple enough to fight against them as long as there are people who think as you do."

He'd got his pipe going and took several hard puffs before he answered:

"There are many who think like that. Nearly everyone, in fact. I haven't always been so proud about being a Norwegian before, but I am now. The worse things are, the stronger we get," he said. "Because we've learned what it means to lose one's country."

He smiled and took a puff at his pipe; he began to pad to and fro over the floor. He said nothing. I shut my eyes and heard only the ticking of the Dutch clock, and Saunders' deep breathing, and the doctor's slippers pacing and pacing. It didn't hurt so much to think about Otto any longer.

The steps ceased, and the doctor gave a satisfied chuckle.

"I was thinking about how we should get you away," he said, "and now I think I've hit on something."

The old lady had let her knitting drop. She was looking calmly and trustfully at him, and I thought:

Those two love each other as much as they ever did.

"It's impossible for you to go on foot," he said. "You'd get nowhere with your wound and your friend's frostburnt feet. So you must take the train. But it will be searched. Then I remembered Martinsen.

"Emma," said the doctor, "do you think you could run across and fetch him?"

She got up at once and went up to him, pulled his hair, and kissed him on the forehead.

"You wily old rascal!" she said.

I DON'T think I've ever seen such a large man. In olden times he would obviously have been a viking. His eyes were big and blue, and they seemed as though they were always smiling. His whole face was one big smile, for that matter, when he stretched out his hand and said:

"Martinsen's the name. I hear you two want to take a ride with me."

"It may be dangerous, you know," said the doctor.

"Oh, blast that," said Martinsen. "It'll be a lark, anyway."

"I don't quite get all this," I said. "What are we to be off *in?*"

"Martinsen's an engine driver," said the doctor. "He'll take you on the engine."

"It's like this, y'see," the big man said. "The trains that go over the fells are drawn by very powerful fell engines up here to Odderåsen. But from here to Oslo it's not necessary to have such powerful engines. So they uncouple the fell engine here, and I take over and drive the train down to Oslo. I always have a stoker with me, but tomorrow I thought he might be ill, and so I'll take you two instead."

That seemed to make sense, and I thought it would be difficult to find a man to whom I'd rather trust my life.

I CAME slowly to the surface through many layers of sleep, and opened my eyes. The old lady was standing over me with coffee and sandwiches, and Martinsen loomed behind her. He had two incredibly dirty stokers' suits under his arm, and two of those peaked caps that railwaymen wear. They were black with soot and looked very convincing.

I crawled out of bed and started to get dressed. My shoulder was still painful, but not nearly so bad as yesterday, and I felt thoroughly rested.

Saunders looked a lot better, too, and when he'd got on his stoker's rig he looked pretty convincing.

Suddenly Martinsen stiffened and went to the window. I heard a car driving up.

"The devil," he said. "Here they are."

I looked round helplessly. We were trapped. There was no possibility of getting out without going right past the car.

The door opened and the doctor came in.

"Keep quiet," he said. "I think it's only me they've come for."

Then he went out again and shut the door.

I knelt at the keyhole and looked into the next room. I heard the doorbell ring, and saw the doctor go out into the hall to unlock the door. Immediately afterward he came in again, and behind him came a German in SS. uniform. The doctor stood with his back to me and blocked the keyhole, so I couldn't see any more, but I heard their voices. The German spoke: "I have received orders to take you to Oslo."

The doctor said, "May I pack a bag?"

"That is unnecessary."

I shuddered. Those three brutal words said everything.

I heard the doctor's voice again:

"Emma. I've got to go to Oslo."

Her voice was steady and calm but infinitely sorrowful.

"Yes, George, I understand."

"My own dear one. It's strange to be going away from you."

The SS. man said, "Hurry up, doctor. We're taking the seven-o'clock train."

"Very well," said the doctor.

There was a silence. Then I caught a glimpse of the doctor. He'd got his coat on and was standing with his fur cap in his hand. He said, "We'll be meeting again soon, Emma."

"Yes, George, soon."

I got up and looked at the other two. Martinsen had gone very pale and was standing there biting his lip. We heard the door bang outside. Immediately afterward we heard the car drive away.

I went into the room. The old lady was sitting on the chair by the door. She was looking straight in front of her and her face was filled with an endless sorrow. But she wasn't weeping. I swallowed and could hardly get a word out.

"Good-by, Mrs. Caspersen. And thanks for everything."

She looked up with a smile and gave me her hand.

"Good-by," she said, "and Godspeed."

THE great engine snorted heavily and slowly, and Martinsen's huge hands flew swiftly and skillfully from lever to lever. We rolled out of the shed into the station.

We drove into the siding and slowly approached the long line of coaches standing there waiting for us.

Martinsen leaned out of the window. He said, "There they are. Look."

I looked cautiously, and saw a little herd of men coming out of a carriage about the middle of the train.

They entered carriage after carriage, and were inside a long time. It was like an inexorable fate slowly making its way toward us. I grew nervous and said, "I think we ought to start now."

Martinsen laughed.

The little troop came out of the front carriage, and my blood ran cold when I saw them coming on toward us. Martinsen raised his hand and waved to them.

"Watch 'er, mates!" he said. "Don't forget me. You know I've got the whole tender full of Englishmen!"

The stationmaster laughed and the Norwegian policeman shook his head and said:

"It's nothing to joke about, Gustav."

The stationmaster raised his flag and blew his whistle.

We were moving. The long train started slowly gliding forward. The din and the speed increased.

Martinsen turned to me with a laugh.

"It's always best to tell the truth," he said. "They're not such fools as to believe *that!*"

We plunged into a tunnel and the din became a fantastic crescendo. We came out again on the other side; the sun was just rising and we got it full in the face. I felt full of wild triumph. We'd got away. Then I thought of Otto again, and the doctor, and didn't feel so happy any more.

IT was dark once more when we drove in under the dirty old glass roof of the station at Oslo. I stood huddled behind Martinsen at the window, while the train slowly emptied and the passengers went past us toward the exit. Suddenly he stiffened and clutched my arm.

Old Dr. Caspersen was coming along the platform together with the SS. man. His head was bowed, and I caught a fleeting glimpse of the tired, sorrowful face.

The platform grew fairly empty, and Martinsen said:

"Hop out on the other side and go straight over the track there and out the back way."

I pressed his hand hard and he gave a cheery smile.

"It was a lark," he said.

Saunders and I forced ourselves to walk slowly toward the exit. I wanted to run, and every minute I expected to feel a hand on my shoulder, but nothing happened.

It had grown late when we finally got up to Vålerengen, where Gingernuts lived, and I was as exhausted as after a long march. I found his door and knocked three times, and a few moments went by. Then the door opened very slowly, and Gingernuts looked out. When he saw me, he laughed and said:

"I thought it was the police. Where's Otto?"

"Otto's dead," I said.

"Oh, damn," he said. "And who's this?"

"Englishman," I said. "Saunders."

"Oh," said Gingernuts. "Squat on the bed. . . . Want a drink?"

"I want three," I said.

He gave me the tooth glass, and Saunders got a cup without a handle, and we toasted one another.

"Things aren't so good here," he said. "We're cooked."

"Then I must go up to Petter," I said.

I walked straight through the town to the street where Petter lived and I remained standing at the door quite still for five minutes, with all my senses on the alert. Not a sound. Everything seemed perfectly normal, and I was longing almost unbearably to see her.

I found the bell to her flat and rang quickly three times. A little time passed, and then I heard the door click, and I pushed it open and ran up the stairs.

In front of her door I stopped and waited. My heart was beating wildly with longing.

She opened the door and I forgot all the rottenness and knew nothing but joy. For I saw how the gladness came back to her eyes when she saw who it was.

I stepped in. I couldn't speak. Just stood there looking at her. She said, "Iben, I love you."

"IN connection with the attempt on Gråfossen last night," said the official statement, "the German Security Police are searching for the Norwegian citizen Iben Holt. He is presumed to have helped the British bandits, and a reward of 50,000 crowns is offered for information that may lead to his arrest. He is about 6 feet tall, has fair hair and blue eyes, clean-shaven, oval face, brown skin. He was last seen at Glitterheim Mountain Hotel, whence he disappeared on the night of March 18 of this year.

"Search is further being made for Norwegian citizen Otto Frank, probably about 35 years of age. He is thought to be about 6 feet tall, thin, with strongly marked features, pale skin, straight, fairly large nose, clean-shaven, with gray eyes and brown hair a little gray at the temples. He was also last seen at Glitterheim Mountain Hotel the night of March 18."

"Now they know so much," I said as I put the paper down, "it's quite incomprehensible why Hahn's let you go free."

"I think he wants to try and force me to—to—" she said.

"You may very well be right," I said. "He isn't the first Gestapo man with private interests that overshadow those of the *Vaterland.* We must get out of here tonight. It's plain they'll find out who Otto was. And then they'll doubtless discover he was married to your sister. That's more than enough, and Hahn won't be able to keep you outside Victoria Terrasse, however much he wants to keep you to himself."

She thought awhile and said, "I'm going to see Gingernuts. He is sure to hit on something."

It was ghastly waiting for her. The hours dragged by, and I saw in imagination everything that might happen to Petter. The pain in my shoulder got worse and my arm was blue and swollen, with ugly red streaks running over it.

Petter came back at four. She was tired but hopeful.

"Gingernuts is coming at nine," she said. "He's going to steal a car and Saunders can drive it. We'll quite simply get in and drive as far as possible."

"Well, well," I said. "It'll come off somehow. The most important thing is that you love me."

She smiled and sat down on my knee, and I put my sound arm round her and kissed her. She stroked my hair and said:

"Yes, Iben, I love you. More than I can say. You've become the sort of person I wanted you to be. I'm not afraid of anything when I'm with you."

"You aren't ever afraid, Petter," I said. "You don't know what it means to be frightened."

"If you knew how frightened I've been these last two days."

"Yes, for *me*."

"Yes, for you. I've always been afraid on your account."

"But you didn't love me then."

She laughed and rumpled my hair and said:

"Darling silly ass. I've always loved you."

"I THINK we ought to have a drink," said Petter. She took out the bottle and two glasses. We were just standing there when there was a ring at the door.

"There he is," I said. "Fine."

Petter put her glass down hurriedly.

"Gingernuts would have rung three times," she said.

That was true. I felt as though a clammy hand had taken me by the neck.

"What shall we do?" I said.

"If it's them," she said, "they'll search the whole flat. Go out onto the balcony and down the fire escape."

I shook my head.

"If they find you here," she said, "I'm done for in any case."

That was true. I pulled out my gun and went up to the balcony door. The panes in it were blacked out, of course, with black paper fastened with drawing pins. I poked a hole through the paper with the barrel of my gun before I slipped out and shut the door after me.

It was twilight outside and mild and springlike. The street under me was deserted and empty, but I saw the contours of a car.

I peeped in through the hole in the paper. Petter had just come in from the hall, and behind her came Dr. Felix Hahn.

At first I had only one thought—that he was alone. That he was standing there, three yards from me, with his shark smile, alone. I felt the same instinctive lust to kill as people do when they see an adder.

If Petter was frightened, she didn't show it. She stood quite calmly with her hand on the back of a chair and looked at him coldly.

"Dr. Hahn," she said, "I would prefer to speak with you at your office if there's anything you want to ask me."

"What should I have to ask you about, madam?"

Well, that was one up to him already. She grew a little confused, and her voice was not quite steady when she answered:

"No, of course there is nothing."

"So that my little visit is quite informal and friendly," he said. "May I sit down?"

She waited a second too long before she said:

"I'm alone, and I was going out."

"I'd thought of suggesting you come out with me."

It was so insolent and the tone was so absolutely unequivocal that he might just as well have used the real brutal words.

She bit her lip, but her voice was as calm as ever.

"As you see, I'm not dressed to go out with anyone."

"That doesn't matter. I'm quite alone at home."

Now her voice shook. "Dr. Hahn, I don't know if you remember that you made the same proposal to me once before."

He nodded, and it looked as though he were enjoying himself.

"I seem to remember that if nothing came of our projected *affaire*, it was due to certain unfortunate circumstances to do with the death of your sister. I can assure you that I would have been more than happy to have seen her live, anyway shall we say for another three weeks?"

The detestable voice went on, slowly and expressionlessly:

"Now certain unfortunate circumstances have arisen again. If I'm not mistaken, you have reason to mourn the loss of a very good, shall we say a very *intimate* friend?"

There was a deathly silence for a moment, then he resumed:

"I'm referring to a young man of the name of Holt. He disappeared, as you know."

"Yes."

"Have you any idea why?"

"I can very well imagine why," she said. "He'd caused a pretty thorough scandal that evening, and was very drunk. I can understand that he didn't want to show his face at the hotel any more."

He nodded and laughed again.

"Very plausible," he said. "An impulsive young man, what? But today we found him."

"Indeed?"

"Not in his entirety, it's true," he said. "We found him in small pieces. And do you know where?"

"How in the world should I know that?"

"No, of course not. We found him when clearing up in the blown-up shop at Gråfossen."

I remembered the last evening with Otto on the plateau. Remembered I'd lent him my belt. Remembered the initials "I. H." that I'd forgotten to rip out before we started.

Hahn was speaking again: "So there isn't really any reason why you shouldn't begin a new, shall we say intimate *affaire*. And I have the honor of offering my services."

Then Petter spoke, and now she was angry.

"Dr. Hahn, will you kindly go?"

"I'm known as a very accommodating person," he said, "but I'm not so accommodating as all that. Put very shortly and clearly, I'm giving you the choice between a board in the German prison and a considerably more comfortable couch in my home."

I jerked open the balcony door and walked in.

I seemed to see him through a red haze. I can remember that I threw away my revolver because the only thought I had was to get my fingers round his throat.

He was weak. Physically, I was the superior, although I was wounded. But he fought like a rat, and once he wriggled out of my arms and rolled off the sofa onto the floor. He was already on his feet when I threw myself at him again.

He fell heavily to the floor and gave one single scream. He lay on his belly, and I put my knee in the small of his back and pressed my hands on his neck.

A little while afterward he was still. I turned him on his back, and his eyes stared empty and dead up at the ceiling. I got up trembling. The red haze slowly cleared, and I found my head was aching.

PETTER had sunk into the chair by the door with her face buried in her hands. I stood looking down at Hahn and my hands were still crooked like claws. I breathed heavily and shortly, as if I'd been running too fast, and my mind was a blank.

Then there were three rings at the door.

"Gingernuts," said Petter. "Now the thing is to get away."

"Petter," I said, and it was as if I'd got back my senses in a flash, "wait a bit. I've killed Hahn."

"Yes," she said. "You've killed Hahn."

Gingernuts came in. He stopped on the threshold and didn't say anything for a bit. Then he came in and bent over Hahn, and then he gave a low whistle.

"Good work," was all he said.

I looked at him. He'd put on a brown mustache, which made him look ridiculous, and he'd got on a whole lot of clothes that couldn't possibly be his. A hard black hat, which sat straight on top of his head, and a black coat that might have suited a sexton. But I felt no desire to laugh just then.

"Saunders is waiting downstairs," he said quickly. "We must hurry. I've pinched a car, but it's a miserable old crock. I couldn't get hold of anything better."

We went down the stairs, Gingernuts leading. We took the last flight in a couple of jumps, and were in the street. In front of the entrance stood Hahn's car. Empty. It was a snappy Mercedes Benz. A bit farther away was Gingernuts' cab with Saunders in it, and it wasn't much to look at. I said. "How about taking Hahn's?"

Gingernuts clapped his hands.

"Of course," he said. "After all, he'll never need it again."

He ran over to the taxi, and shortly afterward Saunders was ensconced at the wheel of the Mercedes and we were huddling together in the back seat.

The car started with a roar that spoke of tremendous power. Saunders pressed the accelerator down as far as it would go, and we were off.

I like driving fast, but this pace was crazy. Saunders drove as really young men do drive before they've learned the meaning of fear and before they've discovered something called nerves. He sat comfortably leaning back in the well-upholstered front seat, and his hands hardly seemed to touch the wheel. His fair hair fluttered in the draft from the side window, and a contented boyish smile played round the corner of his mouth.

Petter sat close beside me; she had stuck her hand under my arm. Her eyes were closed and she looked happy.

"Let's drive via Svangberg," I said.

"O. K.," said Gingernuts, and I leaned forward and gave Saunders a few instructions.

We had already got into the belt of forest, and it grew pretty dark. Gingernuts said:

"Put more lights on. The more light we show the more German we'll look. To hell with everything, and get the most speed you can out of the old bus."

It was reckless but it was the right way, and I translated it for Saunders. It seemed to please him, for his smile grew broader and the engine began to roar like an airplane.

Half an hour went by and nothing happened. We tore through three small built-up areas, and each time I thought that someone was going to try to stop us. But we were past in a single twinkling. I saw nothing but some blurred outlines of houses, then we were tearing on through the woods.

Saunders said, "Barrier in front, sir."

It wasn't possible to circumvent it. A red beam was lying right across half the road, and a German Army car blocked the remaining gap. Saunders blew the horn, and I liked him for that. A German helmet came up in front of the beam and a hand was lifted.

We slowly approached the barrier, and I stuck my head out of the window and bellowed in my best German:

"What in the devil are you thinking of? I'm on duty! Get that car out of the way!"

Saunders stopped dead about fifty yards from the beam and kept his finger solidly on the horn button. It was a nerve-racking solo. I bellowed again, and nervousness made my voice almost maniacal: "Quick! Quick! What about it?"

The soldier put out his torch and got off the road.

The Army car began moving, rolled back into the ditch, and left room.

Saunders put on all the light he had, and the car shot past. Petter and Gingernuts ducked down on the floor, and I hastily put my railway cap on my head and sat at the window stiff as a genuine Prussian silhouette. We'd got at least a mile farther on when Gingernuts said:

"Another party like that and I'll die of heart attack."

I WAS wet under my shirt and my hand was trembling so I could hardly light my cigarette, but I was in high feather. My nerve had held, and I felt quite proud about it. Now we should succeed. That had been the trial by fire. I looked at my watch. It was half past twelve, and we'd been driving three hours.

Saunders turned off for the last time now, and we took the road due east—toward the frontier and freedom.

I said, "We ought to be near Spangelven now."

I'd driven there once or twice in the old days. The bridge over the river was narrow and they might well have a barrier there. But sufficient unto the day. . . .

I put my arm round Petter's neck and pressed her to me.

"You'll soon be in Sweden now," I said.

"Maybe," she said.

"Do you still love me?"

"Yes, I love you."

"I've killed a man."

"I love you."

I let her go again and leaned back in the seat. The reaction had begun to set in and I was tired.

"Barrier again, sir," said Saunders.

His voice was just as usual.

A huge long trestle of wood with dense barbed wire crisscross between the logs. On the right side of the road the fell wall rose quite perpendicular, and on the left the mountain went down practically sheer, and if we turned out there it would be the last thing we ever did in this world.

"Stop, Saunders," I said.

I was just going to yell when a bull's-eye lantern was flashed on right in front of us. It came nearer and I realized there was a man behind it who was coming up to look a bit closer at us.

"Get out," I whispered.

Petter and Gingernuts slipped out through the left door, and I saw Saunders sliding out of the driver's seat. For my part I squeezed myself into the right corner of the car and spoke out of the window:

"What the devil's the meaning of this? If you hold me up you'll suffer for it."

The man had got up to the right side of the car, and politely turned the torch toward the ground before he spoke: "Only a moment, sir. I've had orders. I must look at your papers."

Then he raised the torch and the light fell full on my face.

He took a step backward and drew his revolver.

"Get out!" he said.

I opened the door and got out, and he said, "Hands up!"

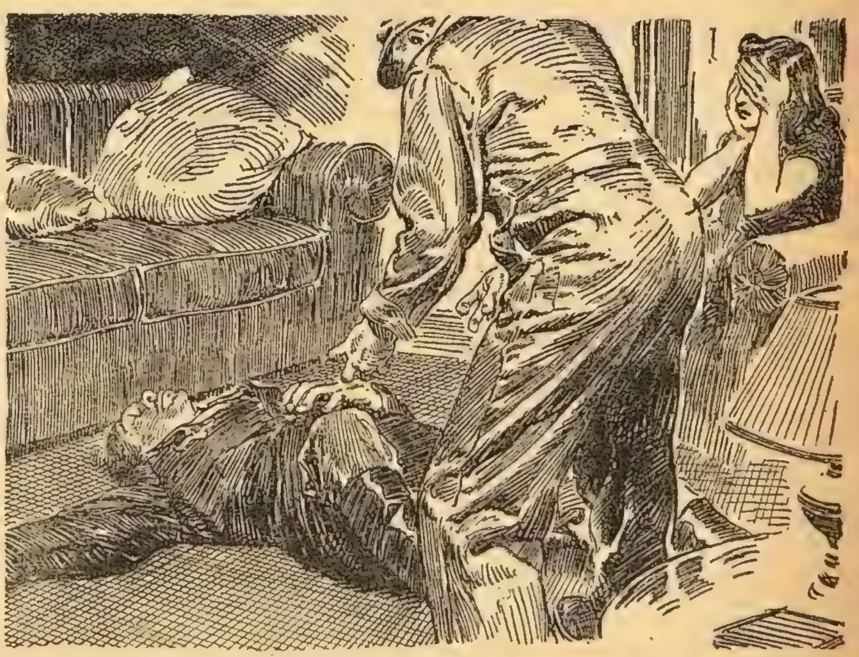
At the same moment I heard Saunders' calm voice from the darkness behind the car: "Run for it, sir."

Then his tommy gun went off right in my ear, and the man in front of me dropped the torch and toppled over backward.

I ran round the car and saw Gingernuts and Petter racing down the slope to the left. I hurtled down after them, and at that moment I heard Saunders' gun again.

DON'T ask me how I got down that slope, for I don't know. I lost my balance almost at once, and that was probably the reason why I got down before Petter and Gingernuts, although they'd had the start of me.

At last I fetched up against a tree with a thousand stars dancing in front of my eyes. Gingernuts came slithering down beside me, holding Petter by the hand. I hadn't the energy to get up, and I said, "I'm all in. I can't go on."



Gingernuts pulled me onto my feet and shook me.

"Bilge. We can't stop now."

He pulled me after him through the trees and set off down toward the bottom of the valley. I heard Petter running behind us, and pulled myself together. At last I managed to blurt out, "You can let me go now. I'll be all right."

None of us said anything more. We had hardly enough breath left in our lungs to enable us to push on.

Far away and a bit below us I heard the roaring of a waterfall. I realized we were approaching the River Spand, and that it was the Great Fors we could hear.

Time went round for me, and I've no idea how long we ran. My legs went mechanically and felt like lead, and when Gingernuts stopped at last, I just fell down head first and lay face downward in the cold undergrowth, groaning.

It was a long time before I finally rolled onto my back and sat up. I was breathing more or less normally again, and I could take a look at the others. We were sitting close together, but I could hardly see their faces in the darkness. Petter looked tired to death, but she gave me a faint smile and patted my hand. Gingernuts was leaning against a tree and that idiotic hat of his had ridden forward onto his forehead so he only had one eye visible; the right wing of the brown mustache had gone and the other half hung down on the left of his nose.

"I must laugh, sick man though I be," I said. "You look too putrid."

"Laugh away," he said. "It's said to be good for one."

"Where d'you think Saunders is?"

"Game little beggar," he said. "We shouldn't have been worth much without him."

"We must cross the bridge by night," I said. "It's hopeless in daylight."

Gingernuts got up.

"Yes, let's be getting on," he said. "They're bound to be after us by now."

Half an hour later we passed the waterfall. It was steep here and heavy going, and it took a shamefully long time to drag ourselves along the last five hundred yards to the bridge.

Gingernuts said:

"Now we must mind our step. They're almost certain to have guards here. You lie here for a bit."

Petter and I huddled together behind a large stone, and Gingernuts began crawling along toward the bridge like an Indian. He was away an eternity, and I'd already begun to have misgivings on his account when at last he came crawling down again and squeezed himself in beside me behind the stone.

"Hopeless," he said. "There are three guards on the bridge."

"What are we going to do, then?" I asked.

"Don't ask me," said Gingernuts. "This is where I say Pass, and go home to bed."

"Only six miles to the frontier and we're stuck here," I said.

And there was no doubt that we *were* stuck. I leaned against the stone and Petter laid her head on my knees and shut her eyes. Time passed, and slowly it began to get light. A rather feeble gray gleam fell on the river, and I could glimpse it like a dull silver ribbon. It was five o'clock.

Soon I could see for several yards round about me, and it was plain we were in a confoundedly bad position. The forest was thin here, and there wasn't much to hide behind. And only a hundred yards away behind the knob of rock was the bridge with three German soldiers.

It wasn't particularly soothing to think what we had behind us, either. It was clear they were looking for us, and just as clear they'd find us when the sun rose.

SUDDENLY I heard something quite faintly through the roar of the waterfall.

"Gingernuts," I said, "hear that?"

He sat up and listened. Now we heard, plainly and much too close, the sound of a shot and then a dog barking.

They were obviously to our right, a bit higher up the slope.

Gingernuts said, "I'll crawl up a bit and have a looksee."

Petter lay beside me, looking up the slope, and suddenly she cried, "Look!"

Saunders came out of the wood not a hundred yards above us. He ran hobbling and stumbling downward, and now and then he waved his arms frantically.

And then I saw something that sent cold shivers down my back. After him came an Alsatian the size of a wolf; it kept flying at him, and trying to knock him down and get hold of his throat. Time and again he beat it off as he ran. The dog wasn't barking any longer.

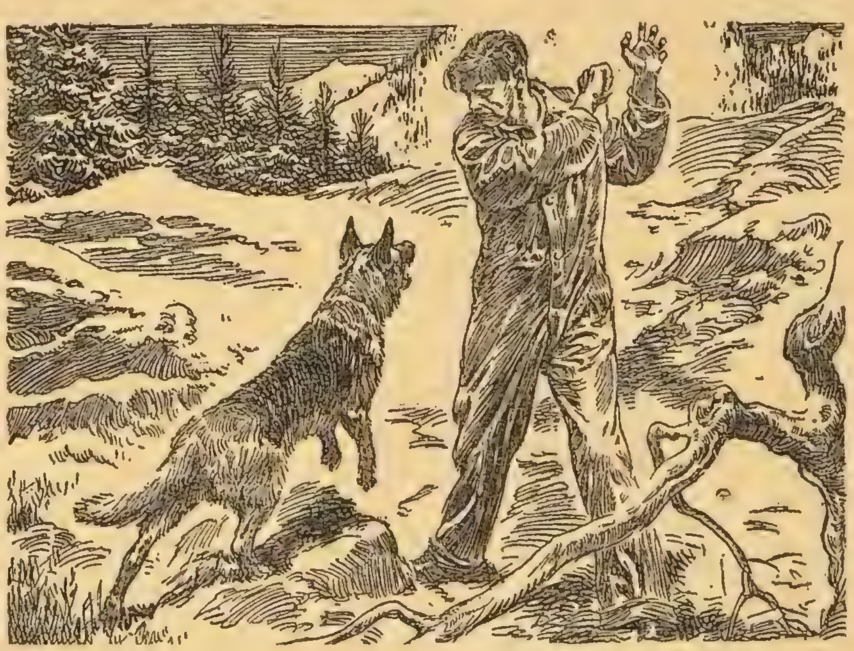
I took out my revolver, but the distance was far too great, and I could just as easily hit Saunders as the dog, if I hit at all.

He ran down toward the river and disappeared behind a knob of rock where Gingernuts was lying. I heard the dog barking again, and then came a shot, but this time from the bridge in front of us.

At the same moment Gingernuts turned round and made a sign.

Then he got hurriedly to his feet and rushed down the rock toward the bridge and disappeared.

Petter and I got up and ran onto the mound, and now I saw that we'd got a chance. Far down by the river ran Saunders, with the dog at his heels. And after him ran the three bridge guards. The way over the bridge was free.



Gingernuts was already on the bridge. Petter ran like a boy, and was a good bit in front of me when we finally arrived. I ran without looking round, following Gingernuts and Petter, who were now clambering quickly up the fell slope on the other side.

We got up onto a little plateau, and Gingernuts hurled himself headlong and lay gasping for breath. We threw ourselves down beside him on our bellies and looked down at the river edge that we'd just left.

Saunders had got to the water now, and the dog was barking wildly at him. He turned toward it, and I was glad that the great distance made it difficult to see everything.

Saunders tore himself away just as the three soldiers came up to the riverbank. Then he took a few staggering steps and threw himself into the water, and we saw him no more.

"He rescued us for the second time," said Petter.

Just then Gingernuts sat up with a jerk and pointed. A car was arriving on the other side of the road down at the bridge.

It stopped with its nose pointing straight at us, and wasn't more than three hundred yards away.

"Get a move on now," said Gingernuts. "Up onto the fell."

He began climbing upward, and we followed. Just as he got to the top a shot rang out. I saw him stagger and clutch his back; then he ran on. The next minute Petter and I were at the top too, and I ran as hard as I could toward the plateau.

Petter gave a shout behind me, and I stopped and turned. I saw that I'd run past Gingernuts in my hurry. He'd fallen behind a large boulder, only a few yards from the little valley, and Petter was kneeling there on the ground beside him.

When I came along he slowly pulled himself up so that he sat with his back to the stone. He was pale and his face was twisted with pain, but his eyes were open and calm, and he spoke low but clearly. "They got me, laddie."

"Where?"

Petter had opened his coat and loosened his belt. The bullet had gone right through him, and blood was gushing from the wound in the belly where it had come out.

Gingernuts said, "All up with me, eh?"

She bent over him and said in a very low voice, "I'm afraid so, Gingernuts."

"O. K.," he said. "It was good fun while it lasted. See that you get across now."

"Does it hurt?" I said, and thought at once that it was an idiotic thing to say.

"Not so bad," he said. "I'm fairly all right, and I'll give those beggars something to think about while you get away. Look lively now."

"It's a bit damnable to leave you like this," I said.

"Bilge," he said. "Give us your gun and then I'll have what I need. Now beat it."

I gave him the gun, and thought, Now you're leaving a friend again and letting him die.

Gingernuts looked cautiously out from behind the stone, lifted the heavy Mauser and fired. Then he gave a low laugh.

"Got him!" he said. "Now they're lying down."

Petter said, "Good-by, Gingernuts. You're a real brick."

"Good-by," he said. He lay with his face pressed against the stone, with his gaze directed at the Germans over there on the other side of the dip.

We began crawling away. Gingernuts shouted, "Iben!"

I turned round and crawled back to him, and he said, "Got any fags?"

I gave him my case, and he laid it beside him.

"Grand," he said. "Now let 'em come."

There was a lump in my throat and the tears were streaming down my face.

"Good-by, Gingernuts."

"Good-by," he said. "Happy landing."

It was easy to run now. The path ran downward, unbrokenly downward, and the mountain sloped evenly.

In front of us lay the forest, a dense black mass, and a little way into that mass was the beginning of Sweden.

I was so tired now that it didn't seem to hurt any more. I didn't look for Petter—only knew she was running along beside me.

It was quite quiet behind us, and I knew what was going on back there at the edge of the dip as well as if I'd been standing there looking on. Now they'd be distributing themselves carefully along the line of fire and taking care not to stick their heads up too high. And then they'd begin spreading to right and left to come round and take Gingernuts in the flank.

A SHOT rang out. A short dry bang, and I knew it was Gingernuts' Mauser. A short series from a tommy gun immediately replied. Then the Mauser again. Four times, at regular intervals. I realized he was still on top and giving himself time to aim properly. There was no answer from the tommy guns this time. Yes, there was, though. One shot, but it was different. A rifle.

This couldn't last very long, and it was a good way to the wood yet. We'd got a start, but it was clear we weren't being quick enough, though I was running so hard I felt my lungs must soon burst within me.

A revolver shot rang out again. And then three more with no intervals. I knew what that meant. The Germans had made a bold advance, and Gingernuts had emptied his Mauser at them without taking proper aim. Then came a long crackling series from the tommy gun, and it was clear what was happening. Covering fire. While the chap with the tommy gun forced Gingernuts to keep behind the stone, the others would surround him.

I looked toward the wood. A long way yet, at least a mile. And on the open slope they could pot at us at long range like coconuts at a fair.

"Quicker!" I shouted.

Her hair fluttered wild and fair in the blast, and even in this mazed moment I couldn't help thinking, How beautiful she is!

The revolver again. Many shots. There wasn't much of any other kind of sound now, and I realized he was shooting with my Walther. His own was empty, and they hadn't given him time to reload.

It couldn't be long now.

And then I heard the hand grenade explode, and knew that everything was over.

"Run!" I said. "We've *got* to get into the wood!"

There were still five hundred yards to go when the first shot rang out. A bullet whined straight past me and entered the fell ten yards in front of me. I called out to Petter:

"Flat on your face!"

We lay pressing ourselves against the bare mountain, panting for breath. I twisted about and looked round. Far behind us on the slope I caught sight of four—no, six—figures.

There were no shots, but I saw they were beginning to run down toward us.

"Up again and run!" I screamed.

We were running for dear life now. The seconds passed. I expected every moment to hear shots again. Now. . . . Now. . . .! There it went. The bullets whistled round us and ricocheted against the mountainside about us with a hideous singing sound.

I sobbed with weariness and fear.

Another shot. But in front of us! Right in front of us!

Petter stopped and sank groaning behind a tree trunk. I threw myself down beside her.

"Did it hit you?"

"No," she panted. "But look there."

I looked. In front of us, only fifty yards away, were four soldiers in steel helmets and presented rifles, coming forward between the trees. I said, "Give me that."

I got up, took the gun by the barrel, and threw it as far as I could into the wood.

She looked at me, frightened and desperate.

"What are you doing?"

"They're Swedes," I said.

Then my legs seemed to melt under me. I didn't notice that I fell.

WHEN I woke up I looked straight into the face of a young man in a white coat. He spoke a strange language, and I remember thinking it was German. All I wanted to do was to sleep.

"We must remove that arm of yours," he said. "Otherwise—"

"Otherwise?" I whispered.

"Otherwise you'll die, my friend."

I don't think I answered anything to that, at any rate I don't remember doing so.

Centuries later I woke up again and opened my eyes. That hurt, and I wanted to shut them again, but I didn't seem able to. I turned my head to the left and felt a terrific pain in my temples. If all the hangovers of my life ever collected together for a party, I imagine they would achieve something of the kind.

I saw I was lying in a bed and that I had a kind of birdcage made of steel wire round my shoulder. And the cage was empty. My arm was gone.

I was furious. I thought they'd got me, and that now the swine had gone and cut my arm off.

The young man with the horn-rimmed spectacles was standing there looking at me. He said, in the same strange language:

"How d'you feel, laddie?"

Of course. He was a Swede! I remembered everything. I screamed aloud:

"Petter!"

I know that I screamed aloud, but not a sound came from my mouth. But all the same, there she was standing leaning over me, and I saw how frightened she'd been, and how tired she was, and how happy she was. I lay there a while looking at her, and when I spoke I thought it took an eternity before I was able to get the words out.

"Can you see yourself marrying a man who's only got one arm?" I said.

She fell on her knees by the bed and a tear hit me on the nose as she kissed me.

"You'll always have mine," she said.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

BOOTH TARKINGTON, whose talent has hitherto been devoted to writing gracefully and with kindly understanding about ordinary people, has selected an unusual woman, in an unusual setting, as the protagonist of his new novel, **Image of Josephine.**

Booth Tarkington

When we first meet Josephine Oaklin, she is a precocious brat, spoiled by too much money and insufferably proud of her knowledge of art. When her grandfather informs her that he is going to leave the bulk of his vast fortune to the Oaklin Museum, Josephine strikes a noble sacrificial pose that makes the reader long for a little old-fashioned selfishness.

At the age of twenty-five, Josephine is a beautiful, intellectual, self-centered bundle of bad news, ready to fight, bleed, and die over the question of where a Ming vase or an impressionist painting shall be placed. A wounded officer—a thoroughly amiable and Tarkingtonian character—plays the foil for the domineering lady in this modern version of The Taming of the Shrew.

It takes all of Mr. Tarkington's mellow storytelling skill to make the soldier's betrothal to the formidable Josephine seem like a happy ending.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.50.

WHILE the manuscript of his book of G. I. reminiscences, **Lookin' Eastward,** was going to press, **Chaplain Thomas H. Clare** was reported missing. After reading this book it isn't hard to believe the publishers' statement that "mothers of men who have been killed say that the report of Chaplain Clare's loss is almost as tragic to them as the deaths of their own sons."

Chaplain Thomas H. Clare

Chaplain Clare's book, devoted mainly to his experiences with an Air Corps unit in India, radiates good nature and a frank and unassuming personality.

One of the chaplain's anecdotes tells how he became a hero with a group of men who had been bargaining with a native sandal maker. He succeeded in cutting the price from thirty rupees to twenty-two. When asked to explain his technique, he said: "These Bengalis are a proud, intelligent, honest people. . . . I tell him his prices are fair; a little too low, in fact, for such high-grade merchandise. . . . Then I explain that we Americans are really not rich at all."

The chaplain's strategy went over big—until some of the boys saw a native bearer wearing the sandals, and asked how much he had paid for them. The answer was: "Four rupees. Four rupees enough too much, sahibs."

Another yarn tells of a giant Finn in the outfit who was about to be court-martialed for calling his captain a "wet-nosed kid." A wise colonel took the case in hand. The big Finn was put to work on a man-sized job that he loved—and eventually died a hero's death.

Published by the Macmillan Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

THE BEST FROM YANK is a bumper crop of writings from the famous G. I. magazine. The chapter headings range from The Invasion of Mae West's Dressing Room to The Capture of Cherbourg. Some of the pieces are by "name writers" such as William Saroyan and Marion Hargrove. But the surprisingly vivid and graceful contributions by unknowns are the best of The Best from Yank.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. Price $3.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

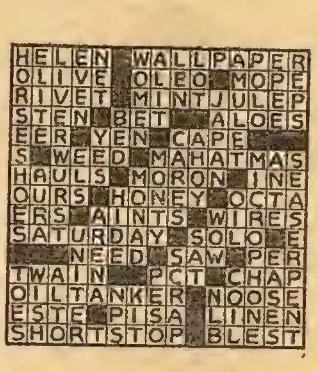
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What Frenchmen would you say really "were wolves"?
7 How would an eighteenth-century French tavern keeper have addressed a wealthy English tourist?
13 What very high-brow pianist has become a movie star?
14 Who is the extinct version of the present-day Let's Loan You Money company?
15 Painful cries
17 The jerk of the 1920s was said to be what?
18 A sign with a Cock & Bull would probably hang in front of an English what?
19 What are common to cards, the law, and habiliments?
21 Brooklyn's Durocher is nicknamed Leo the what?
22 London's Wall Street district is known as The what?
24 Breaks with a jerk
26 Pronoun
27 The cutting used in horticultural grafting is called a what?
29 An undignified term for a detective would be what?
31 Albert ——: Dutch painter (1605-1691)
33 Name the author of Elegy in a Country Churchyard
34 What unpleasant word, used constantly in the 1920s, is again on all lips?
37 A bull is also called a what?
40 The soldier's best friend (abbr.)
41 A face card, ten, or ace of trumps at bridge is known as a what?
43 All dried up
44 What's the most shocking fish?
46 Schnozzola vents are called what?
48 Anagram Ann, and get another form of same
49 What shrub makes medicine or fiber?
51 A colonel commands a what?
53 Name Dickens' best-known Little heroine
55 Seeking to avoid libel, news editors employ what verb constantly?
56 What vegetable product is said to stiffen the spine?
57 What are you least likely to hear from oysters?

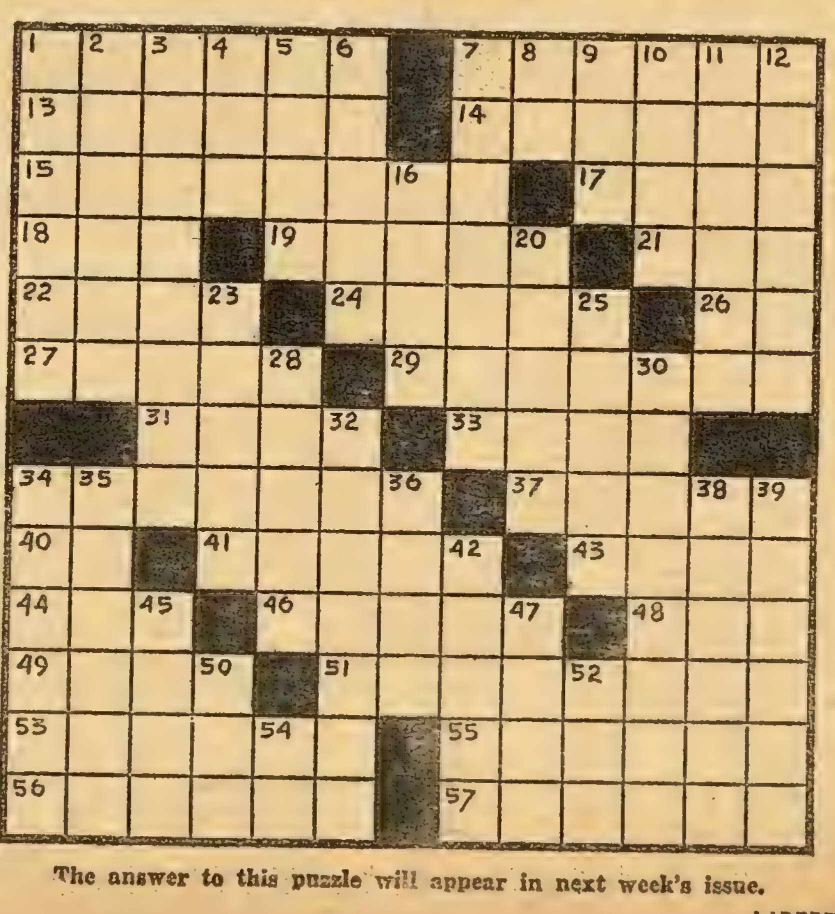
VERTICAL

1 Give a clownish form of apes
2 If you lack tone, energy, or nervous spunk you're said to be what?
3 Name the No. 1 U. S. Marine base
4 Mausoleum owners are said to do what to a living?
5 Venerable bird
6 Dry climate is said to be insurance against what sort of infection?
7 A P-51 is also called a what?
8 Exists
9 Affectionate dope
10 A word of mouth
11 France's pre-Revolution government system is called the *ancien* what?
12 A drygoods merchant's called a what in England?
16 Snares, drinks, and cotton cleaners
20 A minute primitive reproductive body in flowerless plants
23 Few of Hitler's what have had a chance to age?
25 When a bird cuts out its engine what does it do?
28 The shortage of what has hit American women's understanding hardest?
30 Hannibal made a famous crossing of what mountains?
32 Name the seaport, watering place and suburb of Cardiff, Wales
34 Spoon, corn, Irish soda, raisin, and potato are varieties of whats?
35 Were you to meet a four-foot yaller cat with black rosettes, spots, and stripes, it'd be a what?
36 Name Hitler's favorite cocktail
38 What French district gives its name to the Dutch royal house?
39 French gov't bonds and securities
42 One of King Lear's daughters
45 The modified submentum of aculeate hymenopters, or a whiplike Venezuelan tree snake
47 Lois, if well stuffed, has farm figure (anag.)
50 Shortstops and saints hate to what?
52 What's I/II of MMCII?
54 Write XXXXXXXXXIX in simpler form



HELEN WALLPAPER
OLIVE OLEO MOPE
RIVET MINTJULEP
STEN BET ALOES
EER YEN CAPE
S WEED MAHATMAS
HAULS MORON INE
OURS HONEY OCTA
ERS AINTS WIRES
SATURDAY SOLO E
NEED SAW PER
TWAIN PCT CHAP
OILTANKER NOOSE
ESTE PISA LINEN
SHORTSTOP BLEST

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Our future is in his hands

That's right, youngster—reach for it! Whatever it may be, to you it's something new and brightly shining—and so worth looking into.

And that's the spirit this old world needs—today, tomorrow and always.

* * *

Reaching out for new things is an old American habit. It's a good thing we still have it.

For looking beyond the war clouds, we know we will want more and better things than we have ever had before.

We will want more jobs than we've ever known. We will want good wages for those ready to earn them. We will want living standards higher than any we have enjoyed in the past.

And General Motors men are convinced, by their own experience, that the way to attain them is to reach for them and work for them.

Not many years ago, for example, the science of food protection was in its infancy. General Motors men reached for new and better ways to improve domestic refrigeration — to bring it within the means of the average family, to make it conserve health and lighten work.

It took consistent effort and long-pull planning to produce the kind of household refrigeration we now know. But those trim, efficient machines in America's kitchens revolutionized housework, and brought down the cost of food protection.

And General Motors men—busy now at meeting the needs of war—see great progress yet to be made in peacetime in household refrigeration and in the field of home freezers, and the protection of frozen foods in quantity.

So we find that today, as always, many future benefits rest in the hands of those who reach for the bright and shining promise, as this youngster is.

And as long as each generation is free to go forward with confidence in its future, the march toward "more and better things for more people" will continue steadily and without halt. That has always been General Motors' goal.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER
FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH
GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

Buy Bigger Bonds for the
Big 7th
War Loan Drive

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?
*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL

2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo ... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

THE BLIND FLYING THE BLIND

Continued from Page 23

Byers screamed, grasping his skipper by the shoulder. The pilot was hunched forward, earphones cocked crazily over one eye. To his horror, Jack saw that the pilot's face was a mass of blood.

He was muttering repeatedly, "Give them our position, Sparks. For God's sake, Sparks . . . give position . . ."

GLANCING at the co-pilot in the right-hand seat, Jack's mouth suddenly went dry. The other pilot's head lolled back against the side window. Blood poured unchecked from lacerations on his scalp and face. The screaming air stream ballooned his cheeks, his mouth open and slack in unconsciousness.

Squinting in the face of the icy blast rushing through the shattered windshield, Jack's eyes swept the maze of instruments on the six-foot panel before the two unconscious pilots. To Jack, the only familiar faces were the altimeters and the air-speed indicators. One showed an altitude of eight hundred feet. The other indicated a speed of two hundred and sixty miles an hour. Acting automatically, the flight clerk grabbed the co-pilot's control yoke with both hands and gently but firmly pulled back and turned the wheel until the nose and wings were level with the fading horizon.

"How much flying time have you had?" shouted the navigator over Jack's shoulder.

"Enough to do something about this," Jack shouted, and added in a commanding tone, "Unbuckle his belt and get him out of this seat—then get the flight engineer up here—quick!" Jack's voice sounded the note of authority and confidence as he added, "And tell them back in the cabin that we're not ditching this airplane—not yet, anyway."

Working quickly, the radio operator and the navigator dragged the limp body of the co-pilot from the cockpit and placed him on the upper bunk in the crew compartment. Jack slipped into the pilot's seat, buckled the belt, and leveled the wings again.

"What's the score, Byers?" the flight engineer shouted as he knelt below the control pedestal out of the air blast.

"We're going to fly this ship until Captain Franklin or the co-pilot comes to. I can handle her straight and level as long as we are in contact, but I'm not sure I can hold her on instruments. I've only had fifteen hours under the hood and that was months ago. Do you know how to put this thing on the automatic pilot?"

"Yes, sir. Just hold it level a minute!" The flight engineer turned on the servo valves and adjusted the auto-pilot control unit on the instrument panel.

"The course is two-sixty-four," the navigator called.

"O. K. Thanks," Jack acknowledged. "Is she all set up to fly hands off?"

At a nod from the flight engineer Jack tentatively released the controls and felt a surge of relief as he saw the ship respond smoothly to the automatic pilot. A moment later the transport plunged into a snow squall. The cockpit was instantly filled with pelting droplets, stinging the faces of the crew members. The engineer had already ripped two plywood panels from the ceiling of the crew compartment and now worked rapidly to improvise a windscreen behind the shattered glass.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed between the time the missile had crashed through the windshield and the moment when Jack assumed leadership.

"Get the flight nurse up here," Jack shouted. The navigator disappeared and returned a minute later with the nurse. Jack turned in his seat to meet her startled eyes as the girl stood between the pilots' seats and quickly sized up the situation.

"How bad off is the captain?" Jack nodded toward the hunched form in the opposite pilot's chair.

Without a word the nurse turned toward the captain. Gently she raised the unconscious man's head and peered at the pilot's eyes in the beam of a flashlight the flight engineer held at her shoulder. Needle-like splinters of glass were embedded in the flesh around the captain's eyes and forehead. Blood trickled slowly from several larger lacerations. Already a blackening of the bruised tissues about the eyes had swollen to the proportion of the black eye a man might get from the blow of a pitched baseball or an ungloved fist.

"I can't say whether his eyes are permanently damaged or not," she said, "but they'll both be swollen tight shut in another half hour. He can't do any good up here. Let's get him back on the bunk, where I can work on him."

Jack called the flight engineer, "Keep an eye on everything up here and you take complete charge of the power settings, fuel transfer, and keep the ship flying at about four thousand. Call if you need help."

"Yes, sir," the flight engineer answered.

For the next half hour the flight routine aboard the big transport went on as usual, except for the fact that both pilots were lying unconscious on the bunks in the crew compartment. The navigator stood on his stool under the astrodome taking his hourly three-star fix. The radio operator canceled the S O S and reported the up-to-the-minute situation aboard, giving the destination as Stephenville. The flight engineer guarded the automatic pilot and occasionally made course changes at the navigator's command by turning the rudder-control knob on the auto-pilot unit.

In the meantime Jack was busy helping the nurse with the injured pilots. He heated water in the electric hot cup usually used for making hot drinks for the crew, and assisted the flight nurse with cold compresses which she had him apply continuously to the swollen blackened eyes of the pilots.

At the first opportunity the flight clerk began cleaning up the mess on the floor. It was while he was sweeping up the shattered glass that he discovered the first clue to the object which had hurtled through the windshield with the force of a cannon ball.

Stooping to examine the debris more closely, Jack picked out some splinters of white bone, webbed feet, and several handfuls of bloody feathered pulp.

AT this moment Captain Franklin struggled to a sitting position. "What's happened? Who's flying the ship?" the airman mumbled.

"Everything's O. K. for the moment, sir," Jack replied. "We've put her on the automatic pilot and are on course, cruising at four thousand."

The nurse coming forward from the cabin stepped through the shattered bulkhead door. "So you're coming to life, Captain Franklin." The girl spoke reassuringly. "Now just take it easy."

She pushed the pilot gently back on the bunk and added, "Keep this cold compress over those shiners and we'll try to reduce the swelling enough for you to see to land this airplane when we get to Stephenville tomorrow morning."

"How's my co-pilot?" the captain inquired after a pause.

"He has a concussion, I think—still unconscious, but he has two black eyes too—worse than yours."

"What hit us?" the pilot asked.

"Here's the answer, captain." The flight clerk placed two webbed feet in the captain's hand. "Feel it? Found a half a dozen like these mixed up with broken glass, bloody pulp, and feathers."

"Sea-gulls' feet! You're right, kid, that's what we hit, sure. A flock of sea birds flying along under the overcast." The older man talked rapidly. "I remember now. We were letting down below the freezing level around eighteen hundred feet when it happened. Must have been a flock of terns or some kind of migratory sea birds flying off Cape Farewell.

"Sparks!" The captain called the radio operator to him.

Following the creed of the Airline Pilots Association, Captain Franklin acted instinctively to fulfill the sworn obligation of any pilot of a stricken aircraft—to tell the world by radio what happened.

"Sparks! Get on the air and tell them, 'Both pilots knocked out and blinded by impact with a flight of sea birds.' "

The radio operator interrupted, "I already gave them the dope, skipper—while you were still out cold."

After a moment the captain ordered another message to be sent: " 'Urgently advise all C-54 windshields be immediately replaced with heavy bulletproof glass as in windshields on American Airlines domestic ships in States.' Sign my name to that." The operator quickly tuned the transmitter and began clattering his key.

During the next six hours the captain, from the bunk in the crew compartment, directed the flight westward. Checking continuously with the navigator and listening to radio-beam signals through an extension to the headphones, Captain Franklin, though temporarily blinded by the swelling over each eye, guided his ship to the coast of Newfoundland and inland toward Stephenville.

THE HORNY TOAD

The horny toad, ill graced but harmless,
Is thought by some to be quite charmless.
At least he helps eat garden ants up
And does not try to run your pants up!

—*S. Omar Barker.*

"Come here, Byers!" Captain Franklin called the flight clerk to his side. "Listen, kid. I've been lying here for the past five hours hoping the swelling in one of my eyes would go down enough for me to see to land this ship when we get to Stephenville. It's no go. I'm just as good as stone blind. We're in a tough spot, but I think we've got a chance if you keep your nerve and will do exactly as I tell you."

"Yes, sir," Jack answered in a subdued voice. The older man continued. "Thank God we've got a break in the weather. Stephenville is giving a ceiling of five thousand, broken." The captain paused, and after a minute spoke again: "You say you had about a hundred and thirty hours before they washed you out?"

Jack told the captain briefly of the circumstances—that the check pilot said he lacked judgment and would never make a combat pilot.

"Well, a hundred and thirty hours isn't much time, but if you had enough nerve and judgment to take over after we were knocked out back there off Cape Farewell, I think you can land this pot."

For the next half hour the captain rehearsed every detail of the landing with Jack. He then struggled to his feet and groped his way to the cockpit. The flight engineer, who had been guarding the automatic pilot continuously, slipped out of the captain's chair and helped the skipper seat himself, buckle the seat belt, and adjust the radio headphones.

"Now sit down here, Jack, and we'll make a pilot out of you, or else." The captain waved his hand toward the copilot's seat. Jack obeyed.

Speaking to the flight engineer, the captain said, "You call off air speeds, altitudes, and compass readings every fifteen seconds no matter what happens. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain groped instinctively for the volume-control knob of the command receiver tuned to the Stephenville beam.

"Sounds pretty close in now, son. Do you see the airport?"

"Yes, sir. Another C-54 is going in for a landing. They're making their approach over the water," Jack replied tensely.

"Fine. Keep your eye on that runway. That's the one we're going to land on," the captain instructed the flight clerk calmly, slowly. "Now we'll pull back the power and let her settle. Hold up the nose. Don't let her dive and pick up speed."

The engineer sang out, "Twenty-five hundred feet. One-eighty air speed and three hundred and ten degrees on the compass."

"Take it easy now, Jack. Slow her down to one fifty and make your turn out over the bay. Give yourself plenty of room."

Turning instinctively in his seat, the air-line captain called to the radio operator, "Sparks! Crank up that control tower and tell them we're on our downwind leg and"—the captain leaned toward

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ARMY E NAVY

the radio operator and cupped his hand so Jack wouldn't hear—"better tell them to have their ambulances and fire equipment alongside that runway."

Jack started a gentle left turn for the final approach.

"Eighteen hundred feet. One forty air speed and two hundred degrees on the compass," called the engineer.

"Nothing to it, eh, Byers?" The captain leaned toward the engineer and calmly ordered, "Now give us half flaps and a little more power. What's it look like now, Jack?"

"We're out over the water, captain—about three miles downwind from the airport." Jack's throat was dry.

"O. K., kid, you're doing fine. Just take it easy now. Can you see your runway?"

"No, the plywood screen is in the way." Quickly the flight clerk tore the panel aside and squinted into the blast of the icy air stream coming through the open windshield. "Yes. Now I see it. We're coming around to line up the runway, but we're way too high." Jack's knuckles were white on the wheel.

The radio operator and navigator, who had been standing behind the pilots' seats, now took their landing stations and buckled their safety belts.

"Jack, you're doing fine." The captain spoke encouragingly.

Only twitching face muscles, perspiration on his forehead in spite of the draft from the open windshield, and the deathlike grip of his strong hands on the leather-covered armrests of his chair revealed the tremendous strain the airman was under as he placed his ship and the lives of everyone aboard in the hands of this twenty-one-year-old boy who had been washed out of Army Air Corps flight training for lack of judgment.

From his tone of voice, Captain Franklin might have been directing a laborer how to paint a barn, instead of blindly coaching the landing of a thirty-ton, two-hundred-mile-an-hour, four-engine cargo plane, when an error in judgment of a few feet, the inadvertent loss of ten miles an hour air speed, or failure to level the hundred-foot wing in a fraction of a second would result in a flaming gasoline-drenched pyre.

"You're landing a Cub, Byers. Just remember that."

The flight engineer's voice was now clipped and breathless: "One thousand feet at one forty. One hundred and ten on the compass."

The captain spoke unhurriedly to the engineer, "Give us the gear, kid."

INSTANTLY the heavy landing gear rumbled into the air stream. The green "landing gear safe" lights flashed on the instrument board reassuringly.

"Now aim her straight for the end of that runway," the captain continued as if he saw the field himself.

"Eight hundred at one twenty air speed," the engineer shouted.

"Steady, fellows! Jack's doing O. K." The captain's hand reached instinctively for the four throttles. By ear he eased on a little more power to check the falling air speed.

"How far off are we, Jack?"

"We're almost over the runway, but we're way too high," Byers shouted.

"Fine, Jack. We'll give you full flaps now. Just fly her down to that runway and level her off just like a big old Cub."

As the flight engineer operated the flap control, the big ship heaved upward momentarily and settled steeply.

"You're going to make a good landing out of this, kid. She's all yours." The captain sat back with a faint smile on his battered lips.

"One hundred feet! One fifteen on the air speed." The flight engineer did not forget to call off altitude and speed even at this critical moment.

Now the runway markers rushed under the nose. The wings rocked sluggishly. Jack's eyes were dimmed by tears caused by the blast of air rushing unchecked through the open windshield. The concrete flowed in a gray ribbon under the nose. Jack eased back on the wheel, twisting the ailerons sharply to check a falling wing.

The heavy ship responded slowly. There was a sudden squeal as the dual tires kissed the concrete. The nose wheel gently met the runway.

"Now steer her straight!" the captain shouted. The engineer leaned across the captain's lap and awkwardly twisted the nose steering wheel with both hands as the ship careened down the runway at a hundred miles an hour.

The captain's toes instinctively pressed on the brake pedals until rubber screamed. The ship decelerated rapidly and rolled to a smooth stop at the end of the runway, where a cavalcade of fire trucks, ambulances, jeeps, and command cars full of officers and men rushed toward it.

JACK paused in the corridor, parked his gum and, with his cap at the *correct* angle, entered a suite labeled, "Chief of Training Division, U. S. Army Air Forces." Drawing a folded telegraph message from his tunic, he presented it to the WAC at the reception desk, and retired to a bench to await developments.

A week before, Private Jack Byers, A. T. C. flight clerk, had received nationwide publicity as the washed-out flying cadet who had saved the C-54 transatlantic litter ship after both pilots had been blinded by collision with migratory sea birds over the North Atlantic.

Now he was in Washington, waiting to see why he had received orders to report immediately to the general commanding the Training Division of the Air Forces.

"Private Byers, the general is ready to see you."

A tall graying officer rose to meet him as Jack entered the room and stood stiffly at attention.

"At ease, Private Byers." Jack relaxed imperceptibly as the general took his hand.

"We have a report from Captain Franklin of the A. T. C. He states that your coolness, good judgment, and inherent flying ability in an extreme emergency were directly responsible for saving his ship." The general paused and smiled.

"On the basis of that report, Private Byers, we have decided to reinstate you as a flying cadet. You will proceed immediately to Randolph Field, Texas, to resume your flight training where you left off."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." Almost inarticulate with surprise and happiness, Jack stammered, "I—I'll make it this time, sure, general!"

"The best of luck to you, Byers." The general shook Jack's hand warmly. "Now, is there anything else we can do for you before you leave Washington?"

Jack shifted his weight uncertainly and after a moment's pause said, "Yes, sir, I—I wonder if I could get some writing paper and an air-mail envelope around here. There is a very important letter I must get off right away."

A few minutes later Jack was sitting at a desk hastily evacuated by a WAC typist. Deliberately he dipped the pen and, with a benign grin of satisfaction on his face, began the letter—four months overdue: "Dear Helen . . . "

THE END

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RED HORSE
SLOE GIN

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Chicago, U.S.A. 60 Proof.

ARE WE GROWING INTO GIANTS?

Continued from Page 27

experiments with fruit flies—the most perfectly controlled of laboratory creatures. Geneticists have shown that in certain strains of these flies the degree of wing growth depends largely on temperature. At low temperatures the wings remain stunted, or vestigial. With greater sustained warmth the wings grow progressively longer. If the temperature is kept within a constant low range for generations, no one would know that the stunted wings had the capacity for any greater growth. Similarly there are other strains of fruit flies where changes in humidity can affect the growth of the abdomen. Finally it has been proved that bombardments with X rays, or other radiations, can cause changes in the growth of various species, either through influences on the parents' reproductive cells, or directly on offspring during early development.

Could it be that human growth, too, has been stepped up by some recent changes in atmospheric conditions? Or that some cosmic rays or other mysterious emanations have pepped up our growth processes? Quite possibly, but it may take years of research to prove or disprove the theory.

APART from greater height, the bodily proportions of Americans have been changing in a number of ways. Among the younger men, weight has gone up considerably, shoulders have become proportionately broader, legs and arms longer, hips somewhat narrower, and waistlines smaller in relation to chest. These changes are directly reflected in the apparel industry. Records of manufacturing tailors for the past century show plainly that if suits or uniforms of a generation ago were fitted to our young fellows today, there would be a din of bursting seams like a pre-invasion barrage, and if the measurements of the Spanish-American War period were used, our lads would look as if they'd been fitted into strait jackets.

American women's war against poundage has shown its results in the fact that although they've gained in height, their average weights are lower by about 3 per cent, and hips are much reduced. Among our younger women, however, particularly in the college group, better muscular development and the more marked increase in stature have brought weights up. For example, freshmen girls at Mount Holyoke College last year weighed about ten pounds more than those of 1918, had bigger chests, and were considerably stronger, as measured by hand grip. Legs of American women haven't lengthened much, the increase being mostly in the trunks, but slimmer figures may make them look longer. Moreover (and you don't need scientists to prove it for you), female underpinnings are shapelier and straighter than they used to be, largely because better childhood care reduced the incidence of rickets or other bone-warping conditions.

Although the ladies might not like to hear it, their feet have grown bigger. This was recently brought out by Dr. Howard V. Meredith of the University of Iowa, in studies showing that the tootsies of present-day American coeds average 9.4 inches in length, or about a size larger (one fifth of an inch) than those of college girls of the previous generation. Men's feet also have grown a size, averaging a full inch longer than women's.

Also of great interest are some of the changes in features which have occurred among Americans. Professor Boas showed in his early researches that head shapes and faces of American-born children of immigrants differed from those of their parents. In all the groups studied, faces had been growing narrower and somewhat longer, but there was a mystery as to why, among Bohemians, heads had been growing smaller in length and width; among Hebrews, longer and narrower; and among Italians, longer but wider. Perhaps it was because the shift in environment differed in each case. Incidentally, it is not unlikely that if large numbers of American soldiers send for their wives and remain in foreign places after the war, we may see a reverse trend, with American children born and reared abroad showing physical differences from those reared here.

BROOKLYN
CAT AND DOG
HOSPITAL

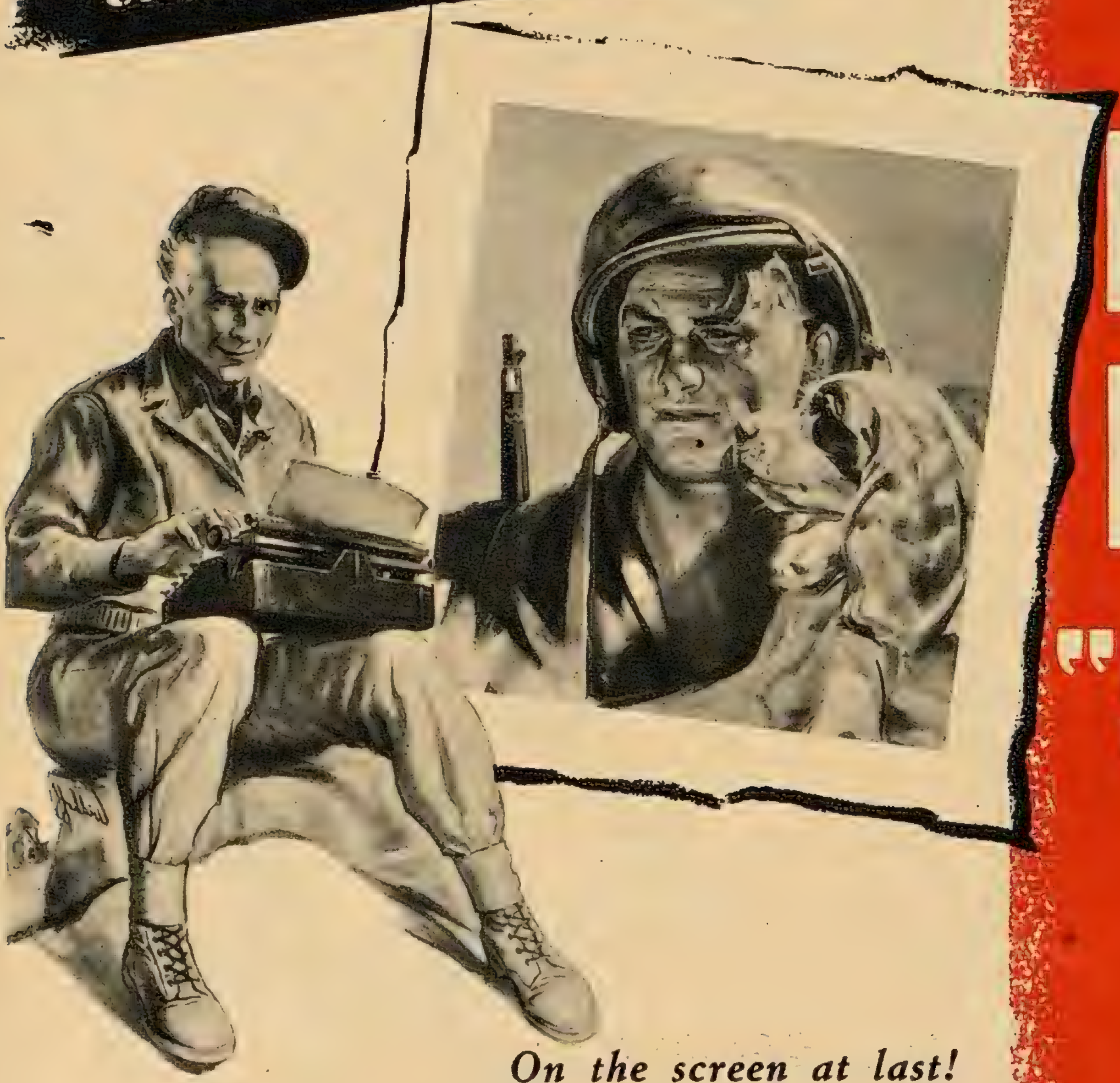
"Just visitors."

IN other ways Americans have been changing in looks. Features have become considerably more regular, particularly among those of foreign stock or those whose parents or grandparents lived under conditions less favorable than their own. In many families, children have better-shaped mouths and teeth, and noses tend to be proportionately smaller and straighter. Also, faces of Americans of many different origins are beginning to take on more and more of the same appearance and expression. Here, probably, growing similarities in diet, habit, exercise, and thinking have helped along the melting-pot process, biologically as well as psychologically, so that Americans are becoming a more homogeneous people.

Whether we've become the best-looking people in the world may be a matter of opinion, beauty standards being what they are. But there is little doubt that Americans now are the most imposing-looking men and women the world has ever seen in any large numbers. If you know your Bible, you may recall the phrase, "There were giants in the earth in those days" (Genesis 6:4), referring to the period before the flood. Some believe that early historians may have confused the bones of other prehistoric mammals with those of humans, but the reference may have been to some of the Cro-Magnon men who lived about 50,000 years ago, and who reached heights of six feet. This was indeed enormous in comparison with the stature of other early men, and here again climate may have had its effect. Subsequently human stature dwindled. Ancient warriors probably averaged no more than five feet four or five at the most, and if

(Continued on page 63)

UNFORGETTABLE SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT



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"Pardon me, Miss Bandini. There goes that war again!"

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"HELL-RAZOR"

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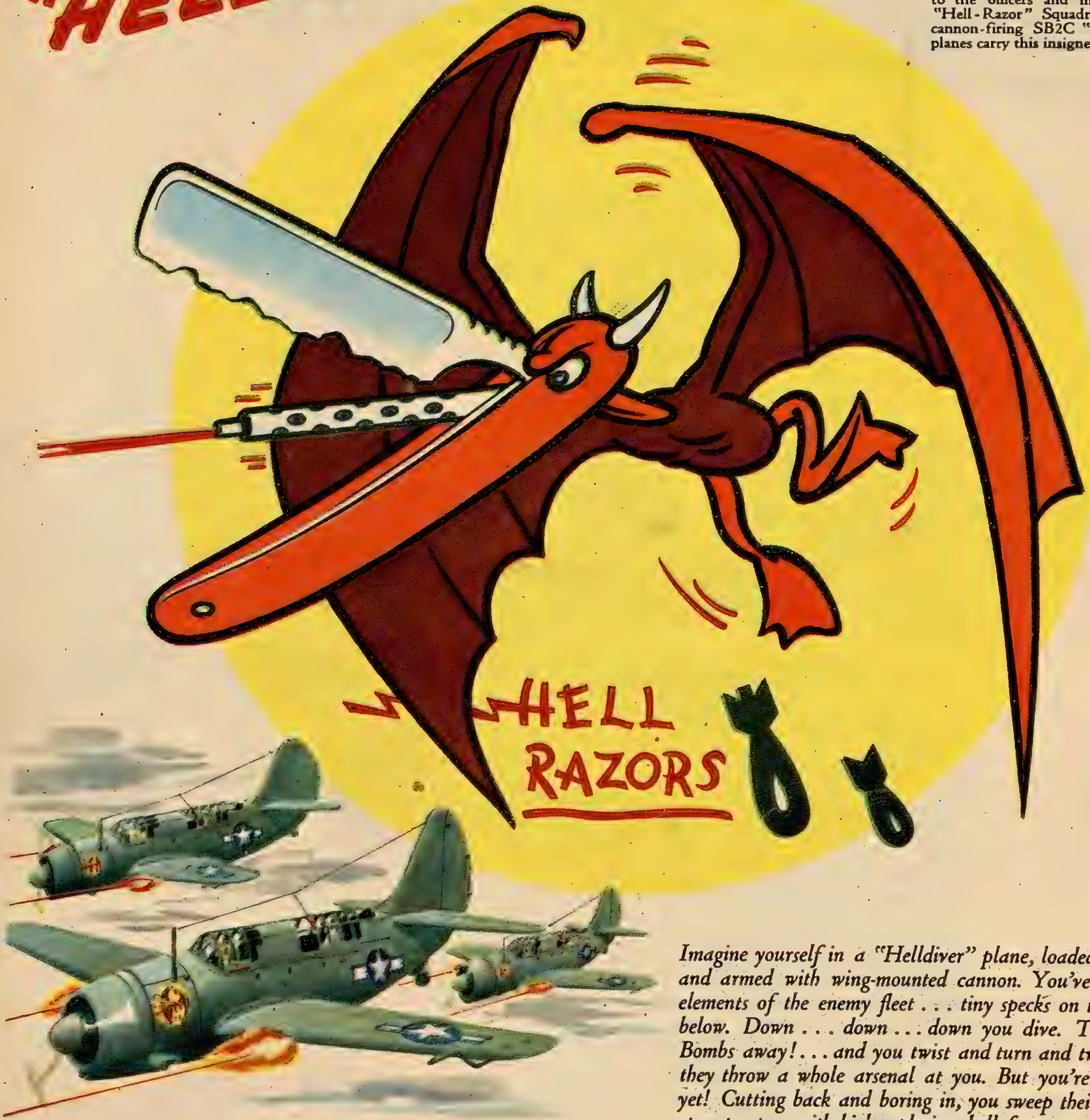
OF A NAVY
DIVE-BOMBING SQUADRON

This page is Oldsmobile's tribute to the officers and men of the "Hell-Razor" Squadron, whose cannon-firing SB2C "Helldiver" planes carry this insigne.



Imagine yourself in a "Helldiver" plane, loaded with bombs and armed with wing-mounted cannon. You've just spotted elements of the enemy fleet . . . tiny specks on the ocean far below. Down . . . down . . . down you dive. Then it's . . . Bombs away! . . . and you twist and turn and twist again, as they throw a whole arsenal at you. But you're not through yet! Cutting back and boring in, you sweep their decks from stem to stern with high-explosive shell from your cannon . . .

THE U. S. Navy has come to be a consistent user of 20 mm. automatic aircraft cannon. Mounted in SB2C "Helldivers," these guns have not only demonstrated again and again their effectiveness in shooting down enemy planes and shooting up enemy ground installations, but they have also proved their value in strafing enemy ships. High-explosive shell from these cannon will sweep a carrier's decks clean . . . will knock out gun batteries on battleships and cruisers . . . will often sink a smaller vessel outright!

Oldsmobile has been building these hard-hitting weapons since before Pearl Harbor, and scores of thousands have gone into action on Army and Navy planes. Oldsmobile also produces aircraft rockets, heavy caliber shell, cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, parts for aircraft engines, and axle forgings for military vehicles. Oldsmobile men and women appreciate that the more of these munitions they build, the fewer American lives will be lost. That's why they say, *"Let's Keep 'Em Firing until Victory!"*

Raising Money Is Important, Too!

It takes many millions of dollars to keep outfits like the "Hell-Razors" in action. Our War Bonds help buy the guns and planes and ships they need. Those same Bonds also help insure a free and prosperous future for America.

Buy War Bonds to Keep 'Em Firing!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS!

(*Continued from page 60*)

you have glamorous mental pictures of knights of old as towering stalwarts—well, a study of armor in the big museums will show you that most of the Galahads were puny by comparison with our high-school lads, and perhaps not more than one in fifty was up to our average.

If we look for real "giants" in past times, we find reports only of individuals, usually legendary. Thus Goliath's height was given as "six cubits and a span," which by present reckoning would have made him about nine feet nine inches tall. If a man reached such a height, the modern medical world would call it "pituitary gigantism"—extreme abnormal growth resulting from overactivity of the pituitary gland. Such giants are usually weaklings who rarely live long. This was true of the most noted giant of our own times, the late Robert Wadlow of Alton, Illinois, who had reached the height of 8 feet 9½ inches (the tallest ever authenticated), and was still growing when he died in 1940 at the age of twenty-two. Wadlow walked laboriously, supported by a cane. Doctors reported he was sluggish in his responses and insensitive to touch or pain from the knees down.

However, some of the current circus giants, who range from seven feet nine to a few inches less, seem to be pretty healthy and vigorous.

IN other words, it is entirely possible for a man to achieve a height well over seven feet and still be what we would call "normal" in physique and functioning. Undoubtedly these giants will become increasingly numerous. But there will have to be limits. Physiologists point out that if human height and breadth get beyond a certain point, the mass of the body would become more than the skeletal structure could support properly. At the same time, the skin surface, which would be only squared as the mass of the body would be cubed, might no longer be adequate to do its heat-regulating job. Like prehistoric monsters, then, the oversized humans, no longer able to adapt themselves to their environment, would expire.

What may do most to keep human stature within bounds are our hereditary factors, the genes. These little living particles, passed along in the germ plasm from one generation to another, lay out all our general growth patterns, shape our numerous bodily details, and set limits on our growth. Though stature genes vary, which accounts for height differences in individuals, families, and strains, the range isn't very great. The fact that through tens of thousands of years human stature has changed only a matter of inches would indicate that the genes have remained pretty much the same, and will continue to do so.

Altogether, then, even if cosmic rays, or whatever is involved, do their darnedest, we're not going to grow into storybook giants. But, just the same, we're getting enough bigger so that it's about time the makers of beds and mattresses, Pullman berths and doorways began revising their specifications.

THE END

FOR THE RECORD

With so many people marrying
And divorcing as they choose
What this country really needs
Is an edition of Who's Whose.
—*Louise Duke.*

O-O-O-OH! Look what's in this book!

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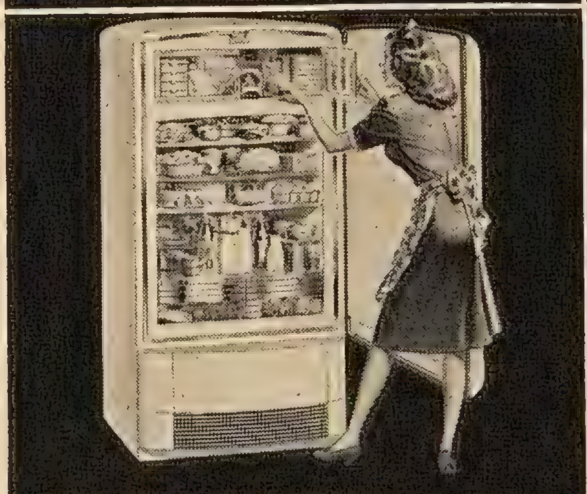

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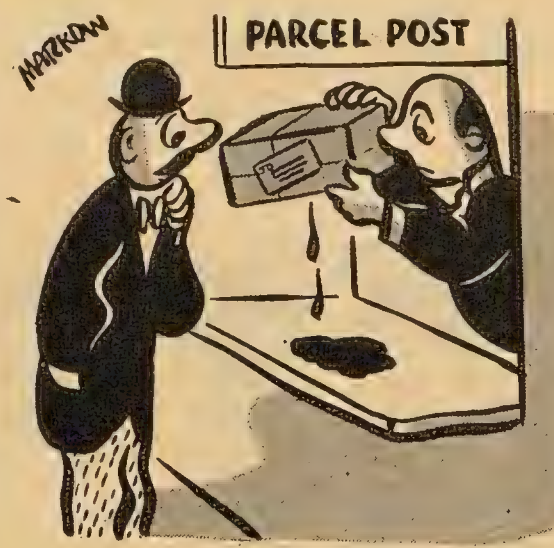
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

MRS. G. G., Farrell, Pa. If your husband is running around with another woman, I suggest you write to his chaplain and ask that gentleman to have a heart-to-heart with friend husband. If that doesn't work, I'm afraid you'll just have to wait for Father Time, who also has a way of handling those things.

* * *

Mrs. Y. F., Las Vegas, Nev. Whisky cannot be sent overseas, since it not only is a violation of Army regulations to possess it on a post, but it is also a violation of the federal postal laws to ship whisky through the mails across any state line.



Whisky

* * *

W. J. Duncan, Boston, Mass. All holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor become eligible for a $10 monthly special pension upon reaching the age of sixty-five.

* * *

Barbara Fenton, Pittsfield, Mass. Yes, the British wives of American soldiers are receiving free transportation to the United States, and about 20,000 of them are eligible for the trip. If your brother's wife is in London, she should check with the Adjutant General, Return of Dependents Section, U. S. Army, in that city. About 200 of the 20,000 have already made the trip.

* * *

Mrs. W. K., Jackson, Calif. Your son is allowed to wear his Expert Infantryman's Badge, despite the fact that he has been commissioned a lieutenant on the battlefield. Because he is now an officer, however, he will lose the $5 monthly bonus, since that pay raise is only for enlisted men who are entitled to the Badge.

* * *

F. C. J., PhM2c, San Diego, Calif. No, you are not entitled to wear the American Defense Ribbon, since the qualification for that is that you must have been on active federal service of twelve months or longer and have served at some time between September 8, 1939, and December 7, 1941.

To all soldiers, everywhere: The only three campaign ribbons authorized by the Army are (1) American Theater, (2) European-African-Middle Eastern, and (3) Asiatic-Pacific. No ribbon has yet been authorized for service within the continental United States.

* * *

S/Sgt. H. G. H., Denver, Colo. I agree with you that soldiers who contract tuberculosis because of battle conditions should be awarded the Purple Heart, but the rule now states that medal is awarded only to those soldiers who receive a wound in action against an enemy of the United States.

* * *

M/Sgt. A. F. Calkins, Camp Bowie, Texas. At the present time there is no such thing as a re-enlistment bonus. Whether there will be again after the war is over has not yet been decided.

* * *

Pfc. Jack Bender, France. WACs are awarded Good Conduct medals for the same reasons as male soldiers—completion of three years of active federal military service, plus recommendation by their C. O. for exemplary behavior, efficiency, and fidelity. Each subsequent additional three-year period (up to five), justifying the award of this medal, entitles the wearer to a bronze clasp in the form of a knot.

* * *

Cpl. J. C. F., Ogden, Utah. The best name I ever knew a soldier to own belonged to one at Fort Knox a few years back. It was Pvt. Ames Wright. Know a better one?

* * *

Mrs. E. H., Lynn, Mass. No, if your husband were to be discharged because of dependency, he would not lose his mustering-out pay, nor any of his other benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

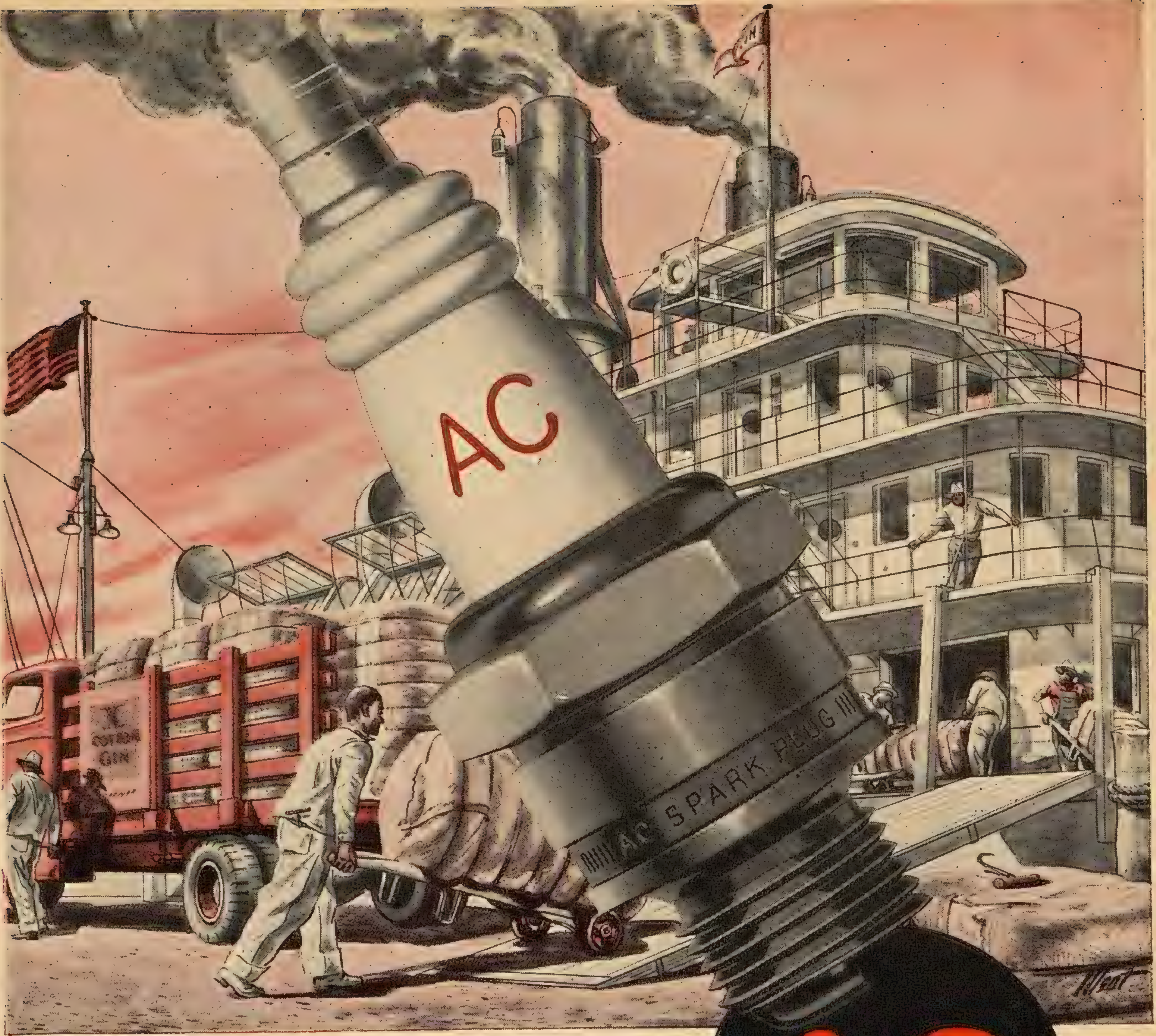
* * *

J. V., Mandan, N. D. No, not every letter that goes overseas is censored. Some, about which there is some suspicion, are, but the great majority pass through untouched.

* * *

Mrs. J. D. K., Trenton, Fla. Yes, your brother continues to get flying pay despite the fact that he is now a Prisoner of War. According to Army Regulations, any person in active service who is reported as missing in action, interned in a neutral country, or captured by the enemy is entitled while so absent to have credited to his account the same pay *and allowances* to which he was entitled at the beginning of his absence.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

Today's "Mississippi Mule" is the less picturesque but more reliable motor truck—speeding the cotton crop from plantation to cotton gin—from warehouse to freight yard or levee—from boat or train to textile mill. Two out of four of these trucks are equipped with AC Spark Plugs, specified by engineers and owners alike for *utmost reliability.* Thousands of them are kept efficient and reliable by the famous AC method of cleaning and regapping every 3,000 miles. You can enjoy equal spark plug satisfaction by following the same practice, replacing worn plugs promptly with AC's of *correct Heat Range for today's fuels.*

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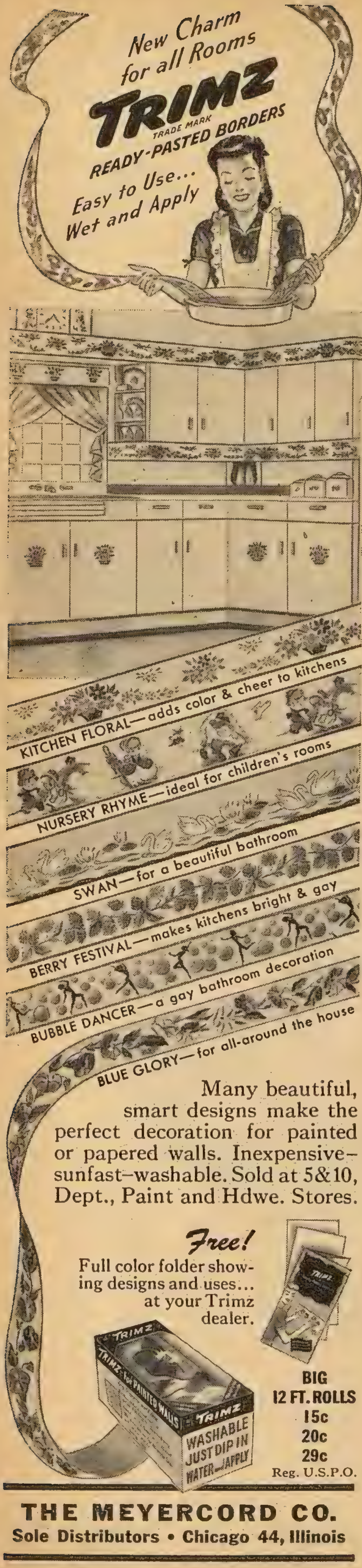
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UNCLE DAN DROPS IN

Continued from Page 31

a typewriter. He pulled a proof and handed it to pop.

It was Saturday and I was working there, picking up waste. I heard what pop read aloud. " 'Clem Horts, the night watchman at the grain warehouse, has got over his bad cold.' " Pop peered over his glasses at Uncle Dan, who stood looking as pleased as if he was Shakespeare who'd just finished Hamlet. Pop roared, "Who cares if Clem Horst has got over his cold?"

"Clem does," said Uncle Dan.

" 'Frank Muldoon, who guards the Fourth Street railroad crossing, has a new seat to his armchair.' " Pop was speechless for a moment after that.

"Like it?" asked Uncle Dan eagerly.

"Who cares if the crossing watchman—what's his name—Muldoon?—has got a new seat to his chair or a new seat to his pants?" Pop was absolutely outraged.

"Frank cares. You'd be surprised how proud and pleased he is."

POP ran his eye down the proof, and the farther he read the more burnt up he got. And sarcastic. "So Joe Hite, the hardware man on Oswego Street, went to his keg of fourpenny nails and found Mrs. Holstrom's missing mama cat and three new coal-black kittens in it, did he? My, my, Dan, we should put out an extra about that! So John Hogan, who sweeps out at the bank, has five kids in Washington school, and when they came home with their report cards, four of them had straight A's! Sounds like a seven-column head to me. Good gravy, Dan, do you seriously offer this twaddle? Who'd read it?"

"Joe Hite and Mrs. Holstrom and John Hogan and some of their friends," said Uncle Dan.

"I'll bet there ain't a subscriber in the bunch. Never has been, that side of the tracks."

"Print my stuff and there will be," said Uncle Dan.

Pop came to this: " 'Harry Twoomey, who minds the city dump, says the saddest time of year for him is the week after Christmas. Folks bring their Christmas trees then and throw them on the dump. Harry gets to thinking how bright and gay those trees were a little while ago, and it takes all the fun out of his job.' "

Pop stopped and looked out the window. He believed in writing a good paper, but he knew there's heart to news as well as head. He remarked softly, "Dan, maybe I'm wrong and you're right. Suppose you do a few more."

Uncle Dan turned around and went back to that linotype at a sloping trot. He set up two galleys of items, and pop took them from him stick by stick. Things like: "The poplar limb that has been rubbing against Fred Dunn's chimney got to be too much for his patience lately. With the help of his brother-in-law, Ed Macy, who made the mistake of dropping in for a Sunday call, he took the limb down and worked it up and now has a quarter cord of firewood. Better inside the chimney than out, says Fred."

Pop breathed hard when he read it, because all his professional training cried out in pain, but he read on:

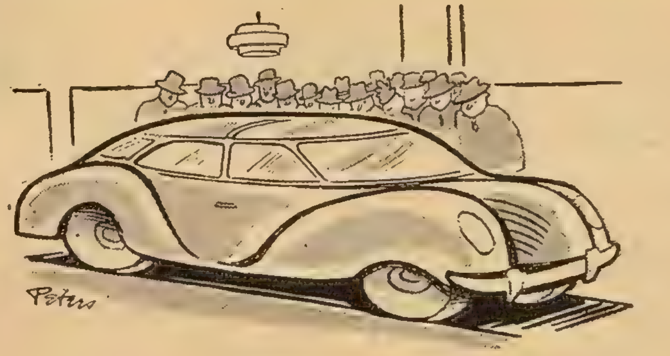
" 'Miss Daisy Goodman, who gives singing lessons, has a brand-new baseball. It came through her window. She says the owner should please come and get it and not be afraid. There was a crack in the window and she was going to get a new glass anyhow.' "

Pop printed those squibs. Four new subscribers before noon next day, three of them people pop had never seen before and certainly not read about in Ella's society column, seemed to prove that Uncle Dan had a sound idea. But pop didn't know whether to be pleased or to go jump off the bridge. Anyway, he was big enough to say to Uncle Dan, "Is it your plan to dig up more, Dan? Go ahead, if you've a mind to."

"Glad to, as long as I'm around. I like talking to folks," said Uncle Dan.

And that's what he did. He sat on park benches and he hung over fences. In order to play square, he made a big badge and hung it on his coat lapel. It said "Argus Reporter." When people saw him coming in that limp coat and derby hat, they laughed; but when he grinned and fell to talking with them, they seemed to be real pleased. The things he came back with, to turn into linotype slugs by the yard, had pop giving small cries and Ella Magee squirming about in her chair like corn in a popper, but they were printed. Such things as: "Mrs. Sweeney of Dunbar Street has some nice curtains hanging at her window. Everybody thinks they set off her place just fine."

You'd have to know Dunbar Street,



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

THOUGHTOMOBILE: The one you think you'd like to buy some day.

GINTLEMAN: Martini salesman.

OW!L: Bird with a sudden pain.

RESPONSORBILITY: Accountability for a radio program.

IN-SEINE: Crazy fish.

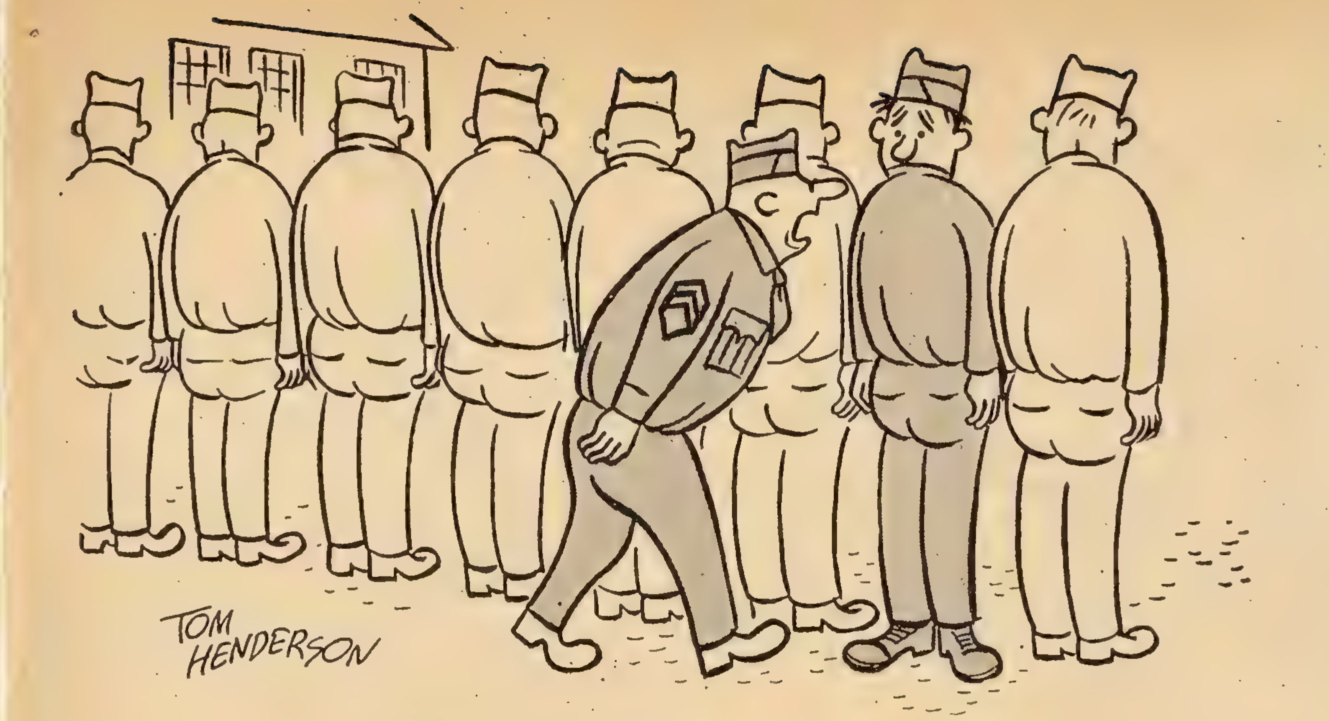
SHE-P: A ewe.

RITCHES: You have to scratch for dough.

SPEACH: Talk by a babe from Georgia.

JUNION: Marriage in the month of roses.

FIE-DELITY: The deuce with loyalty!



"Let's try that about-face again, Weaver!"

which was the shabbiest street in town, without sidewalks or paving, to know how little the state of Mrs. Sweeney's curtains meant to Clarinda. But there the paragraph was, right next to Ella's "The Partridges have returned from their country home at Grove Lake and reopened their lovely abode on Hillside Avenue. Miss Irma Partridge will leave shortly for her second year at Castlewood-on-Hudson finishing school."

But Uncle Dan had only started. What he said next day was: "The Argus reporter was walking along Dunbar Street recently and he asked Al Wright how long the pair of old overalls have been hanging in the fork of the oak in front of Al's house. Al said he couldn't rightly remember, but he thought it was three years, and maybe they ought to come down."

NOBODY knew it then, but Uncle Dan had started a campaign. He reported next: "Sure enough, Al Wright made good. He took down the overalls. He also took away the rusty stove from his front yard. His place looks quite spruced up with those little changes."

Items like these couldn't appear in the Argus without pop's regular readers noticing, and they began to rib him. The Springfield Herald did too. It copied a batch under the head, Busy Times in Clarinda. Pop got nervous. It would take only a few more cracks from the big Springfield paper and Clarinda's Chamber of Commerce would be on top of him. But Uncle Dan found Dunbar Street fine pickings. He spread the great news:

"Bill Glott was to be seen working in front of his Dunbar Street residence today. He was taking out weeds and putting in vegetables. Looks spick and neat."

"Some kind of a clean-up wave has hit Dunbar Street. George Axman has whitewashed his shed, and a beautiful job, too. Mrs. Abbott has planted phlox."

"The Slapps are painting their Dunbar Street house a fresh bright yellow. Ted Slapp is doing the work himself, Sundays. Folks admire his steam and Mrs. Slapp's nice taste."

"Two more cottages in Dunbar Street getting a summer painting. The Ed Jones place and the Steve Stovovski place. Neighbors do say there soon won't be a prettier street in town."

What counted was that as Uncle Dan's pieces were published, people heard about their names being in the paper, and they came into the office to see if it was so. Many subscribed. Pop was more than impressed. He was electrified. Other state papers began lifting Uncle Dan's columns and printing them intact, under such gay heads as Life in Clarinda, U. S. A. Pop knew then that it wouldn't be long before the local merchants cracked down on him, and he began working on an answer. When the Chamber of Commerce did send a committee, headed by Mr. Beehimer the banker, and they asked him to please consider Clarinda's civic pride and stop making us the jay town of the state, pop took the group for a walk. He showed them Dunbar Street.

Pop pointed at the improvements and he said, "These poor people did all this by their own labor, with no help from the Clarinda Chamber of Commerce. The Argus reported the facts. How does such uplift-by-the-bootstraps, and the simple recording of it in print, hurt our reputation as an up-and-coming community?"

The business men looked to one another for the reply to that, but couldn't find it. So they said, "Just the same, Arthur, you've got to stop making Clarinda a laughingstock," and began to toss out threats. Pop got his dander up and he told them that he would continue to publish as he thought right.

Uncle Dan went on having the time of his life. The Springfield Herald collected all his pieces on one topic and reprinted them as The Saga of Dolph Short. This is how they ran:

"We were at the depot yesterday and asked Dolph Short, who loafs there, what he's waiting for. Dolph says he doesn't know; the excitement of the place just gets him. We inquired further, and, folks, did you know this? Dolph has never ridden on a train."

"Dolph Short, who loafs around the depot, read our write-up about him yesterday and said he'd never thought about his never having ridden on a train, but now he thinks maybe he'd like to try."

"Dolph Short is definitely planning a journey. To Grove Lake. As soon as he gets a quarter."

"Dolph Short has acquired the quarter and set the day. Thursday."

"Dolph Short made his first trip on the railroad yesterday on the two-o'clock. Quite a crowd saw him off. He got back at four."

"Dolph Short is a changed man. He says travel broadens you."

"Anything you want to know about travel now, ask Dolph Short."

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"If it hadn't been for Wheaties, it would have been the same old story!"

This time it's a cereal story. Grandma, you see, has learned about Wheaties. She's wise to all the hefty nourishment and "go-get-'em" flavor that's packed in those big whole wheat flakes. And here's the moral to this story — have Wheaties every day. It's a knockout breakfast dish.

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Pop, I guess, still secretly suffered as only a professional newspaperman could suffer when he saw his columns joshed by a contemporary, but he felt better when he turned the page and found among the Herald's editorials: "A GREAT EDITOR. We have known Arthur Rucker for many years as a conscientious and able editor, but only in recent weeks have we realized what positive genius burns in the columns of his paper, the Clarinda Argus. Arthur has concluded that communities big, little, or middling are simply made up of people who want to read about themselves and one another. For a homey, earthy picture of America day by day, and for many a chuckle, our congratulations to Editor Rucker—and as for the news he may have swiped from us in the past, and still does, we consider the account balanced."

When pop read that in the Springfield Herald, he went out and took a good long walk.

Uncle Dan said to pop, "Now, Arthur, I've shown you what I mean. Names are what count. Say something every day about everybody, 'wrong' people as well as 'right' people. Talk about folks that have never had their names in the paper in their lives, or ever expected to, except in the delinquent-tax list. How many new subscribers you got?"

"Over two hundred," said pop.

"Well, being a reporter has been good fun. Now I must be going."

"You leaving, Dan?" cried pop.

"I'm a journeyman," reminded Uncle Dan. "It's time to move on."

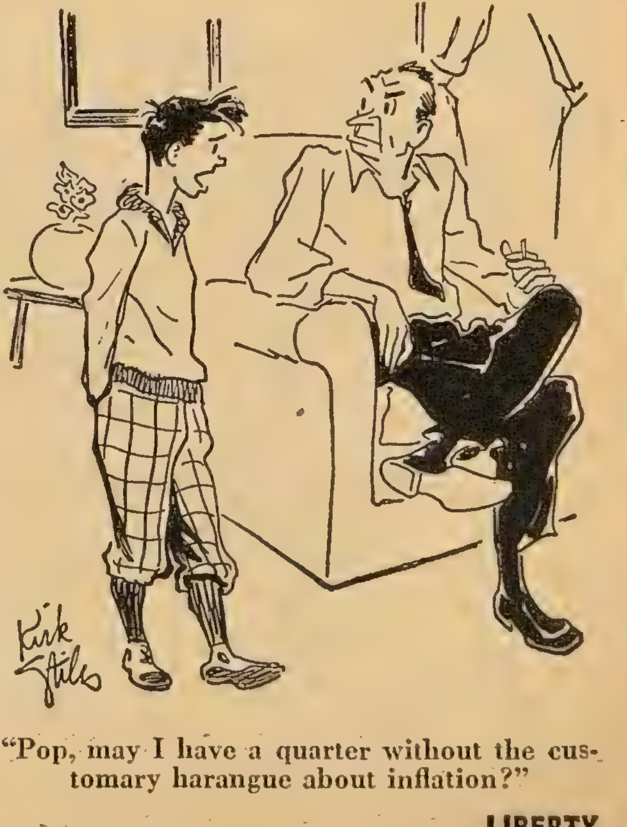
"Well, you've been a real help, Dan. I never thought I'd hear myself say it. I must owe you some wages."

"Tell you what, Arthur," said Uncle Dan. "If my work has been worth anything over and above my board, suppose I settle by taking that old typewriter of yours. The one I tinkered with." So pop let Uncle Dan have the typewriter.

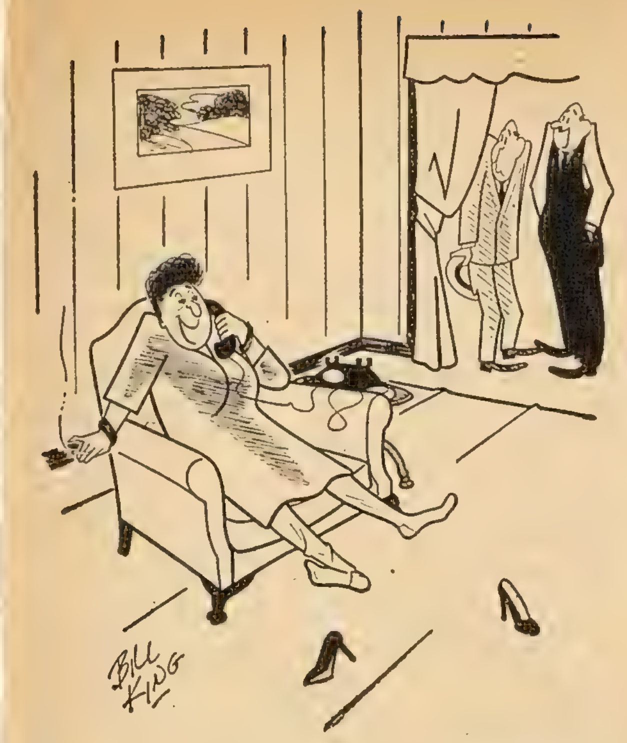
Uncle Dan went away. But after only a little while he was back. He dropped his broken-down satchel on the kitchen table and said, "Hello, Margaret. Howdy, Paul and Tommy."

Pop, when he came home, was tickled to find Uncle Dan back, which shows what a change had come over pop. But if he thought Uncle Dan was going to be a reporter again, he was disappointed.

"No, I don't think I'll do any more writing," Uncle Dan said. "Fact is, I know too many people already." We thought that was an odd remark, he being so fond of people. When he wouldn't do any more



"Pop, may I have a quarter without the customary harangue about inflation?"



"You ought to be here when it's somebody she knows. That's just a wrong number."

than help get the press out of one of its balky fits, pop remembered how sore he used to be at him.

Uncle Dan strolled about, though, talking to acquaintances. He said he felt better when he kept moving. "And not one line of copy does he turn in," fumed pop. "He doesn't want to start it again," said mother. "He's too restless. He'll soon be off—you'll see."

Sure enough, he came into the kitchen and said, "Well, good-by, Margaret and Paul and Tommy. Say good-by to Arthur for me. I'm sorry nobody will keep up my column."

"Where are you off to this time, Uncle Dan?" asked mother, though she knew he never answered such questions. He grinned his wry, friendly grin and went out the back door and the back gate. He shouted to Tommy and me, "Be good boys in school!" He waved his derby hat.

THE lindens were in bloom. Pretty soon they faded, and mother used to say, "I wonder what countries Uncle Dan's touring."

Pop would reply, "Oh, that tramp. Probably living with the Hottentots. Wonder what he did with my typewriter."

Looking back now, I can see that this was a period of great worry for pop. Running a paper is hard work, and nobody again showed up with the knack for picking up the small news that had given the Argus its boost. Circulation fell off. Advertising went with it. The merchants who had wanted the paper to stop its hick reporting didn't seem to appreciate their victory. Pop was put to it to meet bills for newsprint. He cut down from eight pages, with ten on Fridays, to four, with six on Fridays, and presently four every day. And one Saturday pop came home at ten in the morning. The touchy old press had broken down again. For keeps.

"I guess it's the end, Margaret," pop said to mother. He was tired and went to bed. That's when his long sickness began.

Soon after the Argus folded, Mr. Beehimer came to see us. He had on a new pepper-and-salt suit. Mother was frightened. She thought maybe pop had some unpaid notes at Mr. Beehimer's bank. She showed him into the parlor. Mr. Beehimer asked, "Have your boys any plans for their futures?" Mother said, "Paul had always hoped to become a doctor, and Tommy has had dreams of becoming an explorer and archaeologist. But I suppose they'll have to leave school now and find jobs."

... Because of falling in love with someone

IF it hadn't been for the girl, the boy, Victor Herbert, might never have reached America. It was she who was first approached by an American talent scout. She, who refused a contract unless it included a place for a certain young Irishman. "But what can he do?" demanded the talent scout. "Well," she replied, "at least he can play the 'cello!"

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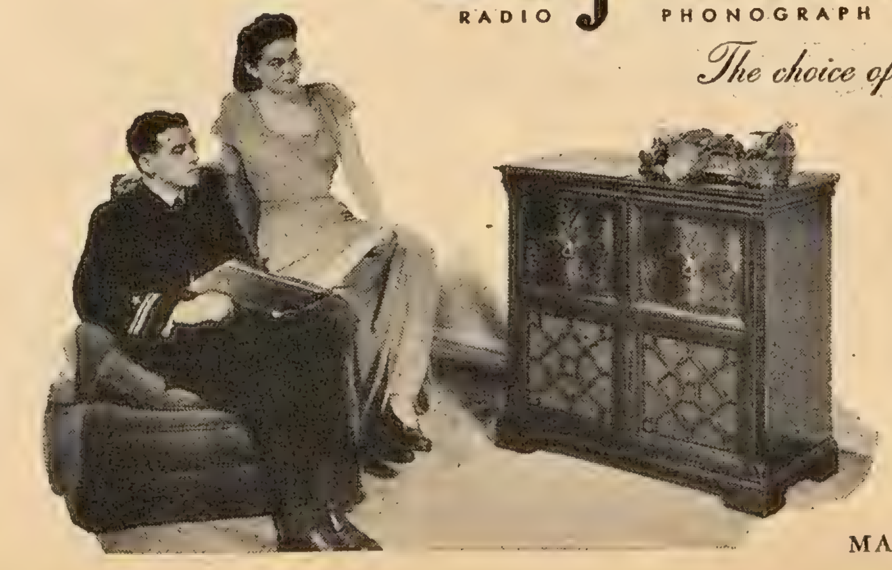

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TOUGH BUT OH SO GENTLE

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT
PISTON RINGS
Tough on Oil-Pumping
Gentle on Cylinder Walls

Mr. Beehimer asked her to call us into the parlor.

We were in the hall, listening. When we came in, Mr. Beehimer drew two envelopes from his pocket. One was addressed: "To My Great-Nephew Paul." The other: "To My Great-Nephew Thomas." They were in Uncle Dan's funny scrawl.

"What Mr. Daniel Toppelman means," Mr. Beehimer informed me after I'd read my letter, "is that if you will come to me at the bank each month and show me a good report card, I am to give you a rising allowance until you are out of high school, and two hundred dollars a quarter while you are in college. And you, too, Tommy. As for you and Arthur, my dear Mrs. Rucker—"

There was enough for mother and pop as long as they lived. We couldn't understand it.

"Where does Uncle Dan get this money?" mother wondered.

"Didn't he invent something for the typewriter?" said Mr. Beehimer. "Yes. He disposed of it for an excellent yield. Upon his recent visit here he placed his affairs in trust with my bank. The stipulations involve a truly singular lot of people. One provision is an annual prize of twenty-five dollars for the prettiest garden in Dunbar Street. A greatly picked-up neighborhood—once such an eyesore!—but why, with so many attractive avenues, a prize for an unpaved alley?"

"But where is Uncle Dan now?" demanded mother.

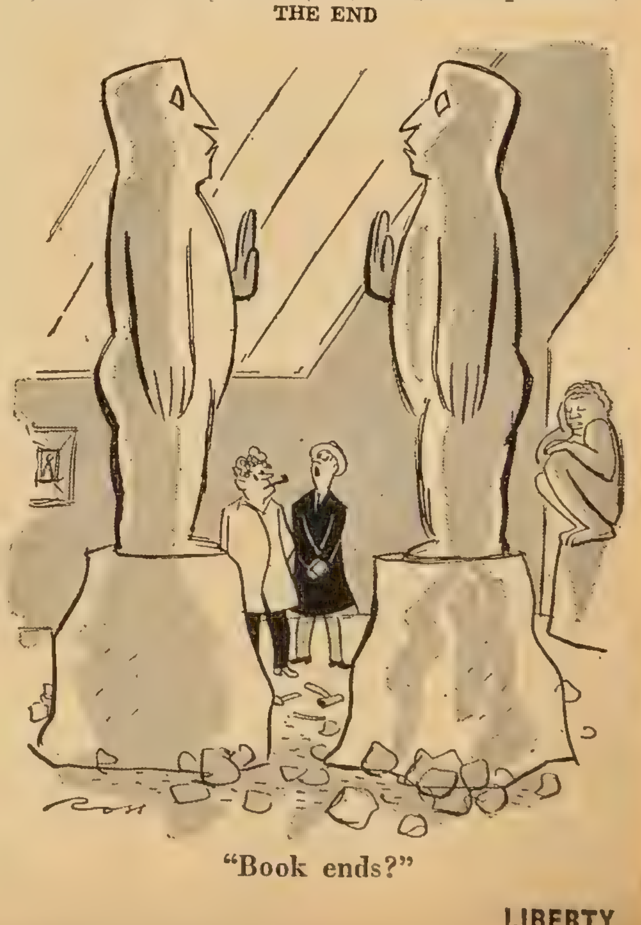
"I was not to hear directly from Mr. Daniel Toppelman again. He simply said, when the trust was established, that he was starting off upon a trip of length; that he would travel lighter than usual, and was tossing his satchel on the city dump. But today we received certified notice, from the Springfield General Hospital—"

"He went away to die! He said nothing to anybody, so as not to give trouble!" Mother's voice caught. She snatched up her apron and sobbed into it.

"AN unusual man," said Mr. Beehimer, "with curious affection for the most ordinary people. There are going to be many surprised households in Clarinda. Though it is regrettable that he would not listen to my—er—seasoned selection in setting up some of his benefactions."

"Uncle Dan," mused mother, "always shed whatever weight he considered superfluous. Including other people's opinions."

THE END



"Book ends?"

Historic Argument in

Quiriquiri

1 **"I was lower** than a snake's hips," writes a veteran oil man from Quiriquiri, down in eastern Venezuela. "Joe and I'd moved in here dead sure we'd find oil . . . had drilled wells all over the place. At the end of several months I was ready to throw in the sponge. But Joe wouldn't have it! Drill 2,000 feet more, he said, and if we didn't connect—the Canadian Club would be on him. For just 2,000 feet, who'd argue with a redheaded Texan?

2 **"We'd only gone down** 600 feet and man, we were in . . . knew by tasting! Rich crude, with hardly a trace of salt or sulphur. Even then, we little knew the extent of our luck. For—

3 **"In the years** since then, Quiriquiri has become one of the most promising—and modern—of all oil fields. Why, the workmen's homes are the equal of the finest you'll find anywhere. And there's even a golf course.

4 **"Joe and I came here** on muleback. Today you can fly to Venezuela from the States by Pan American Clipper in a mere 11 hours. Even rush equipment comes that way now.

5 **"Yes, sir**—it's Boom Town with a top hat. A boom town where the distinctive flavor of Canadian Club is as highly esteemed as at any country club at home."

Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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SITUATION NORMAL

Continued from Page 19

underlip, and he liked the way her greeny-brown eyes met his.

"Well!" she said.

"You took the word out of my head."

"You've changed, Phil."

"Now, look here. You've got to stop saying each thing I'm just going to say."

He followed her into the big living room and sat beside her on the sofa in front of the brick fireplace. She accepted the cigarette he offered and he lighted it for her. She blew a jet of smoke at the ceiling. . . .

Of course he could put off telling her—write her a note tonight, maybe—

The long silence was beginning to call for something important. If he'd only gone on just tossing words back and forth.

She broke the silence. She said, "I suppose I *have* changed, too. That hadn't occurred to me. I expected you to be different, but—" Her head was still back and she seemed to be addressing someone at an invisible trap door in the ceiling. Her neck and her profile were smooth and lovely.

He said, "I didn't mean that any changes weren't improvements. I thought you were pretty swell before, but now I think—I mean—"

She sat up straight and turned to look into his eyes. "O. K. I'm sure it'd be a very pretty speech if you took time to work it out."

"It's great to be with you again, Ann."

Her clear eyes were still meeting his. She said, "How would it be if we were frank with each other?"

"Fuh-rank?"

"Fuh-rank," she mocked him. "For instance, when were you home last?"

"November, '43."

"Mmmm. And I've written to you once a week ever since, haven't I?"

"You've been marvelous. You—" Her hand was on the sofa beside his knee. His impulse was to pick it up and squeeze it, then draw her close to him and—

"You see, Phil," she said, "you might have been killed. Or you might have—come home with a leg missing or your face all messed up or something horrible. And—well, anyhow, you're all right. Better than all right. You're straighter and stronger and—I think—surer of yourself. So I *can* be honest with you. D'you see?"

"Sure, sure," he said, but he didn't see.

"It's grand to have you home again, Phil. But—"

"But me no buts," he laughed.

"But—well, Phil, I'm afraid the enchantment's gone. Remember how it started all of a sudden? Well, I'm afraid it's—stopped all of a sudden now."

"Ann!" he said with just the right catch in his throat. She might as well have a run for her money. He did take the hand that was close to his. "Ann—do you—mean that?" Stricken was the word for the way he spoke.

She turned her head again. She said, "Let's be sensible, darling. We're both perfectly used to getting along without each other. Let's face it."

He dropped her hand and got to his feet. He stood staring down into the empty fireplace. He let his shoulders slump and his hands hang limp. "All right," he murmured. "All right."

"But, Phil darling!"

He turned heavily. She had risen, too. He looked long into her eyes. He spoke with difficulty. "Very well. If that's the way you see it, Ann, that's how it is." He smiled bravely. "But—if you don't mind, I think I'll go home and—face it alone."

He was warm with an actor's satisfaction. This was really worth doing. Give her something to remember all her life. How strong men went to pieces . . .

Her lovely underlip was trembling.

"Don't mind me. I don't think there's anything I can't face now." He offered her his hand. "Good-by, Ann."

And then, unexpectedly, she was in his arms, her face buried in the tweed of his jacket, her curls tickling his chin.

"Hey!" he said involuntarily.

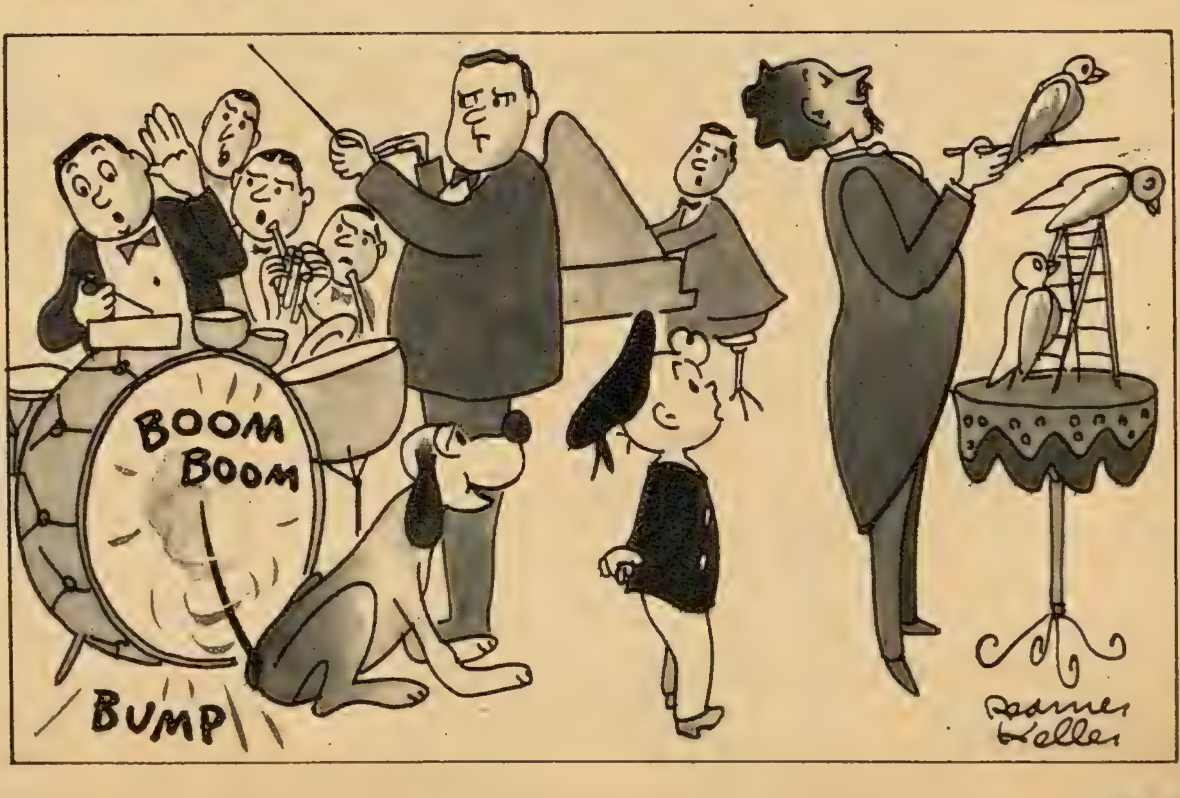
Her voice was muffled by the jacket and thick with emotion. "Oh, darling! I must have been crazy. In-sane. Sweetheart, dearest—I'll never let you go!"

He stared blankly out across the room over her fragrant hair. His mouth was hanging open. He got it shut and silently used an expression that was current in military circles.

THE house was dark when he went up the marble walk, but they had left the lamp lighted on the table in the front hall. Spotlighted on the mahogany lay a telegram. It said, when his fumbling fingers finally got it open:

PHYLLIS DOWN WITH MEASLES. PARTY OFF SO I CAN COME UP THIS WEEK-END AFTER ALL. MEET ME TWELVE EIGHT TRAIN TOMORROW

HARDTACK



UNLESS YOU TELEPHONE TONIGHT. ISN'T LOVE DEVASTATING? WINI

HE got Wini away from the family as soon as he could, because he could tell that the whole thing was ready to blow up in his face like an S mine. Of course, you had to make allowances.

Wini had been up since half past six, which was an hour considered by her special group of friends in New York more appropriate for going to bed. And Mary had been summarily ordered over for lunch by mum and had had to bring the baby to make sure of his two-o'clock feeding. Dad was irritable because he hated being surprised, and nobody had told him Wini was there. Mum, of course, had been an angel, as usual, but he had thought he detected a glint in her eye. And he himself . . .

"Come along," he said, taking Wini's arm and piloting her down the crazy pavement that led away from the side porch. "I'll show you mum's rose garden."

"Don't *drag* me!" she protested. "I've got on high heels. I'll twist my ankle."

"Sorry." He relaxed his grip. "I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to the prettiest ankles in the Western Hemisphere."

"Wolf!"

"Don't forget what happened to the girl who cried 'Wolf!' Speaking of which, how do you like me in sheep's clothing?"

"I'm afraid I liked you better in your uniform," Wini said. "I like you with all your ribbons and—well, this jacket—"

He felt the blush spreading up his face from his jowls. "Yeah, I know," he mumbled. "Stuff I had before the war." He twisted his head down to see the offending garment.

"And that tie, Philip! And those *socks!*"

"Oh, those. Those are—sort of a declaration of independence. If you'd worn O. D. as long as I have—"

"But—you're so *romantic* in uniform, and in ordinary clothes you're—"

"Plain," he said, feeling the warmth draw out of his face.

"Don't be sil-ly!"

"But you're so right. I never should have brought you up here. I grew up with it all, and I don't suppose I really see it. And then, when you walked into it, I—got a fresh look at it. The house seemed—just like a house, till you called it quaint."

"But, darling! I wasn't *criticizing!*"

"I know. Only—I've been seeing everything the way it looks to you. My dad's old-fashioned and he has got a funny Down East way of talking. And mum was too worried about having everything exactly right for you. And Mary *is* dowdy—but she had her baby only a couple of months ago and her husband's a young doctor, struggling along, so—"

"Philip! I *love* them all, and I love the house—"

He took her arm. "Come along. I'll show you the rest of the rose garden."

She looked up at him with the eyes that gave him goose flesh. "Darling—do you mind if we go back to the house? You see, I've been rushing ever since I got off that foul train. I want to get really cleaned up and do my hair and my face, and then I'll feel better."

"Oh. Oh, sure, sure."

On the way to the house he said, "I know what we'll do. There's one really red-hot night joint around here. Green Mountain Tavern, on the road to Bennington. It's got a night-clubbish air that's better than Fifty-second Street. We can drive it in about forty minutes. That's where we're going to have dinner tonight."

"Oh, that sounds super!"

"Dinner, not super."

"Idiot!"

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"See? I never should have dragged you up to New England. Just the thought of civilization cheers you all up."

She squeezed his arm as they reached the side porch. "Anyway," she said, "daddy says you can start in his office any time you say. So then you'll be a New Yorker too, so—"

"You go and police up and I'll phone for a table for tonight. Later, I want to drive you out and show you the farm, and then we'll come back and dress."

IT was funny the way everything looked shabby by comparison with the sleek richness of Wini.

The elderly car, which seemed well-cared-for among the ordinary vehicles of Thomasbury, developed grease spots and threadbare edges on its upholstery. Its radiator cap was suddenly rusty, and the dent in its right front fender had obviously been repaired by an amateur. Its glass was streaky and its floor was badly in need of sweeping.

"You met Petey Underhill, didn't you?" Wini asked, as Phil made the left turn at the traffic light.

"Underhill? . . . The furious bloke with the pink mustache?"

She laughed. "That's so. He snarled at you at Rollo's cocktail party, didn't he? I was just thinking how livid he'd be if he knew I'd come up here."

She was sitting close to him, very tidy in a dark blue suit and a hat with an enormous yellow bow.

"Livid? Why?"

"He's terribly possessive. He's been devoted to me for—oh, it must be three years, and he says I'm his."

"Oh, he does, does he?"

"He means it, too. He threatened to shoot Bobby Minor, only it was just then that Bobby met that night-club girl and it wasn't necessary."

"He'd better not shoot me," Phil said. "It's been done, and I don't like it."

"Oh, I suppose he's harmless. But he does carry a pistol. He has a permit because of his job with International Airlines. He's lots of fun, in a way."

"He sounds like a panic," Phil said.

"I didn't mean about shooting people. But he keeps a fast plane for emergencies. I called him up from Southampton one night last summer and said I was bored. He flew out and got me and took me dancing in town."

"Sounds like one of those ads about the postwar world. What kept this monkey out of the Army?"

"I think he's got flat feet or something."

"All my male descendants are going to have flat feet."

He turned off the main highway.

"The farm's up there on that hill. The road goes up through the trees by a brook."

The gusty wind swirled their own dust into the car. Wini choked and coughed and held her handkerchief to her eyes. Phil muttered a word frequently used in the Army and wheeled up the windows. For his part, he liked the smell of Vermont dust, but that was a taste there was no accounting for.

It became apparent, as they went on, that his passion for the farm was unaccountable, too.

To Wini it was just another hunk of New England being thrust upon her when she'd have preferred to rest up from her already long, harrowing day.

Nevertheless he led her to the landmarks of his early days, one after another, and things kept going wrong.

Hitherto unsuspected mosquitoes swarmed up out of the grass behind the house and stung her legs.

She walked to the edge of the hill with him, so that he could show her the sugar-house and Mr. Patch's place that looked exactly like a post card in the sunlight beside its clump of trees.

Wini yelped in a small urban manner. *"Look!"* she cried, and stuck out one of the prettiest legs north of the Panama Canal, so that he saw the gaping run in her fine stocking.

"Nylons!" she moaned.

"Golly, I'm sorry!" He put his arm around her and led her back to the path. He said, "I don't know why I don't just admit it's not your dish. Let's call it off."

They came to the drive, which was rutted and in disrepair. He said, "There's just one thing I can't let you miss."

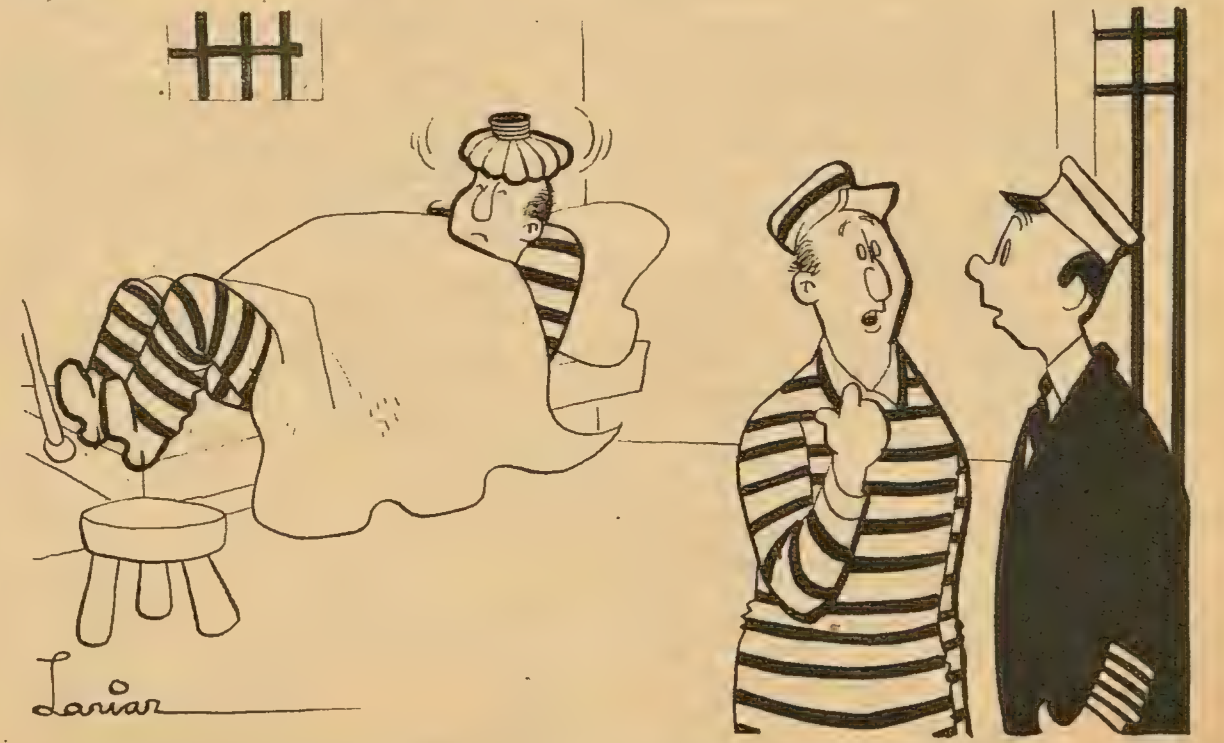
HE went ahead of her down the steep stone path, half turning to hold her hand. "It's not far," he reassured her.

He was looking down to make sure of his footing, when she screamed in earnest. She stiffened and pulled back, so that her hand slipped out of his. She lost her balance and sat down unexpectedly.

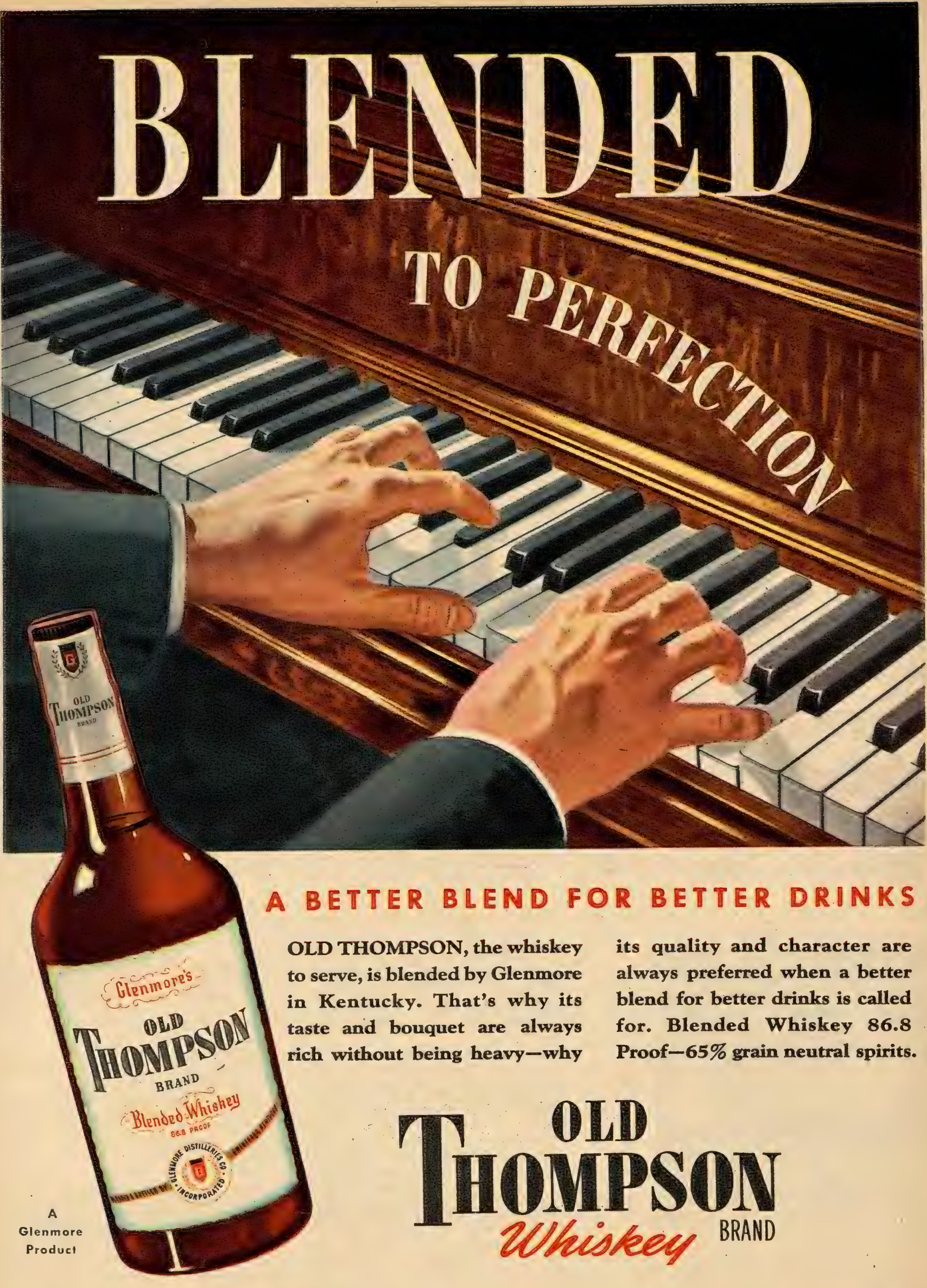
He followed her horror-struck gaze and saw a smallish garter snake slithering across a rock ten feet away.

(Continued on page 76)

THE HOME FRONT



"It's a mystery to me, but every morning he gets up with a hangover!"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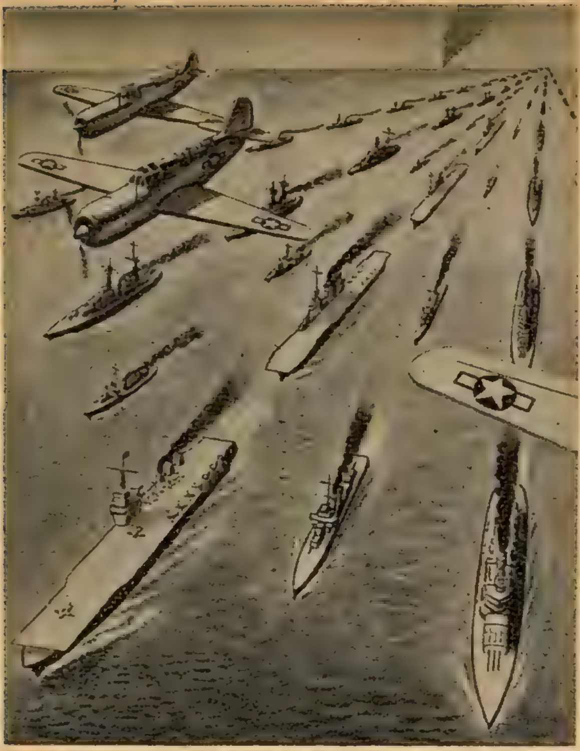

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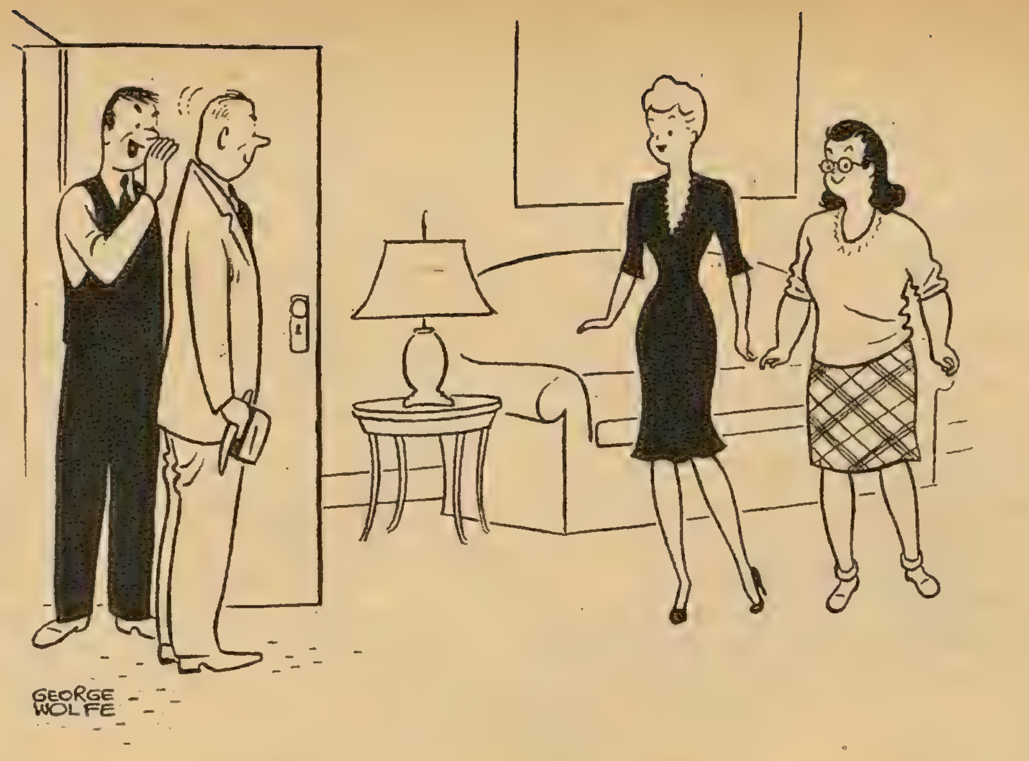

"Now you can see why I love my mother-in-law. She's the blonde!"

(Continued from page 74)

He laughed. "They eat insects," he said, "not girls."

"Sssss-nakes g-give me the *creeeeeps!*"

"I promise you—"

"And anyway, I sat down in a puddle and—"

"Honestly, I'm sorry. Listen. It's just a dozen more steps, and I do want you to see it."

"See what?"

"Come and see."

She followed uncertainly, keeping a watch for further dangerous wild life. Hearing the familiar sound and smelling the cool damp and the ferns, Phil was queerly excited.

He gave Wini a hand up the big flat-topped rock and held her so that she could look along the tiny gorge to the waterfall.

"There!" he said.

She looked and said, "Oh, yes. Pretty. But awfully damp and slimy. Can we go back now?"

He was just as solicitous, helping her back up the path, but he was silent till they reached the drive again. Then he said, "I'm afraid I'm not up to your flying friend for thrills. Peter What-you-callum —Overbrook?"

"Underhill."

"Oh, yes. Peter Underhill of World Airlines."

"International."

"Oh, sure. That's right. Look. Will you wait in the car a minute? I've got to go into the house and see if I left some shoes here before I went away."

He was longer in the house than he had intended.

FEELING more than peculiar in stiff shirt and collar, silken lapels, and patent-leather dancing shoes, ex-Corporal Philip Britton paced the front living room, smoking cigarettes. It was only eighteen zero five, or five past six, and that left a comfortable margin, but things could go wrong with a scheme that required such perfect timing. He went out on the porch and looked up and down the hill.

Killing time, he found a dance orchestra on the radio. He poured himself a glass of his father's sherry, which tasted like soap. He reviewed his calculations once again and found them accurate.

He heard Wini moving around the guest room overhead, the heels of her mules scuffing. His parents, who were dining with the Pritchetts, had left already. Pauline, blessed with an evening off, had gone.

Phil looked out at the street.

It was not until the clock on the mantel was chiming the half hour that the airport car pulled up in front of the house and the young man in reddish-brown tweeds boiled out of it. Phil let the bell ring a long time before he strolled to the door.

He looked at the caller unpleasantly. "Yes?"

"Are you Philip Britton?"

"Yes, but we're not in the market for brushes just now." Phil started to close the door.

"I'm not selling brushes, blast you!"

"No magazine subscriptions, either. And that's no way to speak to a prospective customer."

The tip of the caller's nose turned white and his mustache wiggled. "Look here, Britton. I'm Peter Underhill."

"You are? Well, bub, you've got my sympathy."

"Now, you look here—"

"Don't keep telling me to look there: I've seen all I want of you."

Peter Underhill turned a very pretty shade of purple and took a step forward. Phil backed away enough to let him into the doorway.

They faced each other like a couple of strange dogs.

"Temper, temper," Phil said. "I *told* you—"

Underhill's hand came up, holding a thirty-eight automatic. "Maybe," he said without unclenching his teeth, "you'll have more respect for this."

Phil fell back another step. He said, "Well, what do you want?"

"Where is she?"

"Wini? She's dressing for dinner."

"Put your hands up. Where?"

"Upstairs," Phil said, raising his hands.

"Go ahead and show me the way. And keep your hands up."

Phil hesitated. "I don't know how far dressed she is."

"Get going!"

Still pointing the thirty-eight at Phil, Underhill banged on the guest-room door.

"Yes?" Wini said. "Just a sec."

"Open up!" Underhill ordered.

"Well, just a— Who is that?"

The door opened. Wini was wearing a wine-colored strapless evening dress.

"*Petey!*"

"Pack your things and come along. There's a car waiting to take us to the airport," Pete said to her.

"Oh, Petey, you're so—so theatrical! Why are you waving that thing around?"

"Just let me handle this, please. Get busy and pack."

"Petey dear, control yourself. Phil and I are going—"

"No, you're not. You're going to New York with me. Right now. . . . Stand back, Britton!"

"Really, Petey!"

"Will you start packing, or shall I take you along without your baggage?"

ANN seemed very small in the big leather armchair in her father's study. She looked straight into Phil's eyes and he was uncomfortable. She was not amused.

"Infantry training," he babbled. "Size up the situation. Take advantage of terrain features and your knowledge of the enemy's dispositions. Hold your fire. Employ surprise tactics!"

Her mouth was drawn up small. She said, "Not that I'll ever trust you again."

"Hah? Of course you'll trust me. Who else would have told you the whole story just as it happened?"

"Anybody who was as pleased with himself as you seem to be."

"Now, be reasonable. I could have told you a lie as easily as not. Easier."

"So you not only tell me how you tricked the poor girl, but you expect me to go along with you and eat her dinner."

"It's not her dinner. I had time to call up and cancel it. I could cancel it now."

"Why don't you, then?"

He got up and went over to stand in front of her. He said, "I guess I should have lied to you. . . . Listen. Put it this way. I've had time to think an awful lot about you since I've been away. I've thought about you when I was lonely and when I was sick and when I was scared spitless. I've been around a lot, and I've compared you with other girls. Doing that—just made me know you were the only one. But it was confusing, coming back to this country, and Wini was something new to me—New York society and everything. And then maybe going to work for her father and—all that."

Ann did not stir.

"After—last night I was going to write to her, but then there was the telegram and she was on her way here, so—well, the point is that she was the—the last test."

He looked at Ann's noncommittal curls and turned away. "Being with her today," he said to the clock on the bookcase, "convinced me that I'll never love anybody but you. That's why I'm asking you to marry me, damn it!"

"You're—asking me to marry you?"

He turned and found a different expression on her face.

He had to kneel by the chair to get close to her. "I've—fouled the whole thing up, Ann. I guess I'm one of those what-you-callums—rehabilitation problems. But will you, Ann? Will you marry me right away, before we have time for more mix-ups?"

It wasn't much of a kiss, because her mouth was laughing and her eyes were crying, but he didn't care.

THE END

TRUTH PREVAILS

The neighbors know
How much we owe;
That only our *appearance* is youthful;
Our ailments, weights,
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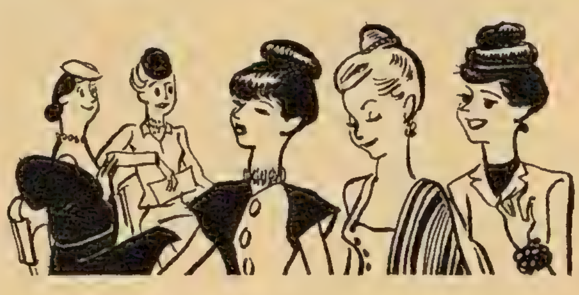
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

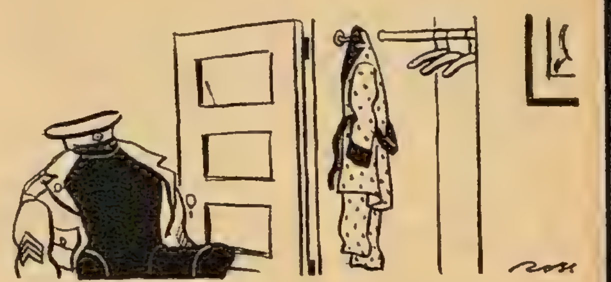
ALL HAIRED UP: I had the good luck to sit next to short-story writer Thyra Samter Winslow and Columnist Antoinette Donnelly at John Hall's hair-do fashion show the other day on the New York's St. Regis roof. What with marveling at coiffures that went up, *up*, practically into the stratosphere, I marveled overtime when Thyra declared she doesn't smoke, drink, chew, or swear. Bent on uncovering some dark secret vices in the estimable woman, I asked her how she stood on marijuana, hashish, and opium. By golly, she doesn't even drink coffee or tea! When I sought to know what she does for fun, she produced a plastic ball and jacks, but we couldn't play because the hair-do's were too distracting. One was called "Wedding Cake," and soared in three large doughnut-like tiers, incredibly involved with puffs and flower rings. Mr. Hall protests they're not hard to do, but the only way I could manage would be to marry a hairdresser. Before luncheon was over I forced Thyra to admit two weaknesses—candy and rain. She *loves* sweets and loathes rain—won't go out in it, even to keep an engagement. . . . Antoinette Donnelly has given up her house in the country and moved to town, where she lives the life of a bachelor girl on Murray Hill. Says she: "For a house in the country or a mink coat, you need a man."



I WISH THEY WOULDN'T: A New York department store advertises a yellow Guatemalan cotton check dress with sequin striping as having "something of the pioneer woman in the tight-sleeved bodice and comfortable skirt." I think the pioneer woman would be as flabbergasted as I was when I read the casual anti-climax: "*About $195.*" . . . Though a newish product known as Earringrips doubtless has much to recommend it, designed as it is to protect the ear lobes and help prevent the loss of earrings, I would just as soon not have the manufacturer state that the Blue Network is about to "spread the message of happier ears." . . . After trying to digest such reading matter, it comes as a distinct pleasure to find, under Public Notices in the Herald Tribune, this unadorned announcement: "For Sale—Steamtug Atlantic, steel hull, where is as is. May be seen at Tompkins Tidewater Terminal, Lincoln Highway and Passaic River, Kearny, N. J."

JUNE BUGS: It is perhaps of only passing interest that a large New York department store says of its anti-moth center, in which crystals, sprays, bags, and boxes abound: "We know more about moths than their mothers." A more penetrating observation made by the same merchants concerning the demon moth runs this way: "When *you* move out, *they* move in!" Let that be a warning to housewives about to head for the country or seashore. Good woolens will be increasingly hard to find, so don't leave them unprotected.

HOT TIP FROM AN OVERSEAS SPOUSE: From a Fleet Post Office recently came an extremely touching letter enclosing a poem offered for publication, which was too long for this column. Said my correspondent: "When we get a hold on a magazine out here, we generally read it from cover to cover. Naturally we read your Woman-Talk too, even though it may be primarily for women. Anyhow, I thought I'd send you a poem I wrote entitled Our Men Have Gone to War or A Woman's Lament. Please understand, I'm just an amateur at this, writing poems just for a hobby. That's the way I court my wife. You are welcome to all my poems if it will keep up the morale of our women. If you can't use this, just forget the whole thing. But if you do, I have but one request. Please see that my wife, Evelyn, gets a copy. I have absolutely no financial retribution in mind." . . . It would be nice if all husbands considered "courting" their wives. Women dearly love to be courted, but the altar usually concludes that joyous interlude.



FURLOUGH

Hip, hip, hurray for that cozy look—
Pajamas hung on the closet hook!
My rapturous soul outsings the thrush
At sight of that soapy shaving brush.
His bedroom slippers have left the closet,
My heart has leapt from the safe deposit,
I bask in his pipe's sublime aroma,
My senses reel from their state of coma,
And all my corpuscles leap and prance,
So thrilled are they at the sight of pants!

BLACK IS ALWAYS GOOD: Black draperies and slip covers may sound depressing, but they're not when spiked with exclamation points of color. A New York store is showing love seats covered with a sturdy black cotton fabric piped in white. A snowstorm of white felt appliqués enlivens the draperies designed for a living room with lime-green walls. Another cool number is a black-and-blue living room. The black cotton draperies are adorned with wide stripes of blue felt. Rectangles of blue felt deck the black cotton slip covers.

THEY MAKE JOBS HAPPEN

Continued from Page 25

stock of $100,000 would be bought and held by local business men. It would provide potential new business men with specific assistance ranging all the way from loans for working capital to advice on how to set up a bookkeeping system.

Jobs, Incorporated, recently helped a local man with imagination start a wooden toy business which utilizes scrap lumber from an Albert Lea factory. Here's how it happened:

Charles E. Myers, chairman of Albert Lea's C. E. D., noticed small but usable pieces of wood among the scrap piles constantly accumulating at one of the local factories. He picked up a few pieces and took them to his office. It was there that a chap named Mandell Christiansen first got one of the blocks—and an idea. The next time Myers saw the block, it was a brightly painted toy tractor.

Mandell and a partner, Alfred Johnson, cleared out a basement, borrowed $1,000 from Jobs, Inc., and started making wooden toys. Other local business men helped them set up books, figure costs, and establish prices. The partners sold 500 of the new tractors to one store; another store ordered other toys.

There wasn't much time before Christmas, but the new firm got into production by hiring several local women, most of them novice woodworkers. By February the partnership had delivered 5,500 tractors, 600 doll swings, 400 hobby horses, 700 bird houses, and 200 bird-feeding stations.

Since then, it has taken more space in an idle factory and got an order for shell boxes. Net result: More than a dozen new jobs in Albert Lea, and prospects for more.

Albert Lea, as a community, is confident that the rest of the 593 new jobs will be waiting by the time its sons are home from the war. Moreover, the community spirit this program has developed goes far beyond the first goal of more jobs.

ONCE any local planning group knows its needs and prospects for new jobs and future growth, its postwar plans begin to take on distinctive and sometimes extraordinary twists.

The little town of Bradenton, Florida, for example, decided that to improve its all-important winter vegetable and citrus business, it needed to fly its postwar produce to northern markets. So it has arranged to buy a "surplus" airport from the Army, and has made a deal with a commercial air line to freight Bradenton's postwar tomatoes, lettuce, and grapefruit to market by air.

Down in Arkansas the state-wide Economic Council is co-operating with community C. E. D.s and other planning groups to build small industries around local raw materials or commercial needs. Among its "project specifications" issued to date have been plans and costs for small mattress factories, local wineries, soft-drink bottling plants, frozen-food locker plants, cheese factories, baby-furniture factories, and other job-producing businesses. These project specifications are drawn up by qualified experts and include detailed information on quantities and sources of raw materials, financial requirements, labor needs and costs, equipment, plant layouts, potential markets, and estimated profits on various levels of operation.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, where the C. E. D. and Chamber of Commerce work

ESTATE OF ANTHONY C. ABERNATHY
AUCTION TODAY

"It all started when I began to auction those K-M electrical appliances!"

In peacetime *we* were run ragged trying to fill the demand for K-M irons, toasters, liquidizers and other popular K-M electrical servants. The dependability and value that made K-M your best buy before the war, make War Bonds your best buy today.

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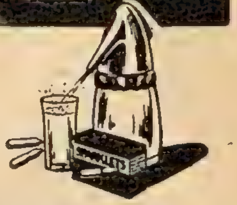
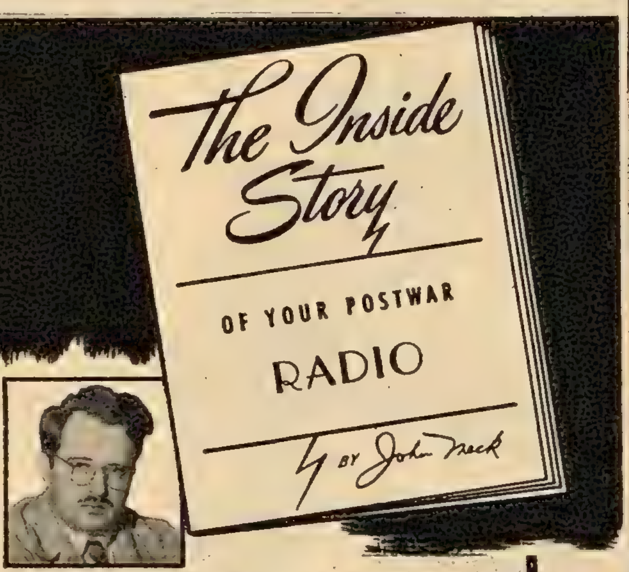
MAKERS OF DEPENDABLE ELECTRICAL SERVANTS FOR 20 YEARS

ELECTRICAL K-M KNAPP-MONARCH SERVANTS



Don't forget Sparklets . . .

Turns plain tap water into zestful peppy club soda. . . . Makes delicious mixed drinks, sodas and sparkling wine.
Sparklet Devices, Inc. . . *Division* Knapp-Monarch Co.



REVEALED AT LAST!

THE INSIDE STORY of Late Technological Electronic Developments — as they affect your Postwar Radio

Read this informative story before you buy your new postwar radio receiver. Know what new developments have been achieved through extensive research in furthering the war effort.

Written by John Meck, leading electronic engineer, and, for the duration, producer of special devices required in communications services. INCLUDED—advance information on postwar MECK RADIOS. FREE—WRITE TODAY.

John Meck Industries, Inc.
Plymouth, Indiana

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Don't let
SICKNESS or ACCIDENT
rob you of your savings
PROVIDE HOSPITAL CARE FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY
Costs only 3c A DAY - EACH ADULT
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FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT

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Sickness or accident can easily wipe out, in a few weeks, savings it may have taken years to accumulate. Don't let this happen to you. With a Family Mutual Hospitalization Policy, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills. In case of accident, you will be reimbursed for your doctor expenses and for loss of time from work. Your Family Mutual card admits you to any hospital in the United States and your own family doctor may attend you. Benefits applying to children are 50% of those paid adults.

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closely together, business leaders have set up an "Industrial Bureau" specifically to help new businesses start and little ones grow.

The Bureau's staff will not go around extolling the virtues of free enterprise. Instead, it will give production, accounting, and sales-engineering counsel to small Worcester enterprisers; will help them get capital, will undertake market research, and will even aid them in entering foreign trade. Each year the Bureau's foreign-trade expert will travel abroad, making marketing contacts for all of Worcester's producers and picking up ideas for new products.

THE Industrial Bureau grew out of two facts, discovered early in Worcester's postwar surveys. One was that the town was facing a deficit of 9,000 to 12,000 postwar jobs. The other was that of Worcester's large companies, some big enough to have branches abroad, not one had started with more than $25,000 capital.

"What we've got to do," decided the researchers, "is to find out what made these big fellows grow and give our little businesses a shot of the same stuff." They believe their Industrial Bureau will provide the necessary hypodermics and that the response will create the new jobs the city will need.

Hundreds of American towns and villages have no manufacturing, and their only job-providing business activity is commerce—mainly retailing and service stores. "How can we do postwar planning and create new jobs?" they ask.

That was one of C. E. D.'s most troublesome questions until the little town of Franklin Square, Long Island, provided one dramatic answer with its "Main Street Face-Lifting Project." The town's thirty-four merchants, lined up on both sides of a single shopping thoroughfare, operate typical small-town stores. Narrow doorways, inadequate display windows, nondescript signs—but a good sales volume from carless housewives forced to do their shopping locally.

With all this temporary prosperity, Franklin Square's C. E. D. chairman was making poor headway selling postwar planning until he hit on a "visual aid" scheme. He took pictures of Main Street in its present hit-and-miss appearance. Then he had an architect make up a "movie set" montage of how Franklin Square would look if all the stores had Early Colonial fronts.

The merchants got the idea, and when they saw that they could face-lift the whole shopping center for about $15 a front foot, they signed up. They now have the project all blueprinted and ready to go. Financing has been arranged. And now that they have got postwar religion about store fronts, many merchants are planning to carry through with new store interiors, air conditioning, and all the trimmings.

But the final pay-off is not yet in sight. Already merchants in Seneca Falls, New York; Springfield and Akron, Ohio; Niles, Michigan; and Slayton, Minnesota, are considering a Franklin Square facial for their stores. In Faribault, Minnesota, retailers already have their plans ready for the carpenters. And in Utah, twenty little towns are working with suppliers on plans to face-lift the shopping centers of all twenty communities in one fell swoop.

You can't keep a good idea down. As the contagion spreads, C. E. D.'s small field staff is kept busy answering inquiries. A crossroads village of nine families in Minnesota has a special pint-sized C. E. D. which has already lined up two new postwar jobs—a 20-per-cent increase in employment.

This country has 13,600 towns and villages with populations of 1,000 or less. And to help these communities help themselves, the C. E. D.'s Agricultural Communities Committee has recently prepared a special handbook entitled Postwar Jobs and Growth in Small Communities. Simply it summarizes the most practical planning steps worked out so far in established C. E. D. towns. With these "tested recipes"—liberally mixed with local initiative—many rural towns are revamping their own futures. New crops, plants to process potato starch, soybean cattle feeds, tobacco by-products, alfalfa drying plants, local canneries, and freezer plants are typical.

"Damn! I'll never get used to that Dutch door!"

HOW does your town stack up alongside these—or hadn't you thought about it? Maybe you should. The Selective Service guaranty says that G. I. Joe gets his old job back—*if* the job is still there. It won't be if Joe's employer waits till Joe gets back before he thinks about it.

And there will be at least 3,000,000 "veterans" who never had a job—who went into the Army right from school. Suppose some of them who are now captains and majors want a good job in your town?

And then there are at least 2,000,000—and maybe 5,000,000—vets and war workers who want to go into business for themselves. Do you know of any good business ventures you could recommend in your town? If you do, one of the swellest things you could do would be to write to Joe—or to some war-worker friend who is itching to quit his war job—and tell him to keep up the good work, because the chances are there'll be a good peacetime job waiting for him.

It would be even better if you could tell him that there will be a whole raft of new jobs in your town after the war because you and about forty other employers are busy hatching out ideas for new jobs.

Then you could not only welcome Joe back but tell him to bring a friend, because his old home town is going to be an up-and-coming place to put down some roots after the war.

THE END

WONDERFUL NEW TYPE
Moulded
DEODORANT
LOR-ODO
One for Women One for Men

Scintigal LOR-ODO
MENS LOR-ODO COMPACT DEODORANT

Safely **CHECKS** *perspiration*
and **STOPS** UNDERARM **ODOR**

Lorodo is ***moulded*** into a compact form for handy, speedy ***direct*** application to underarms. Avoids fingernail soiling—as illustrated. Leaves underarms dry, fresh, ***fragrant.*** Safe for skin and fabrics. Won't dry out. No waste. ***Economical.***

Get Lorodo, today. 50c (plus tax) wherever toiletries are sold

Created by PARFUM L'Orle 6 EAST 39th ST., N.Y.C.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SIXTY-ONE DAYS

Continued from Page 33

panel of the right engine and tested the throttle controls, tightening one a bit. His helper drained the gas sumps and washed the strainers and scrubbed away the oil thrown back by the engines. The engines had more than 350 hours and were getting loose, but they still gave an eighty-pound compression check.

A G. I. came and refreshed the red daub of paint on the tires and rims so they'd know if a tire slipped in landing and put a strain on the valve stem. The crew chief checked the maze of tubing in the engine to see if any braces had broken or worked loose so a tube could vibrate against something and wear through. Then he checked the front wheel strut again. It was leaking a little; warm weather did it. He'd watch it a few days. They put on the belly tanks. The gas truck came and filled the wing tanks, but left the belly tanks empty until they heard what kind of mission was scheduled tomorrow. Might have to replace one or both tanks with bombs. He checked his mags and oil filters and generators, and then wiped his hands on a rag and was done for the day. For another day. For the one thousand and sixty-first day.

The Group has destroyed or damaged 1,039 Axis aircraft. It has dropped 640 tons of bombs, destroyed or severely damaged 126 locomotives, and sunk nine enemy ships. Pilots have been awarded 190 American Distinguished Flying Crosses and one British, 19 Silver Stars, 392 Air Medals, 23 Purple Hearts, and 2 Legions of Merit. Ground personnel were awarded 7 Legions of Merit, 4 Soldier's Medals, and 15 Bronze Stars.

Tonight he might take in a show in the group theater or go to the E. M. club and have some Eyetie cognac and maybe shoot a little dice. Or he could take the liberty-run truck to Foggia and drift around the streets and have coffee and doughnuts in the Red Cross and come home. He could pick up an Eyetie *signorina,* but there was a girl back home and anyhow the Eyeties weren't his type.

To reduce the incidence of VD in this Theater, unit commanders will encourage the establishment of Enlisted Men's clubs wherever possible. . . .

"He cuts the fireplace logs."

WHAT A TRAGEDY

for so many young wives who don't know...

these intimate
physical facts!

EVEN in this modern age of enlightenment and progress too many women are still without up-to-date knowledge about *intimate* physical cleanliness—of how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness—and of a *proper* germicide to put in their douche.

Such carelessness and ignorance has wrecked many a marriage!

If only these women knew what a difference ZONITE has made in so many women's lives! ZONITE is truly one of the greatest advancements in feminine hygiene ever discovered!

So Powerful Yet So Safe To Delicate Tissues

Certainly no well-informed woman would think of using old-fashioned weak homemade mixtures such as vinegar, salt or soda. These DO NOT and CAN NOT offer you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is *so powerful* yet *so safe* to delicate tissues as ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength—ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* It positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no creosote, phenol or mercurial ingredients. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injury.

Discovery of a World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE *instantly* destroys and removes offending odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. Of course it's not always possible to kill all the germs in the tract BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! ZONITE *instantly* kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 502-F, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________

Both mother and daughter are of Tampax age!

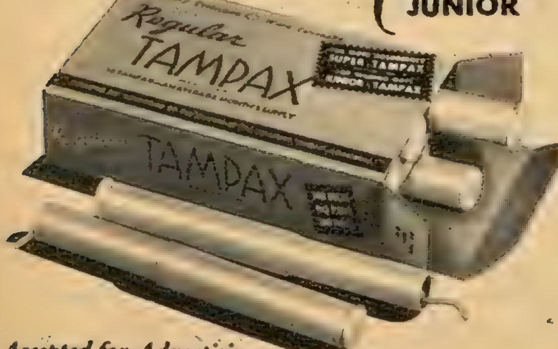
SOME families have a double opportunity to discover Tampax. It may be the *daughter* who brings home the good news about this invisible type of monthly sanitary protection. Or it may be the *mother* who first gets these young ideas. Whichever way it happens, such a family will very soon have *two* voices saying "Thanks to Tampax!"

This Tampax is quite different from the external napkin-type product you are accustomed to, as you can see from the following list of points . . . It is worn internally. There are no pins or belts. No odor is formed. It may be worn in tub or shower. You can go in swimming with it. No chafing, no bulges or ridges. Made of pure surgical cotton. Small and dainty, it is inserted by throw-away applicator. When in place you cannot feel it. Quick changing. Easy disposal.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is sold in 3 *absorbencies* at drug stores, notion counters. Month's average supply will go in your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR / SUPER / JUNIOR



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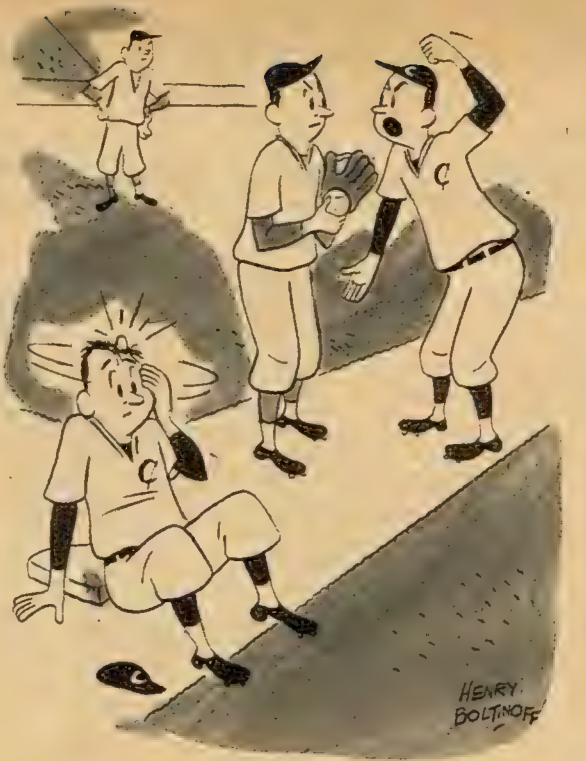


"G'wan—you never touched him!"

A G. I. called him as he drifted toward his hut. It was one of the boys going home tomorrow on rotation, one of the lucky three picked from the hat for this month. Funny how some of them were. Hopping around happy as a lark when they heard the news, and then gradually sobering up at thoughts of leaving for good the only men they'd known and the only world they'd known these past 1,061 days.

So he went to this G. I.'s hut for the evening. There was Eyetie cherry cognac, and a couple of the guys had an accordion and a guitar. The G. I. who was going home was trying to be happy, but he couldn't.

The party broke up at ten thirty, because 0600 hours comes early.

NEXT morning, when his plane was off, the crew chief drifted over to where the truck was waiting before headquarters. The G. I.s going home on rotation were shaking hands around and around with the men there to see them off, shaking hands over and over again as if trying to store up the companionship and friendship built slowly from California to Ireland to North Africa to Sicily to Italy, saying good-by for the last time to all of this and all of these. A dog was there and they took it up in their arms and petted it. It was a dog owned by everybody, as everything in this closed world of theirs was owned by everybody. Somebody put their bags in the truck and the driver yelled it was time to haul pants, so they shook hands around once more and got in the truck, and one of them, a big tough bruiser, broke down and turned his face to the canvas of the truck wall. The truck moved away and dust rose up behind it. The G. I.s waved from the back of the truck. When it went around a bend out of sight one of the gang said, "Lucky bastards."

But the crew chief wasn't so sure. They'd go home and have their month's furlough and then go into some new outfit with guys they'd never seen before. As for him, he'd had his name taken out of the hat, along with some others. He didn't want to go home on rotation.

He had a job and he'd stick it out until the job was done and he could go home for keeps.

That was how he felt and how a lot of other guys felt. But it was hard to put 1,061 days into a letter home.

He drifted over to the armament shop for his midmorning coffee.

THE END

To those who wonder why we need STILL BIGGER WAR LOANS

IN THE 7th War Loan, you're being asked to lend 7 billion dollars—4 billion in E Bonds alone.

That's the biggest quota for individuals to date.

Maybe you've wondered why, when we've apparently got the Nazis pretty well cleaned up, Uncle Sam asks you to lend more money than ever before.

If you have, here are some of the answers:

This war isn't getting any cheaper

No matter what happens to Germany—or when—the cost of the war won't decrease this year.

We're building up a whole new air force of jet-propelled planes and bigger bombers.

We're now building —even with announced reductions—enough new ships to make a fair-sized navy.

We're moving an army around the world.

The cost of caring for wounded men, who are arriving home at the rate of over 30,000 a month, is rising steadily.

No—this war isn't getting any cheaper. And won't for some time.

This year—2 instead of 3

We need as much War Bond money this year as we did last. But there will be only 2 War Loans this year.

Each of us, therefore, must lend as much in two chunks this year as we did last year in three.

The 7th War Loan is a challenge to every American. The goal for individuals is the highest for any war loan to date. The same goes for the E Bond goal. Find your personal quota—and make it!

ALL OUT FOR THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Fred MacMurray, back in 1492, gets involved with a cute little redskin (June Haver).

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie, June Haver

THIS two-million-dollar musical, all dressed up in Technicolor, starts out to be an easy, lighthearted session of kidding around. In its best moments it remains that way. Fred MacMurray, in a continuous mood of genial bewilderment, croons a little, wisecracks a little, and flounders through a mass of richly costumed difficulties with endearing nonchalance. The rest of the production is so dead set on being fantastic, historic, satiric, and musical all at the same time that it nearly strains itself into nervous prostration. Luckily, nothing seems to bother Fred, who keeps right on being casually humorous through four and a half celluloid centuries.

As a woebegone and slighted 4-F, MacMurray tries to outwit the Draft Board with the aid of a convivial genie (Gene Sheldon) whose magic powers are slightly befuddled by the element of time. The result is that Fred eventually lands in the U. S. Marines by way of the colonial army at Valley Forge, the deck of one of Columbus' ships, an Indian wigwam, and a blacksmith shop in Dutch New Amsterdam. Meanwhile the little blonde who snubs him (June Haver) and the sweet redhead who likes him (Joan Leslie) keep turning up every place in appropriate costumes, just to make things decorative and homey.

The purpose behind this elaborate concoction is rather more impressive than the finished product. Morrie Ryskind (who won the Pulitzer Prize with Of Thee I Sing) helped dream up the fifty-thousand-dollar idea, and then wrote the script. Producer William Perlberg, whose last expensive gamble was The Song of Bernadette, felt willing to chance it. Having disproved the idea that a religious picture won't sell, he wasn't worried about the fact that neither fantasy, history, nor satire are supposed to be good movie box-office—and boldly decided to challenge the jinx with a scramble of all three. The music and smart topical lyrics were accordingly whipped out by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin, who have Lady in the Dark to their joint credit, besides a long list of separate achievements.

Fred MacMurray gets his first musical-comedy part here since he warbled on the stage in Roberta, and Joan Leslie and up-and-coming little June Haver receive enough different kinds of production build-up for eight leading ladies. Carlos Ramirez gets a chance to exercise his tenor voice aboard an exact replica of Columbus' Santa Maria, and Otto Preminger (who directed Laura and A Royal Scandal) takes the part of a Prussian officer just for the fun of it. But for all these promising ingredients, the result is simply a pleasant, mechanical musical show—agreeably lightened up by plenty of very funny spots.

(Other reviews pages 84-85)

Joan Leslie waits for Fred to come to after a slight mishap in the USO kitchen.

Picture of the Month

"SON OF LASSIE"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
starring
PETER LAWFORD • DONALD CRISP
with JUNE LOCKHART • NIGEL BRUCE • WILLIAM "Billy" SEVERN • LEON AMES • DONALD CURTIS • NILS ASTHER • ROBERT LEWIS
LASSIE AND LADDIE
Photographed in Technicolor
Story and Screen Play by Jeanne Bartlett
Based on some Characters from the book "Lassie Come Home" by Eric Knight
Directed by . . . . S. SYLVAN SIMON
Produced by . . . . SAMUEL MARX

The lion is going to the dogs. The lion is Leo, well-known symbol of M-G-M; the dogs are Lassie and Laddie, Hollywood's most famous canines. The picture is "Son of Lassie", filmed in breath-taking Technicolor.

Those who loved "Lassie Come Home" will respond to this one. "Son of Lassie", written and adapted for the screen by Jeanne Bartlett, directed by S. Sylvan Simon, and produced by Samuel Marx, is based on some of the late Eric Knight's famous characters.

This absorbing story is enacted by a distinguished cast. Peter Lawford and Donald Crisp have starring roles. With them are June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce, William "Billy" Severn, Leon Ames, Donald Curtis, Nils Asther, and Robert Lewis.

But the great star of the picture is that most exciting of all collies—the beautiful, the adorable, the perfect Lassie.

FAMOUS PAINTING—We were so taken with Lassie that we arranged with M-G-M to offer her attractive portrait to those who write to Lassie, Box LB, M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. The portrait, 8 by 10 inches, was painted in full color by America's foremost painter of dogs—Paul Bransom.

To cover mailing costs, please send fifteen cents with your request. We suggest that you write fast, for the prints are limited. You'll love a Lassie more than ever when you get yours.

CURRENT HITS—M-G-M continues to be the outstanding producer of motion pictures. We hope you've seen "National Velvet" and "Meet Me in St. Louis", "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Without Love". And we hope you'll see the many more great ones on the way.

FUTURE GREATS—Watch for "The Valley of Decision" and these three outstanding musicals in Technicolor: "Ziegfeld Follies", "Anchors Aweigh", and "Thrill of a Romance".

DOES THE MOON AFFECT YOU, TOO?
I GET MY EFFECT FROM A STAR BLADE!
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

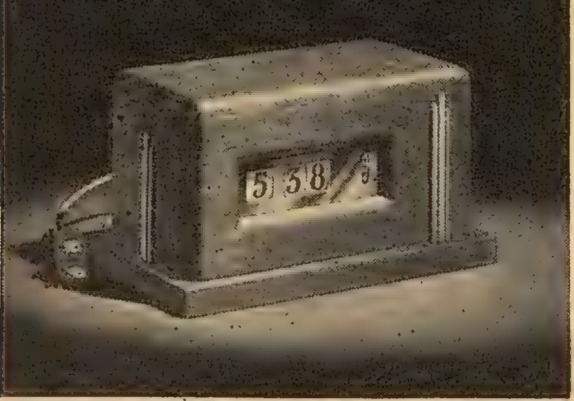
TIME
At a Glance

EXACT time is the interest-center of this new electric clock in its clean-cut case of beautifully grained woods. Perfect for home or office. Soon at your dealers.*

FROM THE Barr FAMILY OF Fine Gifts

*At present we're 100% on war work. Buy bonds now—your clock later.

BARR MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WEEDSPORT, NEW YORK



FORBIDDEN FRUIT

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

"The Aristocrat of Liqueurs"

You and your guests deserve the best—so serve FORBIDDEN FRUIT with pride—before dinner—after dinner—anytime. 70 proof

"GIFT OF THE GODS"

Prizes

PARIS • 1906
LONDON • 1936
BORDEAUX • 1907
MADE BY CHARLES JACQUIN et Cie., Inc. ★ PHILA., PA.
MAKERS OF QUALITY CORDIALS SINCE 1884

Ann Dvorak, Flame of Barbary Coast, casts an eye at handsome stranger John Wayne.

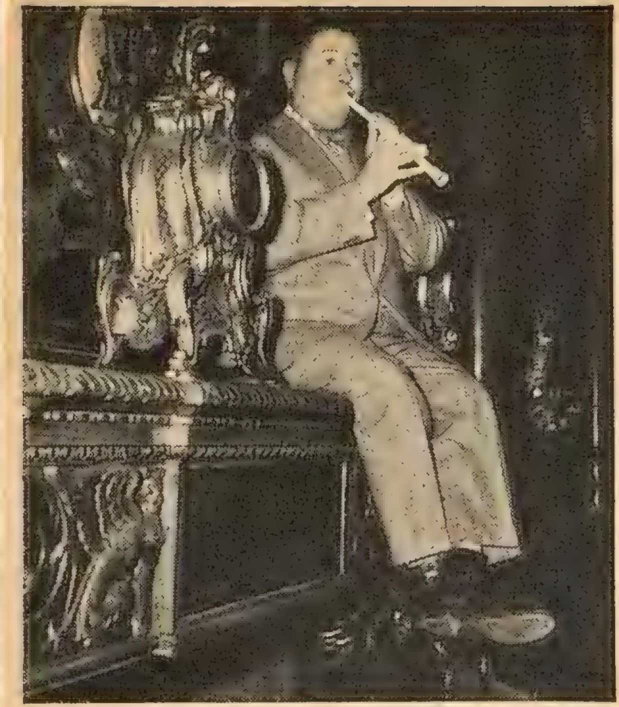
FLAME OF BARBARY COAST

(Republic)
John Wayne, Ann Dvorak, Joseph Schildkraut

A COUPLE of *the's* seem to have been streamlined out of the title here, but aside from that, it's the same old celluloid San Francisco that's been reeled off for years. However, if you're not surfeited with gambling dens and terse observations like "Cards and women don't mix," this version really isn't hard to take. For one thing, it's got a top-notch earthquake, with pillars toppling down all over the place, and then there's John Wayne, whose six-feet-five look mighty nice topped off with a ten-gallon hat. Ann Dvorak (back from driving an ambulance in England) plays the queen of the honkytonks, Flaxen by name, who lives in a palace richly furnished up for her by the boss of the underworld. Surprisingly enough, this latter character turns out to be that accomplished performer, Joseph Schildkraut, lending considerable distinction to an undistinguished part.

As for the plot, it gets lost early in the game, but there's lots of gambling, champagne, parading around, gunplay, and the usual production numbers. There's even some highfalutin talk (after the earthquake) about striving for a newer, better San Francisco—which might be a refreshing idea for the next movie, too.

Joseph Schildkraut threatens to do plenty of damage when he finds out he's got a rival.



Jack Oakie, as a breezy and well-nourished ghost, kibitzes gaily from the mantelpiece.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT

(Universal)
Jack Oakie, Peggy Ryan, June Vincent

THE inevitable backstage doings in this current Oakie-Ryan adventure are no more realistic than usual—but they're livelier and funnier—intentionally and unintentionally. Donald O'Connor's not around because he's gone into the Army, but Johnny Coy fills in with some good dancing, both on his own hook, and with Peggy. Jack Oakie, following the current spiritualistic fashion, spends most of his time cavorting around as a squeaky-shoed spook and haunting the snobbish family of his wealthy widow (June Vincent). His frustrated little daughter (Peggy Ryan) finds her stage ambitions blocked by a stodgy grandpa (Gene Lockhart) till the paternal ghost gets busy with his astral flute and starts to liven things up.

Some of the results—such as a party of dowagers and stuffed shirts breaking out abruptly into swing, and grandpa's sudden interest in hopscotch—are fresh and funny. Several supposedly serious moments, including a lightning transition from honeymoon to maternity ward, and the intermittent flittings of a bosomy female version of the Grim Reaper, are even funnier. There's also a cheerful glimpse of the other world, equipped with a lucite telephone and white-clad Buster Keaton in charge of the Complaint Department.

Arthur Treacher and Irene Ryan lend their expert comedy touch to character roles, and the entire production, including a spectacular black-and-white precision number, makes pleasantly furbished and harmless diversion.

SPECIAL MENTION

SAN PIETRO (U. S. Army Signal Corps).
Major John Huston's stirring documentary of the infantry's tough struggle in Italy.

THE CORN IS GREEN (Warner Bros.).
Bette Davis, John Dall, Joan Lorring.

THE WAY AHEAD (Two Cities-20th Cent.-Fox).
David Niven and all-English cast.

THE WONDER MAN (RKO).
Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION (M-G-M). Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore.

BUY BONDS AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION-PICTURE THEATER

WHY BEES KEEP SO BUSY

Continued from Page 21

necessary to unload the bees in an emergency field until the trip can be resumed again at night.

The ancients were also nomadic beekeepers, although in earlier times transportation was more leisurely. In Egypt, beekeepers floated their hives down the Nile on barges, hunting the blossoms. The Greeks, we are told, took their hives as far as the Attic peninsula in 600 B. C. Romans, starting from old Alemania, transported their hives down the Rhine. In Palestine, bees were carried by camels; and in Spain, on the backs of mules.

Bees in wire-screen packages are a common railway express consignment today. In spring, bee breeders with as many as 1,000 colonies funnel young bees like gold-tinted raisins into wire cages and truck them to the station. The bewildered bees protest in a nervous buzz. Most of them cluster resignedly on the wooden crosspieces inside the cage. The queen paces with her attendants in a tiny cage supplied with sugar candy for food. An inverted can of sugar syrup supplies the larger cages with food for the trip.

"LIVE BEES—THIS SIDE UP—HANDLE WITH CARE" reads the red-lettered legend on the outside of such packages. There are also instructions to keep the bees out of cold drafts, rain, or hot sun, which might kill them.

Sometimes a sharp blow in transit may damage a cage so that bees escape and cluster on the outside of the cage. Then the expressmen do indeed handle them with care. But the bees usually hold their cluster, even outside, because of their strong colony spirit. Guffawing onlookers pass out helpful wisecracks from a safe distance, ready to flee at the approach of the first investigating bee. "Hey, honey-bunch! Watch out you don't get yerself bit!" they yell.

WHEN the weather turns suddenly cold, the bees often must be carried into the express office. Warm air encourages the weary travelers; their buzzing takes on a faintly cheery note and they become more lively. Some take off to fly about the office and strafe unhappy personnel. Others make for the windows, trying to get outside.

The consignee, arriving to take the bees away, is always a welcome sight to the jittery office force.

Settled in her new home, the queen will lay from 1,000 to 3,000 eggs a day. She mates once and for life (two to four years). In the mating flight the drone dies.

From 500 to 2,000 drones are fed by a colony and allowed their luxurious summer; of these, two or three may mate. Strangely, the drone is born from an unimpregnated egg, which leads to the saying, "He can be a father, but he never has

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A letter recently received by the OPA from a man in quest of extra gas:

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one." Since the unproductive burden of drones would be too heavy to carry over the winter, they are driven out of the hive when fall comes and are not allowed to re-enter. Their end is sad, but many workers live an even shorter life during working season.

The queen possesses a sting but doesn't waste it on humans, saving it to attack rival queens. She can lay male or female eggs at will as needed. But it is left for the sexually undeveloped female workers to perform the greatest miracle, that of transforming an ordinary worker egg into a queen by feeding it royal jelly. This is a highly concentrated glandular food made by the bees, which produces queens in sixteen days. Ordinary feeding produces workers after twenty-one days, and drones after twenty-four.

THE phenomenon of swarming starts at high noon in sunlight, when the bees pour out of the hive by tens of thousands like glinting drops shooting upward from a fountain. Today is the glorious day of migration. More and more bees follow, until the air is alive with milling, darting creatures. They are gorged with honey for the wonderful trip and are having the time of their short lives.

Excitement over the approaching trip has slowed and practically halted their work. Inside the hive, replete with honey and running over with young bees, a new queen has bitten her way through one of the peanut-size cells which workers created to assure themselves a new queen. Her first act is to tear open other queen cells and destroy young queens which would shortly emerge to challenge her supremacy.

May, June, July, and as late as August are the months of swarms. As a rule, the modern beekeeper discourages swarming, for it is a heady wine that can upset the whole apiary. He tries to breed out the swarming instinct; he checks hives for crowded conditions and swarm signs, gives the bees more room, destroys queen cells. With care, in an apiary of forty hives, he may have but one swarm all summer.

No two swarms behave identically, but for a time, lasting from fifteen minutes to a day, the bees usually assemble on a near-by tree to count noses and await the return of scouts which have been searching out the best location for the new home. The bees settle into a cluster like a black watermelon hanging from the tip of a branch. If the beekeeper luckily has an empty hive ready, the bees may oblige by swarming jubilantly into it directly from the alighting tree. Somewhere in the center of the cluster, the queen is carefully sheltered.

Since all too often there is no waiting hive, the keeper hastily sets one up with frames of honey. Now he must catch the swarm. He runs for the stepladder and the swarm pole with its burlap bag attached to an iron ring at one end. The climbing beekeeper is careful not to shake the tree, for the swarm hangs only by the tenuous thread of connecting bees. The pole is lifted, the bag encircles and envelops the clustering mass. One sharp tap against the alighting limb and the bees jar loose like buzzing gumdrops—*kerplop!*—down into the bag, and the lid is closed. Naturally, they aren't pleased at this rude interruption. If there is a hole in the bag, they will discover it, rush out and sting.

Bees swarm on strange and out-of-the-way places, on fence posts, tree trunks, chimneys, parked automobiles, walls of outbuildings. A swarm once headed for a freight train standing on a siding. The engineer was leaning peacefully out the window, enjoying the beautiful sunshine.

"Maybe we should just have him come back to the dinner table and let him misbehave there!"

To his horror, thousands of bees suddenly swirled in by the window at his back and continued on their flight through the window he was occupying. The engineer was not stung, but undoubtedly he sprouted a few new gray hairs.

Slips sometimes occur when hiving a swarm. One beekeeper climbed a tree after his swarm and slipped on the way down with the open bag of bees. He was unmercifully stung, despite his protective veil and clothing. But after a day in bed with hot compresses, he was all right.

Thorley dramatically relates how a colony settled on the neck and breast of a girl helping to hive a swarm. For protection, she had a cloth over her head and shoulders and the queen bee crawled beneath it and "was tempestuously followed by the whole swarm." Says Thorley, "It is not in my power to tell the Confusion and Distress of Mind I was in, from the awful Apprehensions it raised; and her Dread and Terror in such Circumstances may reasonably be supposed to be much more. Every moment she was at the point of retiring with all the Bees about her. Vain Thought!—To escape by Flight. She might have left the Place indeed, but could not the Company. . . . Had she enraged them, all Resistance had been in Vain, and nothing less than her Life would have atoned for the Offence."

The girl's life was saved when Thorley found the queen and removed it, we are told, whereat the swarm left its unwilling hostess to follow the queen. The girl became a local heroine.

TO an apiarist there is no more impressive and satisfying sight than a swarm properly hived, and, providentially, accidents are uncommon. The bees are carried to the waiting hive; the swarm-bag lid is opened, the bag tilted against the alighting board and entrance. Now the bees start their grand march into the hive as if in time with the music of their myriad orchestra. The fanners take positions on the alighting board, fanning out the honey scent to guide the last stragglers. In steady formation, the small honeybees march by tens of thousands into their new home. Here the buzzing song of their cheerful industry will throb again, here they will organize once more that fascinating society whose product has gladdened the sweet tooth of man for centuries.

THE END

THE VEHEMENT VOLUNTEER

Continued from Page 17

director David Lilienthal and engineer (now WPB chief) J. A. Krug over the site of new dams for the Tennessee Valley system, McKellar demanded their resignations.

He failed to get them.

Recently President Truman renominated Lilienthal over McKellar's pointed protest. He still opposes Lilienthal and disapproves of his policies. But in the interest of harmony he made no serious attempt to block Senatorial approval. For a time it appeared that the controversy might become an issue in McKellar's bid for reelection next year.

Donald Nelson also felt the heat of the McKellar ire. When Nelson was head of the WPB, a power-saving blackout order affecting Memphis, Tennessee, earned him the wrath of the Memphis political boss who also rules the State of Tennessee—Edward Hull Crump, until recently a Democratic national committeeman. Crump complained to McKellar. In the verbal fireworks that followed, the senator denounced Donald Nelson and compared the blackout order with Sherman's invasion of the South.

But not until this year did the gentleman from Tennessee really unlimber his big guns against the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, aiming specifically at New Dealers Henry Wallace and Aubrey Williams. Even after Congress passed the George bill, divorcing the RFC from the Commerce Department, McKellar was one of five Democratic senators who voted against confirmation of Wallace as Secretary of Commerce. He lost that fight, but he won his battle to bar Aubrey Williams as Rural Electrification administrator. The Tennessean charged that Williams had insufficient business experience for the position. He drove home his point with a typical McKellarism:

"I happen to be a Presbyterian. If the Catholic Church should elect me Pope of Rome, I'd be as much out of place as Mr. Williams would be as REA administrator."

IN his jousting with the New Deal, the conservative from Tennessee undoubtedly has dramatized himself as a white knight of the Old South doing battle against a pinkish dragon of the North. His friends say McKellar opposed Wallace and Williams in the belief that they are under Communist influence and are ambitious for radical social reform. To the average Southern politician, Communism has nothing to do with Joe Stalin or Soviet Russia; in the South, a Communist is a man who believes in granting the Negro the vote and social and economic equality. Aubrey Williams' admission that he was partly responsible for the Fair Employment Practices Committee, which insists on equal employment rights for Negroes, has earned him special bitterness in the South.

McKellar has also been irked by the Northern Democrats' insistence on anti-poll tax and anti-lynching legislation. He has master-minded filibusters and other strategems which have blocked these proposals in the past. Though he has always prided himself on being a friend of labor, McKellar has further tagged himself a conservative and earned a place in the black books of labor leaders by voting for the Smith-Connally anti-strike bill.

Much of the McKellar antipathy to the Northern Democratic liberals can probably be traced to his vivid remembrances of his childhood in the impoverished post-Civil War South. His distrust of the industrial

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North seems to date back to the Yankee carpetbaggers who flocked into the South after the War Between the States.

McKellar came from an educated and moderately well-to-do rural Alabama clan. His father was a country attorney and farmer, a Confederate Army veteran. Young Kenneth worked his way through the University of Alabama in three years, clerking, teaching school, and farming. He graduated (*magna cum laude*) at the head of his class, with two degrees—A. B. and M. A.

He then entered law school and completed the course in one year, teaching in the university at the same time.

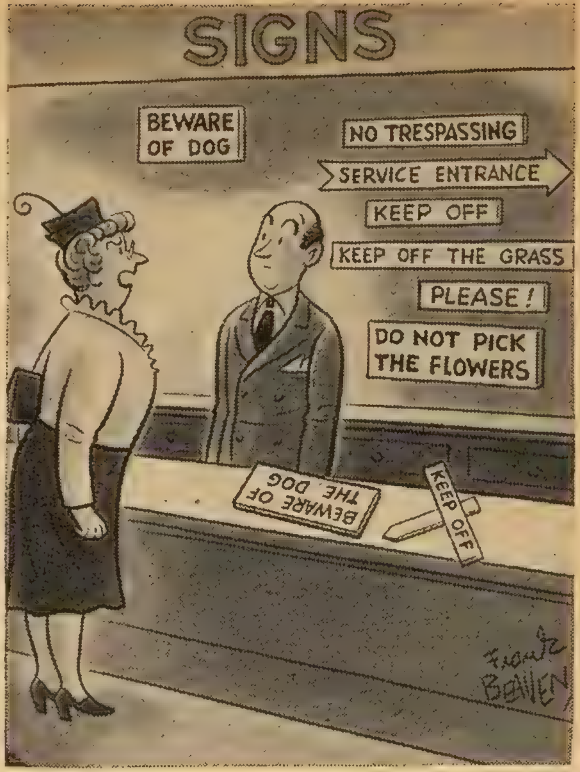
In his college days he turned down a profitable mercantile career in favor of a legal education. His summertime employer, owner of a large store, offered him a half-interest to quit school and stay on the job there. That half-interest was then worth $3,000 a year, a tidy sum back in the '90s. But the education-thirsty Kenneth went back to school.

After graduation he set out for California to make his fortune. He got as far as Memphis, Tennessee, liked the town, and has hung his hat there since. Legend says McKellar arrived in Memphis with fifteen cents in his pockets. He says he had nary a penny. Yet in nineteen years of successful law practice, his friends say he had accumulated $300,000 when he abandoned law for politics thirty-four years ago.

Stepping directly upon the national political stage, McKellar was first elected to Congress in 1911. About that time he formed an alliance with E. H. Crump, whose star was also in the ascendant, and with his aid was twice re-elected to the House. In 1916 he decided to get into the race for the U. S. Senate in the first popular election of a senator from Tennessee. Nobody gave him much of a chance against the incumbent, Senator Luke Lea, and former Tennessee Governor Malcolm B. Patterson.

But after a campaign that consisted of trying to shake every hand in Tennessee, the whole state, including Boss Crump, was amazed when dark-horse McKellar won the election and assumed the Senate seat for which he has never been seriously challenged since. The name McKellar is a household word in Tennessee, and its owner enjoys the same independence of action in the Senate as the people of Idaho bestowed on the late Senator William Borah.

Many political observers contend that he is the tool of Tennessee's Boss Crump. This is probably not literally true, but the two are fast personal friends and their political alliance has endured forty years of mutual trials. Tennesseans remember that one of McKellar's first successes in Congress was in obtaining a federal grant for a new toll-free bridge across the Mississippi River at Memphis. In 1939 he won approval for a better bridge to be built when materials are available. E. H. Crump is chairman of the commission that will supervise the bridge construction.



"I want one that says, 'Keep the hell off!' "

Andrew Jackson, hero of the Battle of New Orleans and twice President, is the most revered figure in the history of the Volunteer State. But not to Senator K. D. McKellar. In two speeches on Jackson's traditional home grounds at Nashville last year, McKellar told the world that Edward H. Crump was at least Jackson's equal and, in McKellar's own opinion, perhaps superior to Old Hickory.

Only once in the long history of their political partnership has the senator crossed swords with Crump. In 1936, McKellar gave tentative backing in the Tennessee Democratic primary race for governor to Burgin Dossett, now Tennessee state education commissioner. Crump supported Gordon Browning, who won in a landslide. Dossett got exactly three votes in McKellar's home precinct.

The senator from the Volunteer State is one of the most assiduous workers in Washington. He rises early, breakfasts by seven thirty, and is nearly always in his office by eight. He labors there or in the Senate until five or six in the afternoon, seldom missing a session or a committee meeting. It is safe to assume that he will never be absent from his post as presiding officer unless he is seriously ill. Home with him at night goes a briefcase jammed with bills for study and speeches for preparation.

The bachelor McKellar has faded almost completely from the Washington social whirl in the past fifteen years. But he enjoys having people around him, and capital veterans remember him as something of a "gay young blade" during his early days in Congress. He is abstemious, and has been most of his life. He neither drinks nor smokes.

He boasts that he has never had time for a hobby. But he enjoys reading, especially history, Shakespeare, and the Bible. He has become something of an authority on history and Shakespeare. His favorite movie stars, incidentally, are Gary Cooper and Clara Bow. The latter choice would indicate that nowadays the senator seldom goes to the movies.

Moderately tall, just an inch and a half under six feet, McKellar uses his hands freely to illustrate his points in speaking. He frequently twirls a heavy gold watch chain about his fingers. Once on his feet, he is one of the most colorful and, on occasion, vitriolic speakers in Congress.

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The greatest achievement in the career of this senior senator from Tennessee is the Tennessee Valley Authority in his own beloved South. In the early days of the Roosevelt administration, Senator McKellar joined Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska in epochal battles for the Tennessee Valley Authority. He still is a strong proponent of public power, and only last year helped defeat legislation that would have crippled the administration's power program.

He believes that getting $667,000,000 in appropriations to finance the TVA was his greatest accomplishment in Congress.

Perhaps he had a long-range objective in view. For the past four years the senator from the Volunteer State has been fighting for legislation to give Congress control of TVA finances. He proposes that income from the Authority be turned in to the federal treasury, and that Congress appropriate the money needed for operation of the power project.

He points out that the Post Office Department operates successfully that way. Such a system, of course, would also give Congress control over TVA patronage.

McKELLAR once remarked that he had never gotten a job from TVA. And in a Senate address on March 14, he denied wanting any patronage from the power authority. He declared:

"Newspapers and commentators have insinuated that I individually wanted to take over the patronage of the TVA. The truth is that patronage is a great detriment to a senator. He would be better off without it."

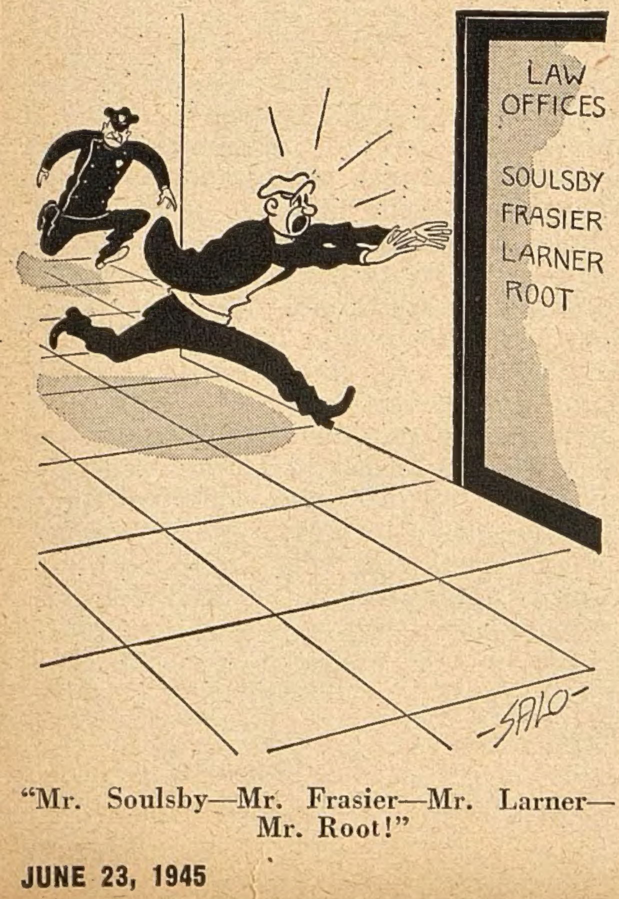
Despite that speech, some of his contemporaries in Washington say he rates as one of the most skillful manipulators of patronage in Congress.

His friends say that McKellar, though a member of the Senate Civil Service Committee, still considers the spoils system more efficient than Civil Service.

He contends that a public servant will do a better job when he knows that any incompetency may result in his party's defeat at the polls and the loss of his own job.

This, then, is the man McKellar, most powerful figure in the Congress that will help write the peace: an international liberal, a home-front conservative, and in all things champion of the Old South.

THE END



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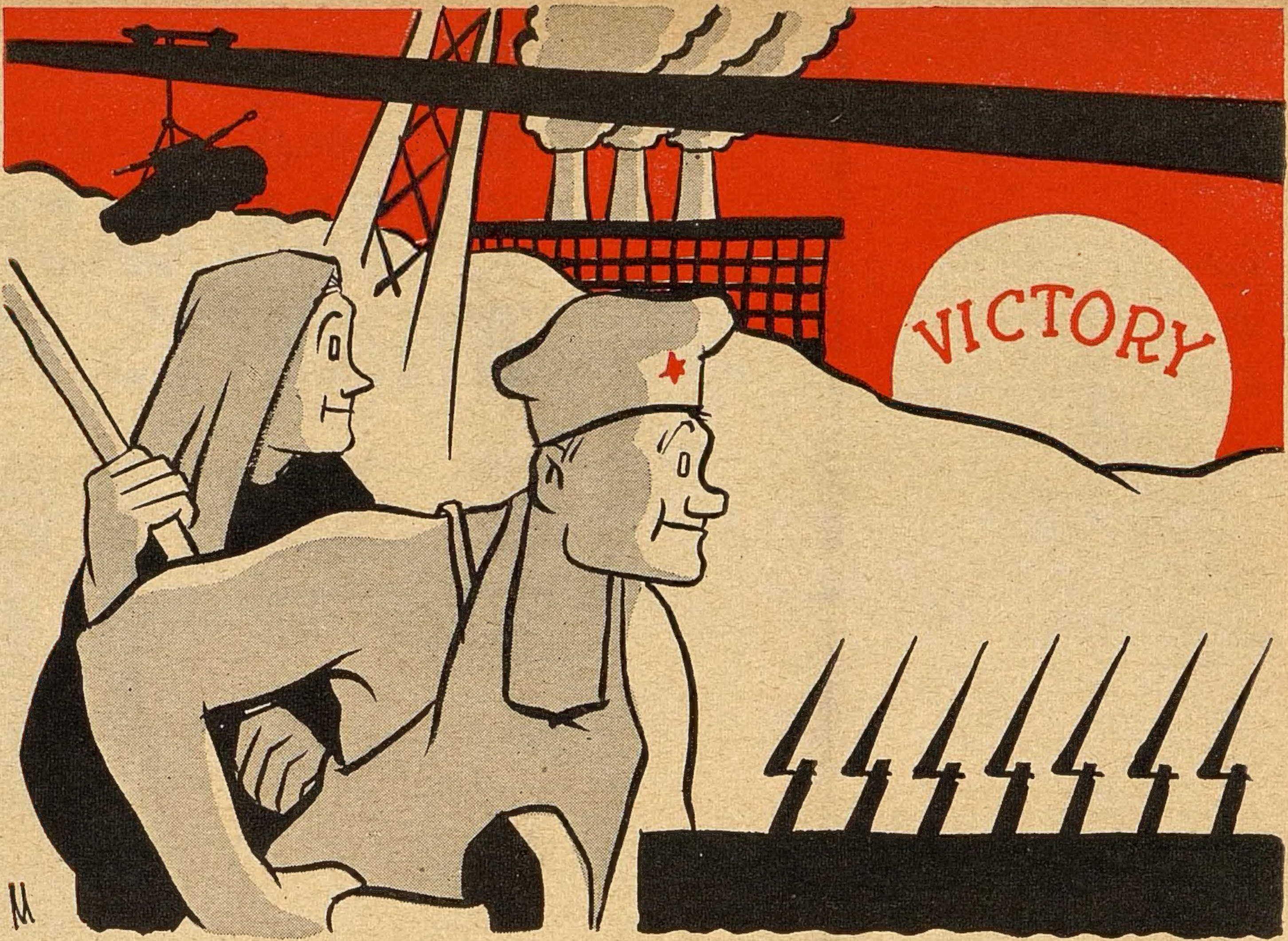


RUSSIA'S COURSE—A KEY TO THE FUTURE

INVARIABLY, whenever Americans come in contact with the people of our ally, Russia, they find to their surprise that the Russians are folks very like ourselves. They have the same reactions and desires. They want to go and come as they please. They want liberty, peace, and a chance to work and progress. They don't relish being pushed around any more than we do.

It is, of course, well known that the Russian people have enjoyed little or no freedom of this sort since the inception of the Communist state. They live under a government operated by the Communist Party, the only political organization permitted to exist. They get no information except that given them through official channels. They may not travel abroad to see for themselves what the rest of the world is like. They may not argue politics or question the policies of their leaders.

These facts of life in the Soviet Union make Americans uneasy. Many who try to view Russia objectively have been inclined to condone this suppression of liberty under the circumstances. It is true, of course, that when the Communists seized power in Russia after the last war, the country was practically a primitive state, nearly devoid of industrial and military strength. There began a period of feverish preparation for the war of survival which Soviet leaders considered inevitable. The energies of the people were directed almost entirely toward the development of industrial strength and military potential. The production of what we call consumer goods was sidetracked. The standard of life was deliberately held low. The Russians went all out for guns instead of butter. The people were welded into a political whole which thought and acted as one man.

By repressing the right of everyone to live and work in his own way, the Russian leaders sought the unity of action which they believed the nation's safety required. They would not allow their objectives and methods to be debated on every street corner, or permit the energies of the people to be weakened and confused by argument. Opposition was suppressed with great ruthlessness and with little reference to the type of judicial procedure we pride ourselves on in this country.

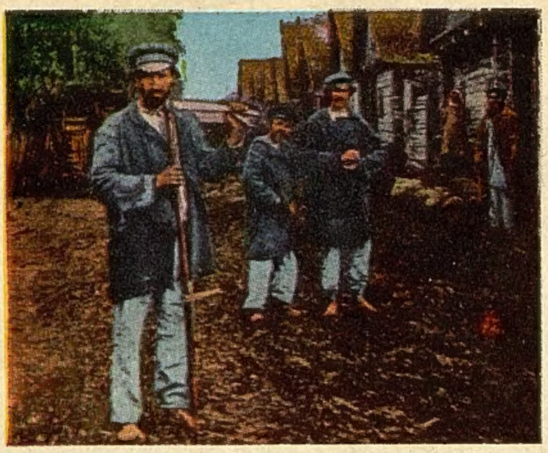
Now the war is won. The dangers foreseen by the Russian leaders have been met and surmounted. Russia's national safety is assured. Therefore there is no need to continue rigid control over the people. If it is maintained, the rest of the world might well lift an eyebrow and inquire why. Russia's internal affairs are her own business, but what course she takes in this regard is one of the keys to the world's future.

People will not stand for regimentation and control except in times of national crisis. If the restrictions on the liberties of the Russian people are removed, we need have no doubt of our ability to get along with them. If suppression is continued, we might well expect to see a promotion of continual disturbances so as to keep the country in a state of national emergency.

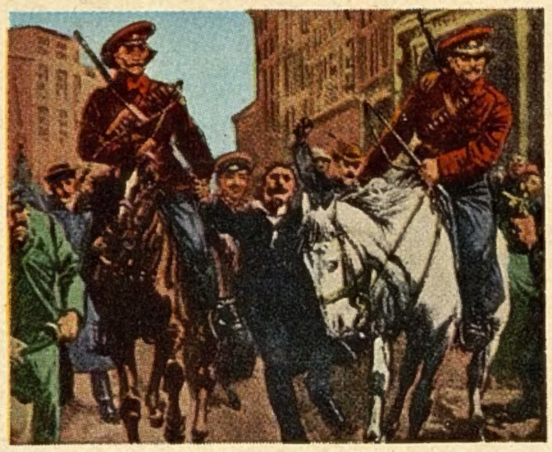
The next twelve months should reveal the Russian leaders as foresighted statesmen who have saved their country or as political freebooters who mean to keep their personal power at all costs and who are potentially dangerous to their own nation and the rest of the world.

Paul Hunter

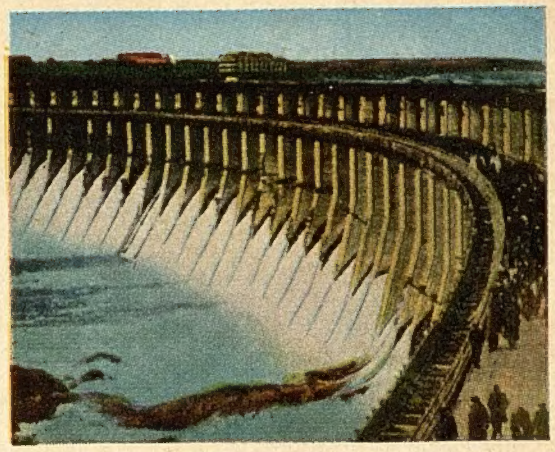
Russia yesterday and today



1861 **HOPES WERE** high in Russia as a manifesto freeing serfs is signed. But promised freedom wasn't given. Some railroad and telegraph improvements were made, but the Russian people suffered under autocratic rule in this third year of Corby's fame in Canada.



1905 **TOUCHED OFF** by defeat in the Russo-Jap War, a revolution began in peaceful petition, ended in ruthless suppression by Czarist government. Promises to the people were once more broken, while Corby's reached its 47th year as a grand Canadian whiskey name.



1928 **AFTER ANOTHER** defeat (World War I), revolution succeeded, Russia worked under several forms of government. In 1928 a Five-Year Plan began to bring industrial progress. A second Five-Year Plan started in 1933, Corby's 75th year as a renowned Canadian name.

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS

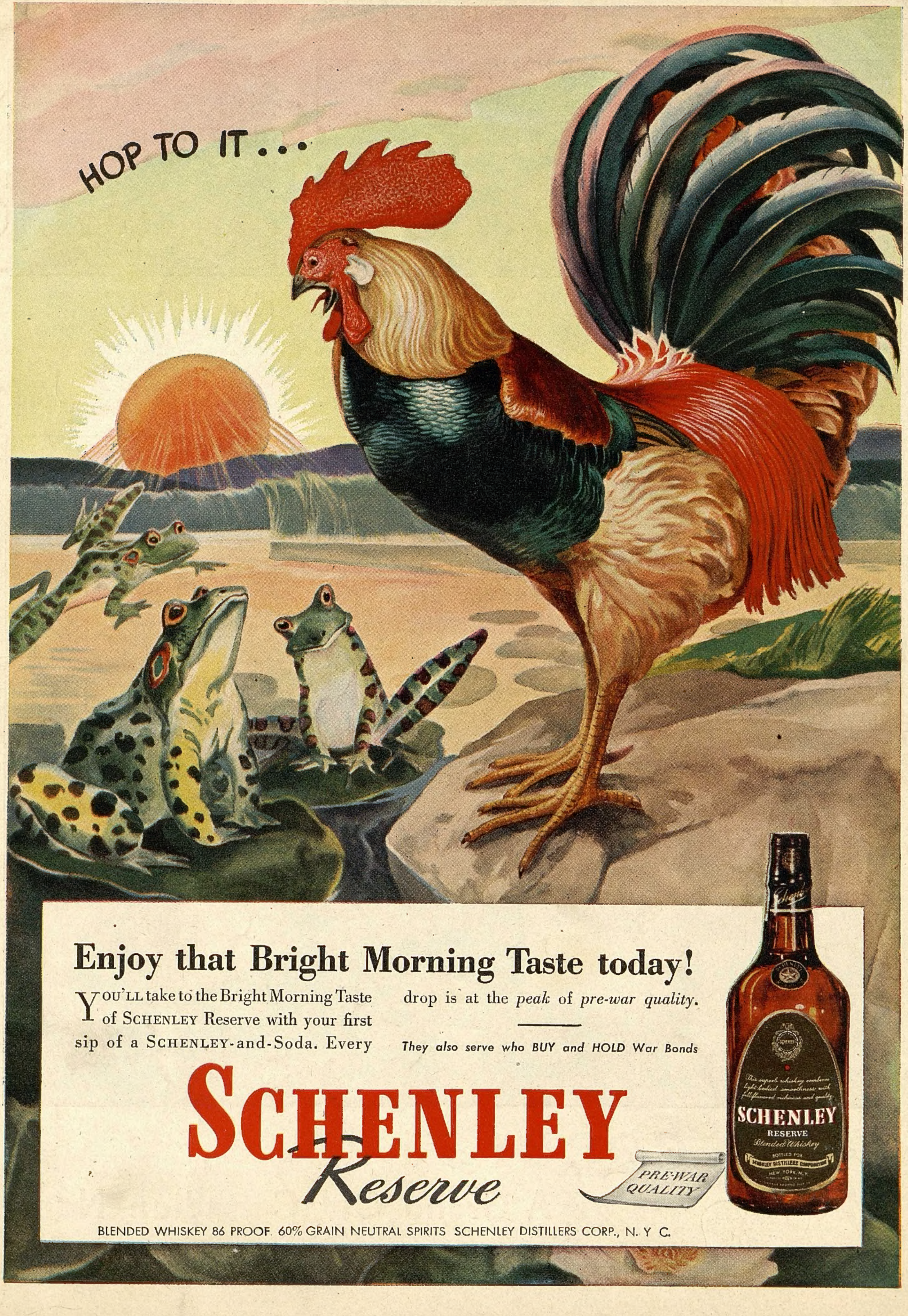
1945 **THE WORLD** knows now that Russia came of age under the Five-Year Plans, is a great military power. Russian help in keeping the peace to come is eagerly anticipated. And as you do your bit toward bringing peace, you may find time to enjoy Corby's, the light, sociable blend. The whiskey with the grand old Canadian name should be available from time to time in your bar or store.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof — 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits — Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.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